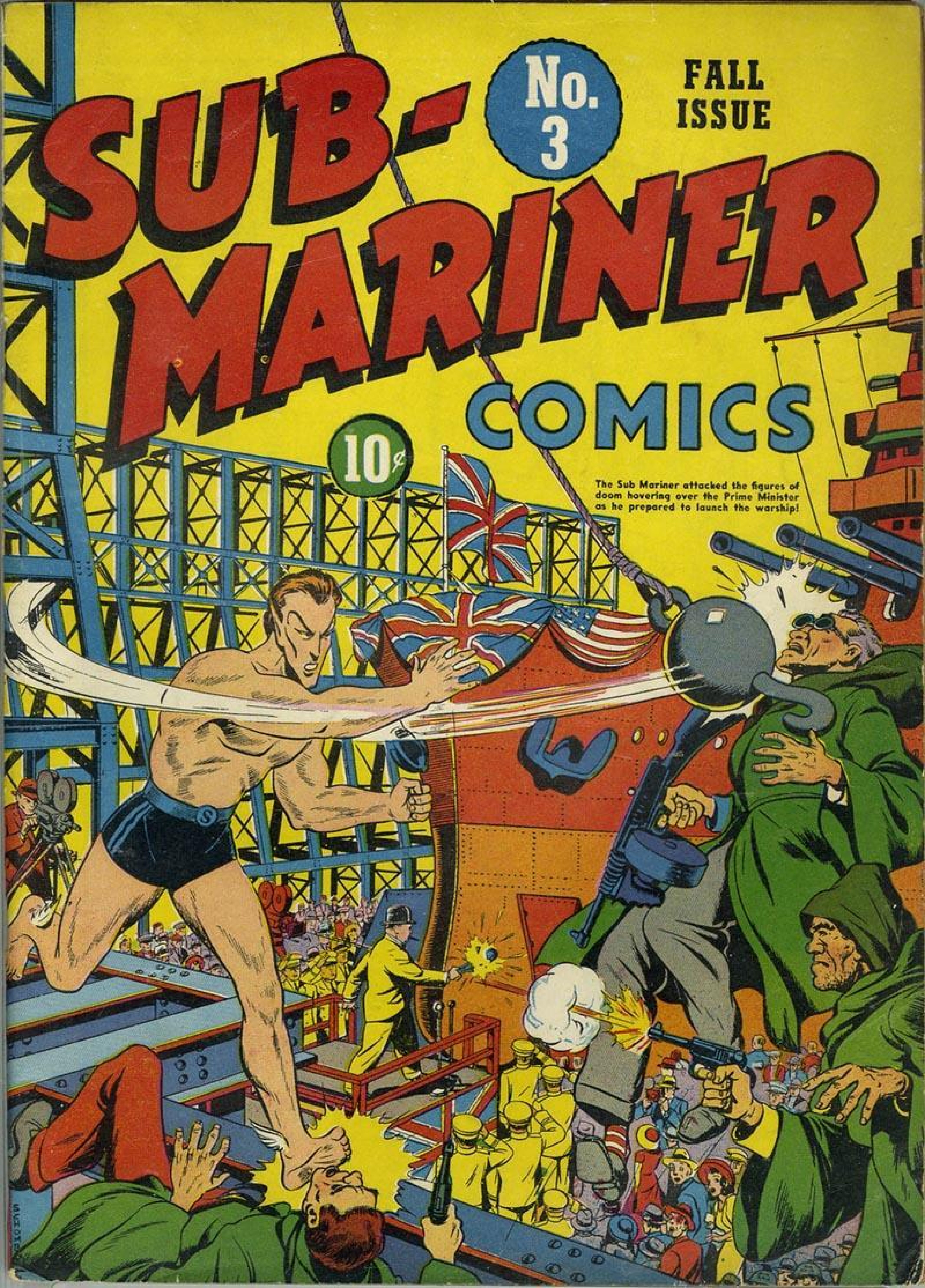
SUB-MARINER COMICS

No. 3

FALL ISSUE

10¢



The Sub Mariner attacked the figures of doom hovering over the Prime Minister as he prepared to launch the warship!

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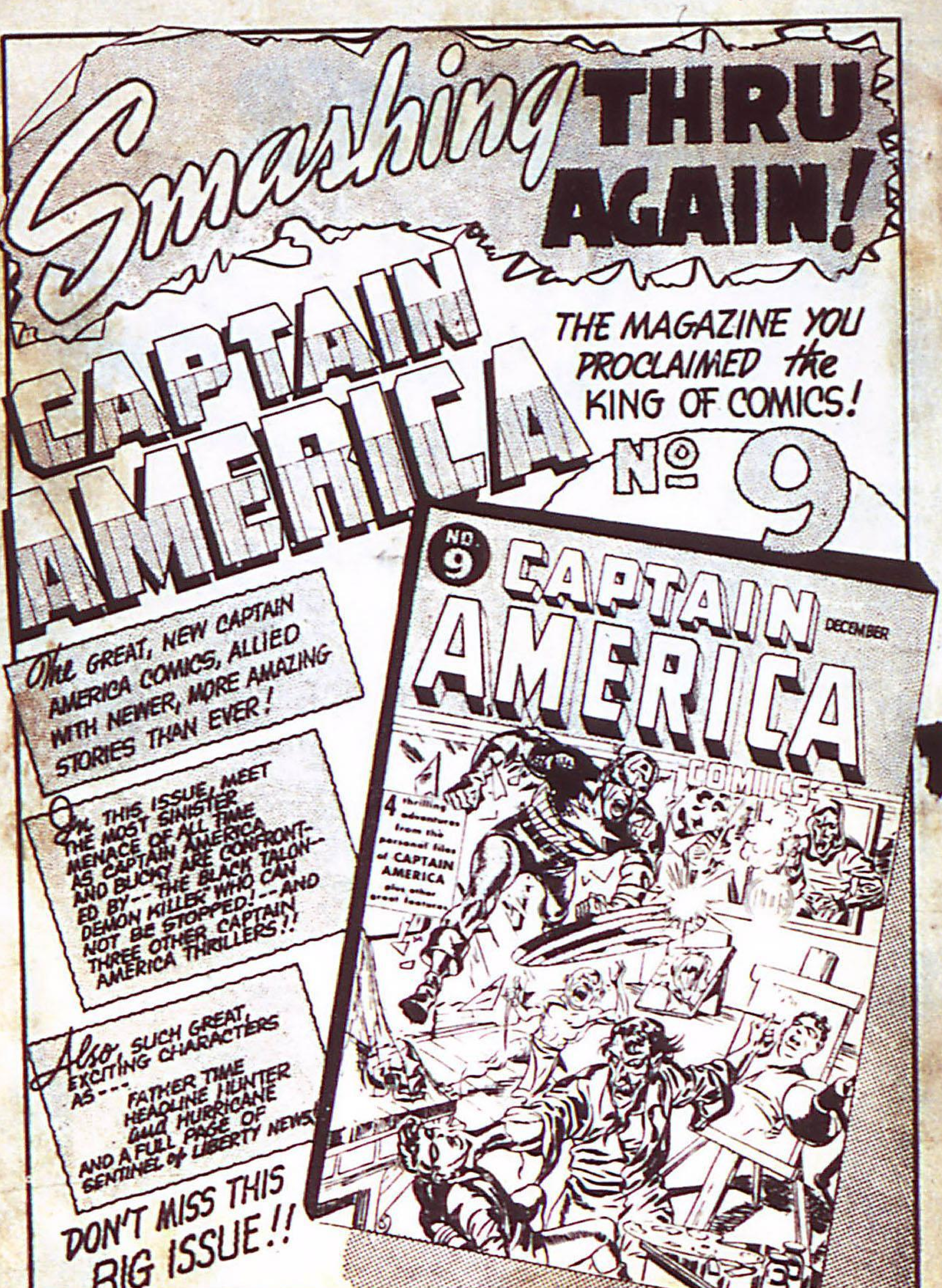
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In THIS ISSUE, MEET THE MOST SINISTER MENACE OF ALL TIME AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ARE CONFRONTED BY-- THE BLACK TALON-- DEMON KILLER WHO CAN NOT BE STOPPED!--AND THREE OTHER CAPTAIN AMERICA THRILLERS!!
Also, SUCH GREAT, EXCITING CHARACTERS AS--- FATHER TIME HEADLINE HUNTER and HURRICANE AND A FULL PAGE OF SENTINEL of LIBERTY NEWS
DON'T MISS THIS BIG ISSUE!!
NO. 9
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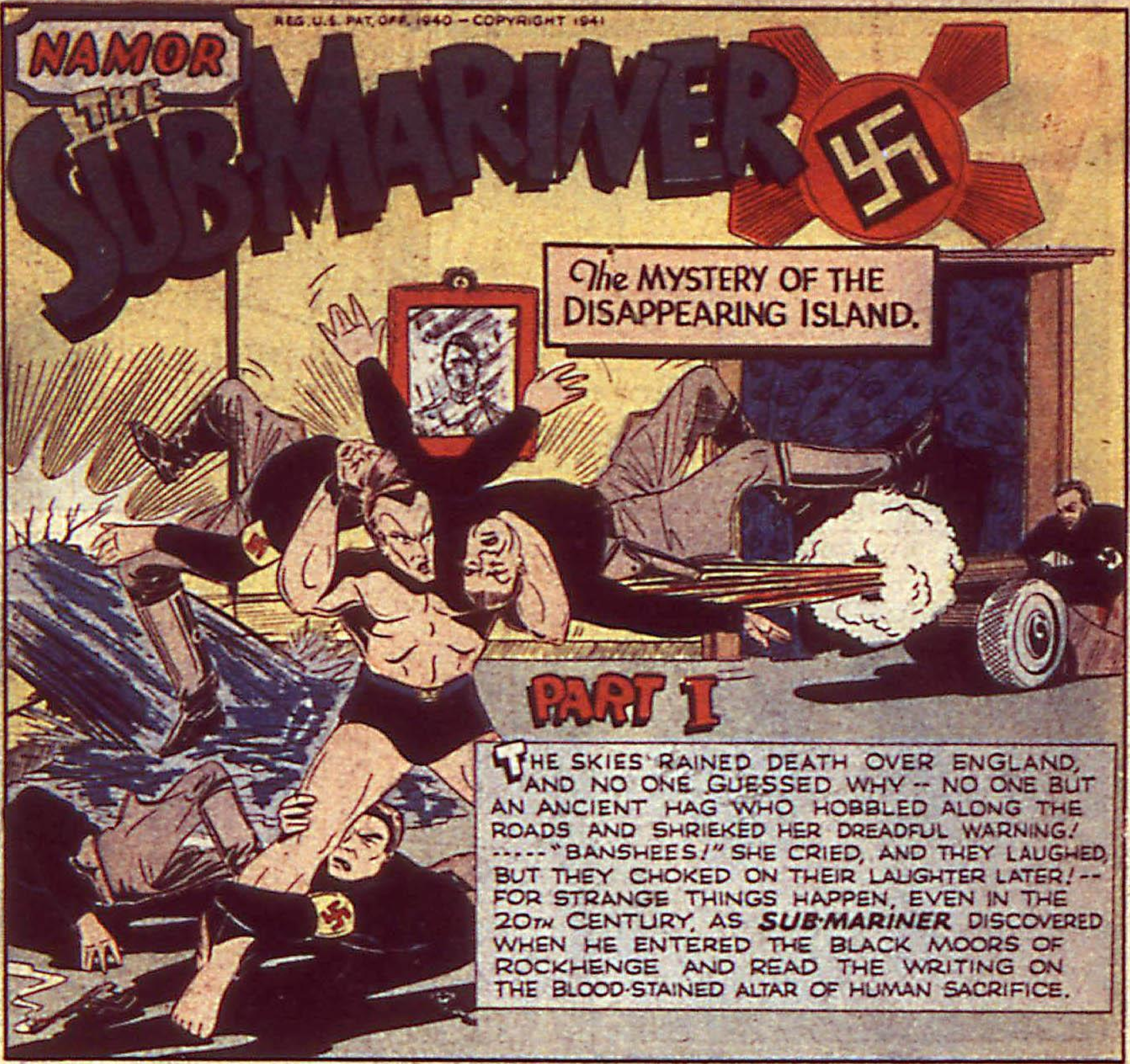
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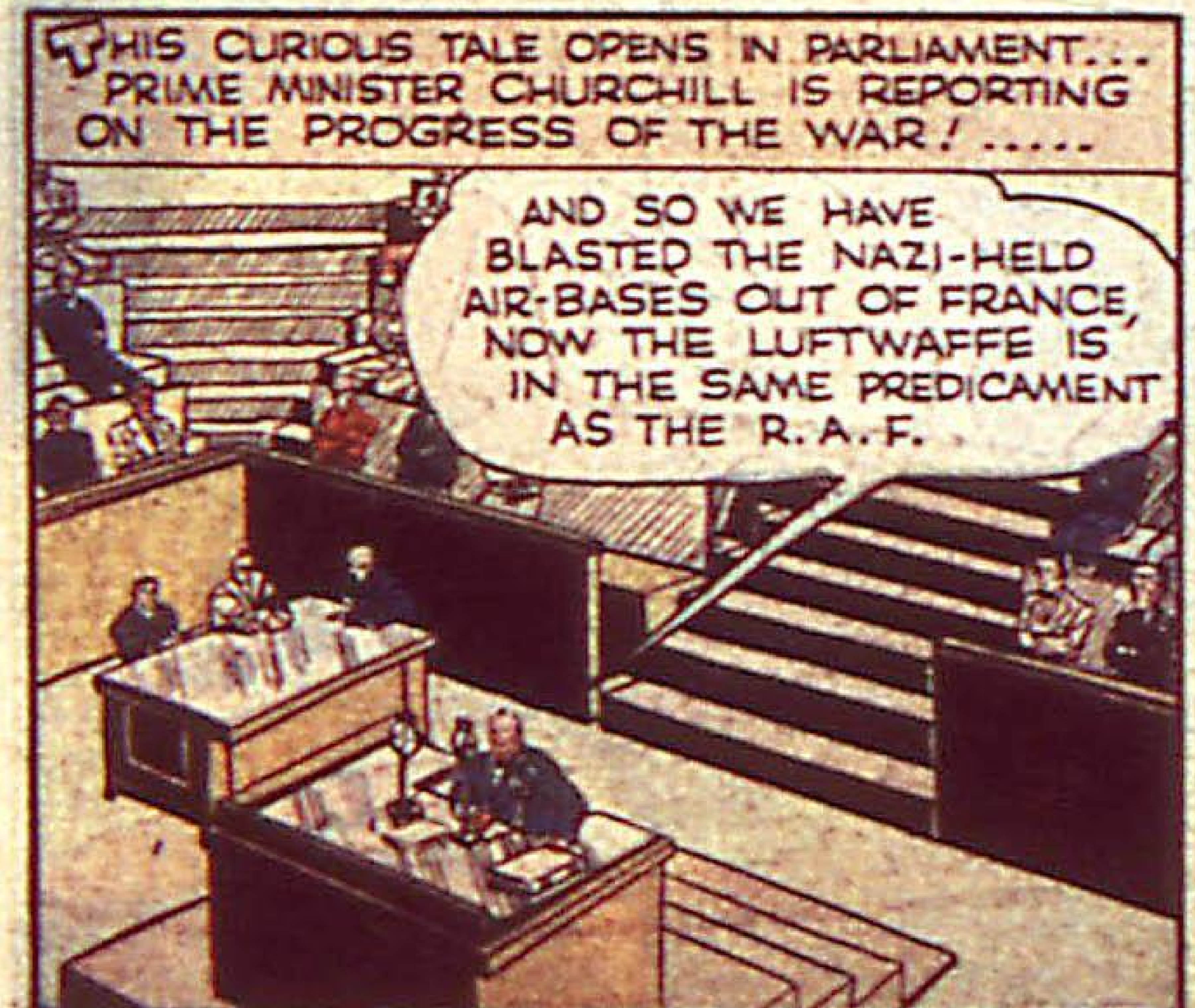
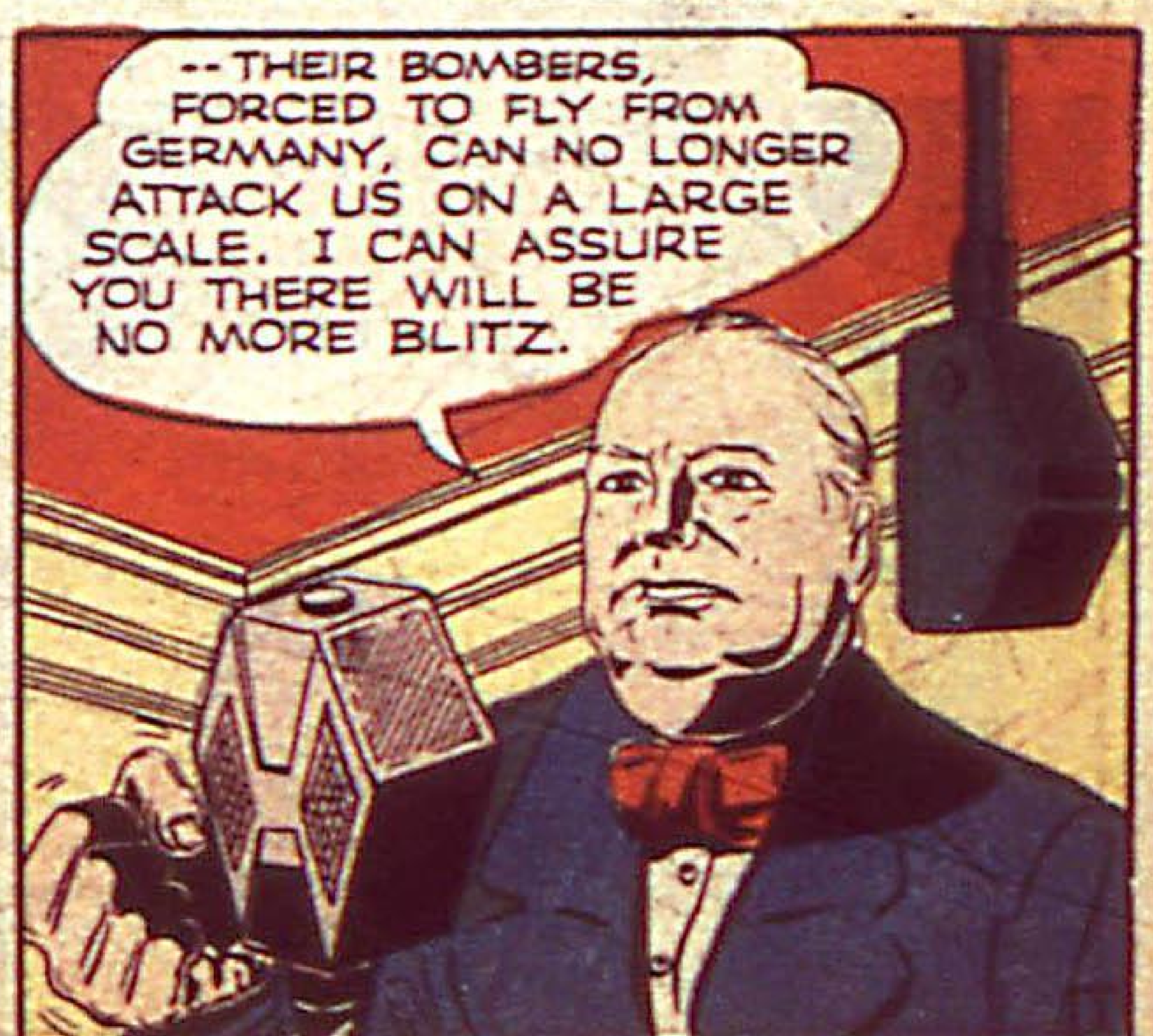
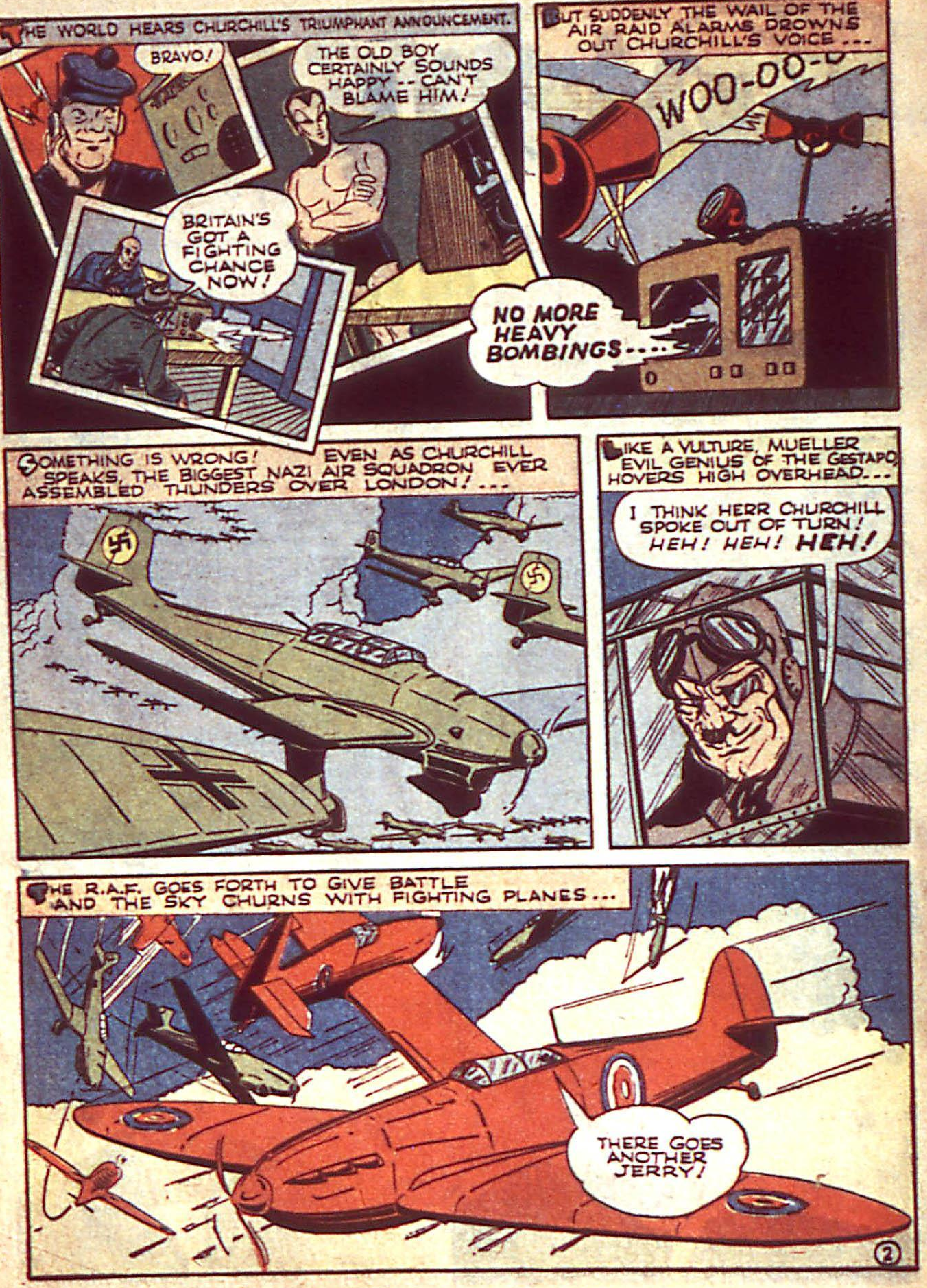
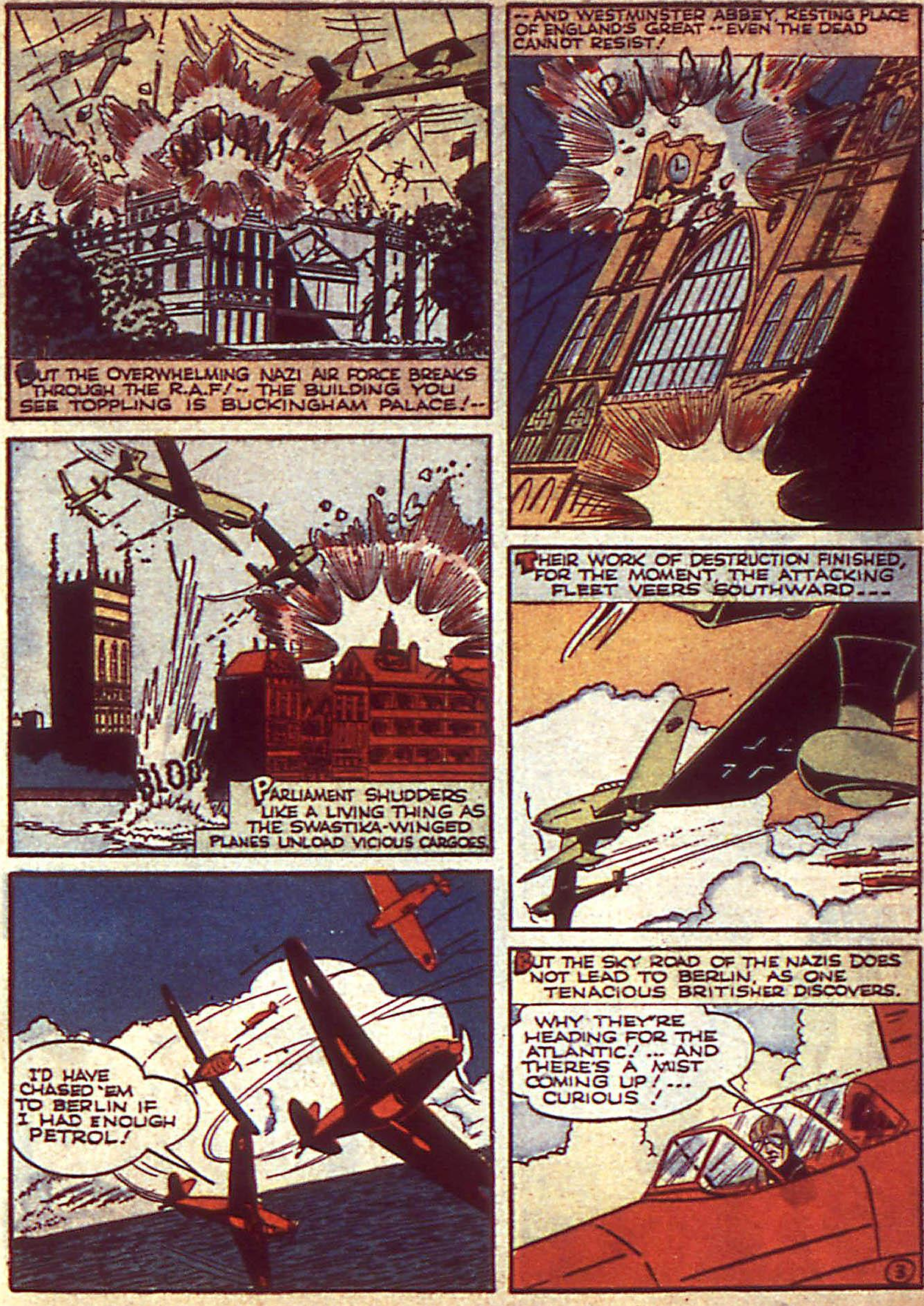
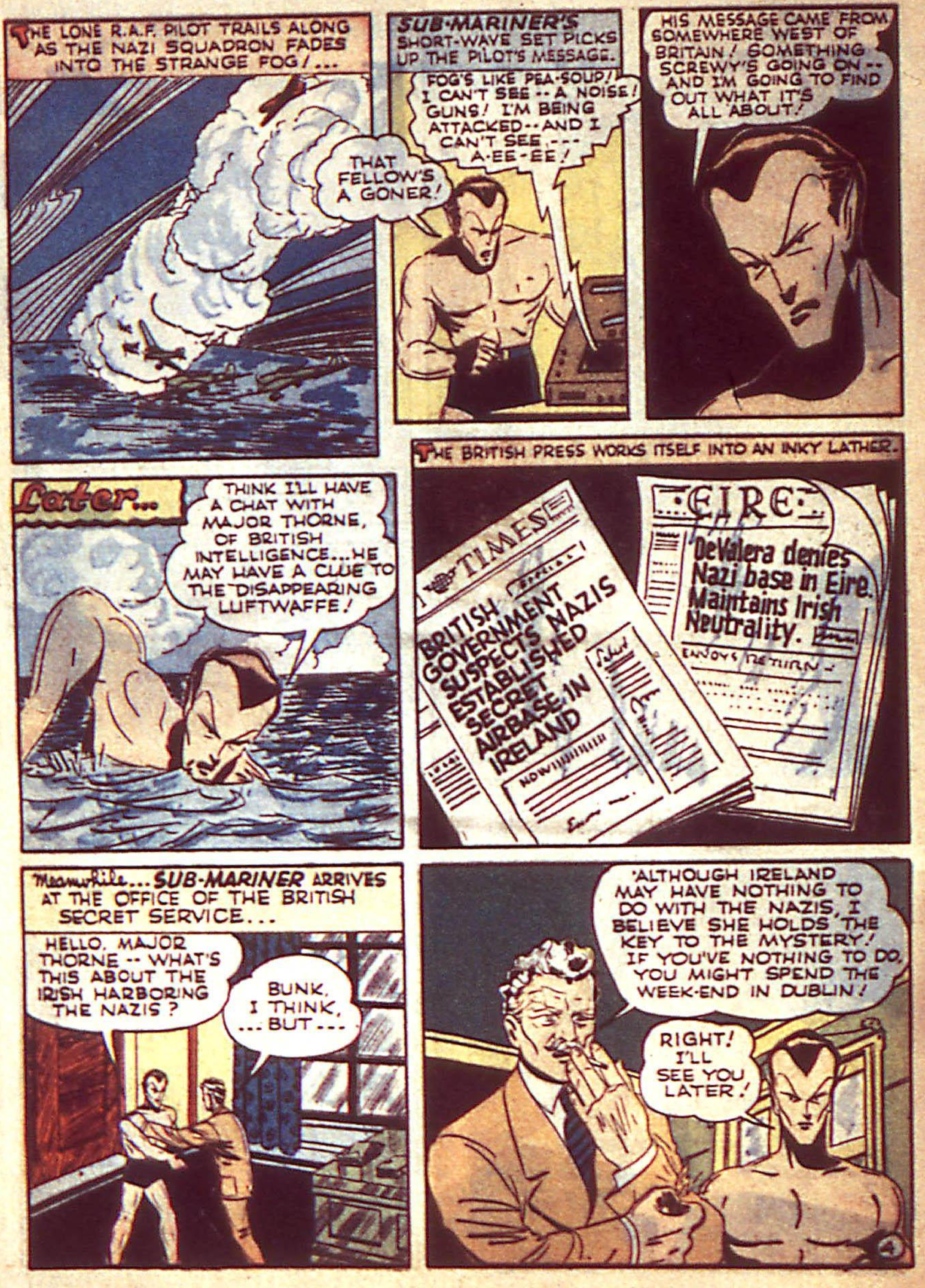
NAMOR
THE SUB-MARINER
The MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING ISLAND.
PART I
THE SKIES RAINED DEATH OVER ENGLAND, AND NO ONE GUESSED WHY -- NO ONE BUT AN ANCIENT HAG WHO HOBBLED ALONG THE ROADS AND SHRIEKED HER DREADFUL WARNING! -----"BANSHEES!" SHE CRIED, AND THEY LAUGHED, BUT THEY CHOKED ON THEIR LAUGHTER LATER! -- FOR STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN, EVEN IN THE 20TH CENTURY, AS SUB-MARINER DISCOVERED WHEN HE ENTERED THE BLACK MOORS OF ROCKHENGE AND READ THE WRITING ON THE BLOOD-STAINED ALTAR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE.

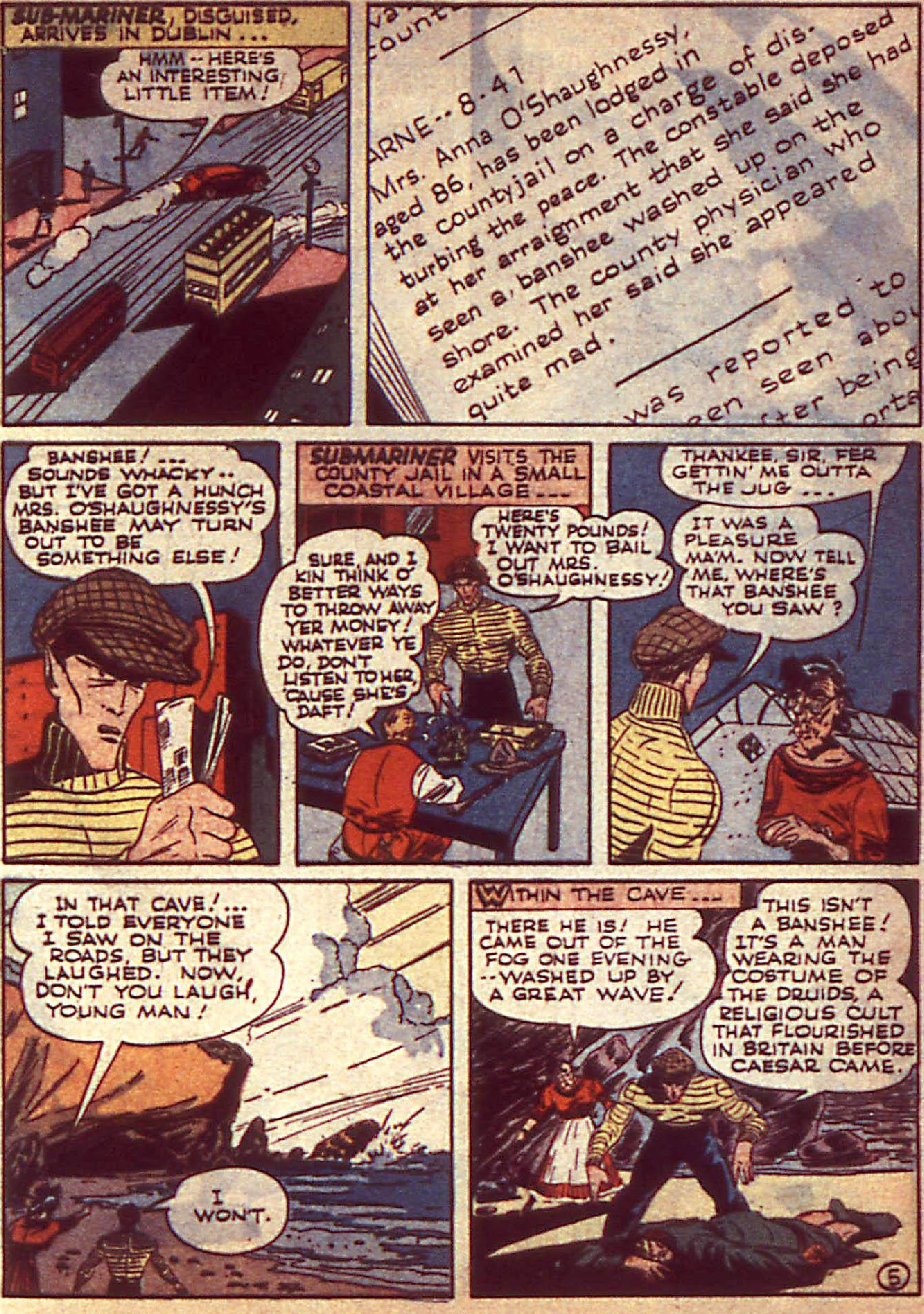

THIS CURIOUS TALE OPENS IN PARLIAMENT... PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL IS REPORTING ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR! .....
AND SO WE HAVE BLASTED THE NAZI-HELD AIR-BASES OUT OF FRANCE, NOW THE LUFTWAFFE IS IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT AS THE R.A.F.

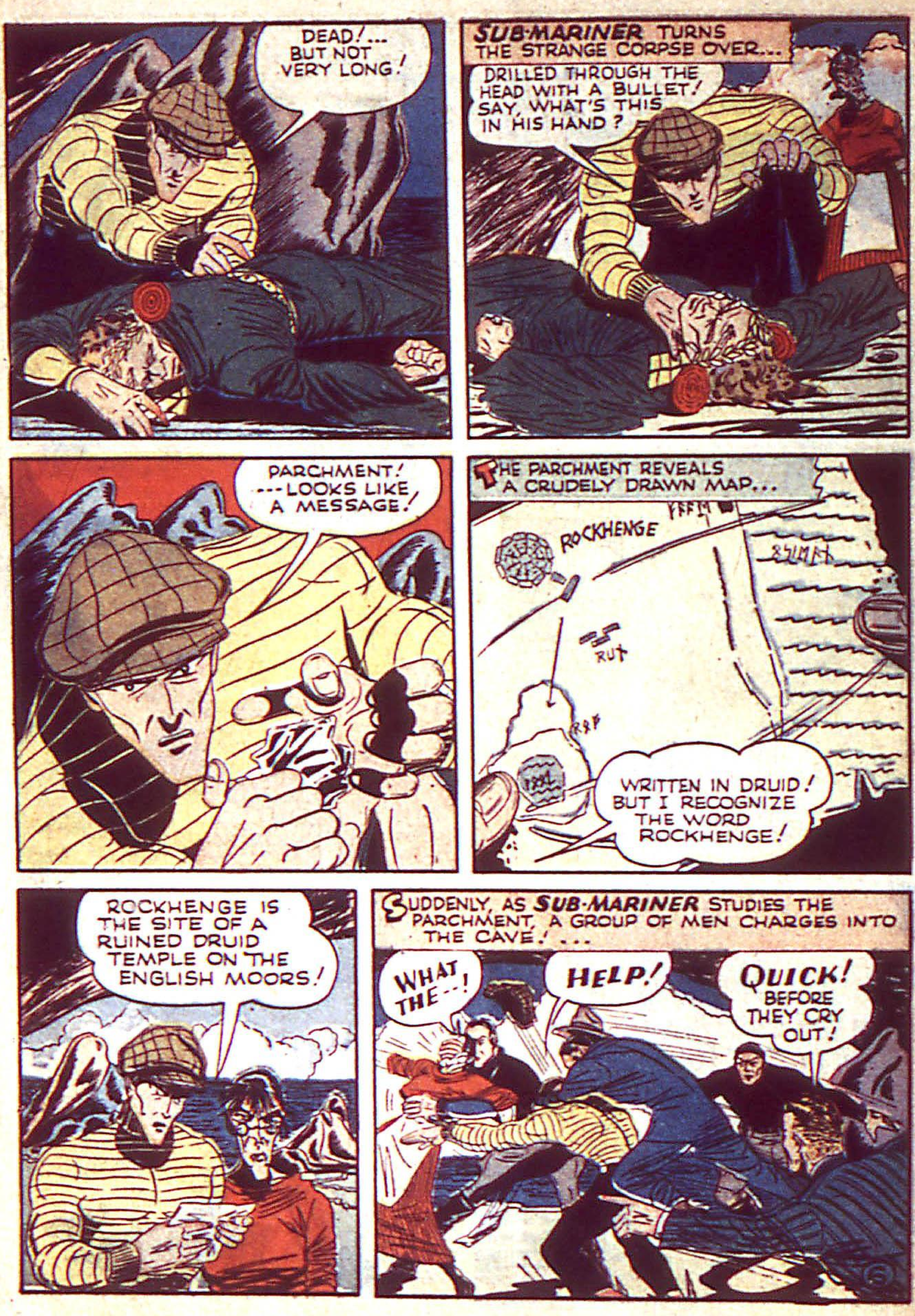

--THEIR BOMBERS, FORCED TO FLY FROM GERMANY, CAN NO LONGER ATTACK US ON A LARGE SCALE. I CAN ASSURE YOU THERE WILL BE NO MORE BLITZ.


THE WORLD HEARS CHURCHILL'S TRIUMPHANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
BRAVO!
THE OLD BOY CERTAINLY SOUNDS HAPPY -- CAN'T BLAME HIM!
BRITAIN'S GOT A FIGHTING CHANCE NOW!
BUT SUDDENLY THE WAIL OF THE AIR RAID ALARMS DROWNS OUT CHURCHILL'S VOICE ...
WOO-OO-O
NO MORE HEAVY BOMBINGS----
SOMETHING IS WRONG! EVEN AS CHURCHILL SPEAKS, THE BIGGEST NAZI AIR SQUADRON EVER ASSEMBLED THUNDERS OVER LONDON! ...
LIKE A VULTURE, MUELLER EVIL GENIUS OF THE GESTAPO, HOVERS HIGH OVERHEAD...
I THINK HERR CHURCHILL SPOKE OUT OF TURN! HEH! HEH! HEH!
THE R.A.F. GOES FORTH TO GIVE BATTLE AND THE SKY CHURNS WITH FIGHTING PLANES...
THERE GOES ANOTHER JERRY!

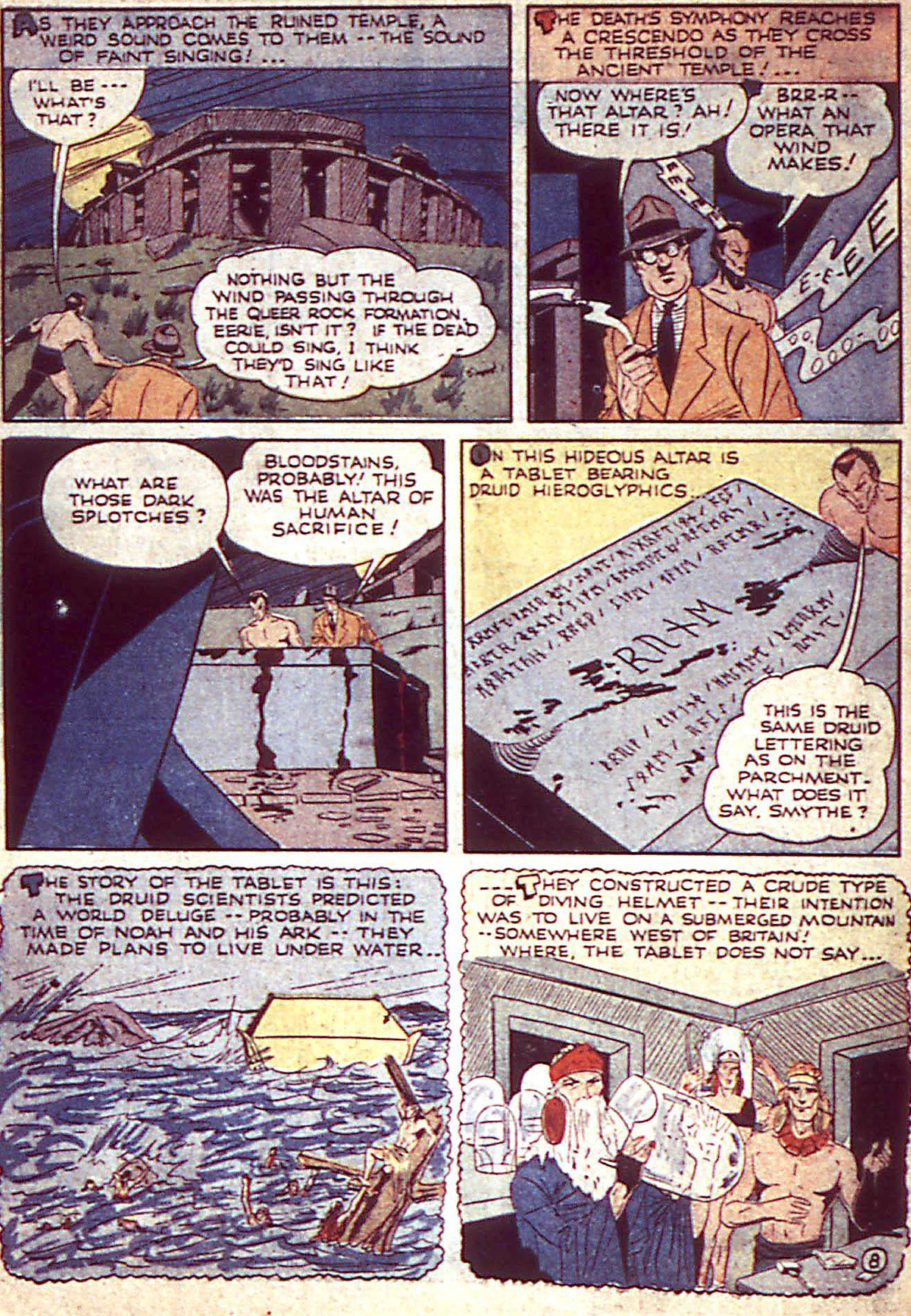

BUT THE OVERWHELMING NAZI AIR FORCE BREAKS THROUGH THE R.A.F.! -- THE BUILDING YOU SEE TOPPLING IS BUCKINGHAM PALACE!--
--AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY, RESTING PLACE OF ENGLAND'S GREAT -- EVEN THE DEAD CANNOT RESIST!
BLOP
PARLIAMENT SHUDDERS LIKE A LIVING THING AS THE SWASTIKA-WINGED PLANES UNLOAD VICIOUS CARGOES.
THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION FINISHED, FOR THE MOMENT, THE ATTACKING FLEET VEERS SOUTHWARD---
I'D HAVE CHASED 'EM TO BERLIN IF I HAD ENOUGH PETROL!
BUT THE SKY ROAD OF THE NAZIS DOES NOT LEAD TO BERLIN, AS ONE TENACIOUS BRITISHER DISCOVERS.
WHY THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE ATLANTIC! ... AND THERE'S A MIST COMING UP! ... CURIOUS!

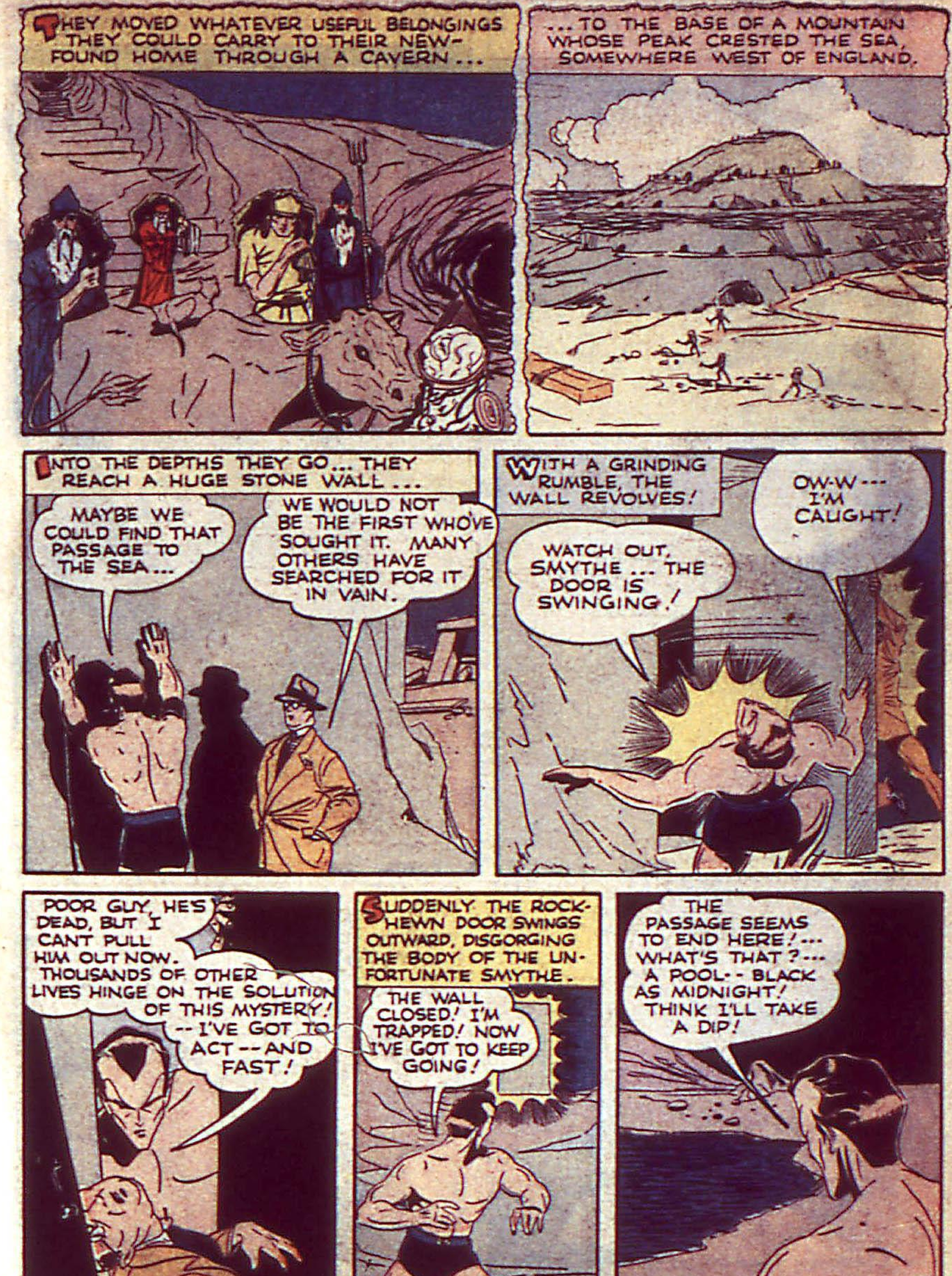

THE LONE R.A.F. PILOT TRAILS ALONG AS THE NAZI SQUADRON FADES INTO THE STRANGE FOG! ...
SUB-MARINER'S SHORT-WAVE SET PICKS UP THE PILOT'S MESSAGE.
FOG'S LIKE PEA-SOUP! I CAN'T SEE -- A NOISE! GUNS! I'M BEING ATTACKED -- AND I CAN'T SEE --- A-EE-EE!
THAT FELLOW'S A GONER!
HIS MESSAGE CAME FROM SOMEWHERE WEST OF BRITAIN! SOMETHING SCREWY'S GOING ON -- AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
Later...
THINK I'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH MAJOR THORNE, OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE ... HE MAY HAVE A CLUE TO THE DISAPPEARING LUFTWAFFE!
THE BRITISH PRESS WORKS ITSELF INTO AN INKY LATHER.
TIMES
BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUSPECTS NAZIS ESTABLISHED SECRET AIRBASE IN IRELAND
EIRE
DeValera denies Nazi base in Eire. Maintains Irish Neutrality.
ENJOYS RETURN
Meanwhile ... SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE OF THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE ...
HELLO, MAJOR THORNE -- WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE IRISH HARBORING THE NAZIS?
BUNK, I THINK, ... BUT ---
'ALTHOUGH IRELAND MAY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE NAZIS, I BELIEVE SHE HOLDS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY! IF YOU'VE NOTHING TO DO, YOU MIGHT SPEND THE WEEK-END IN DUBLIN!
RIGHT! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
4

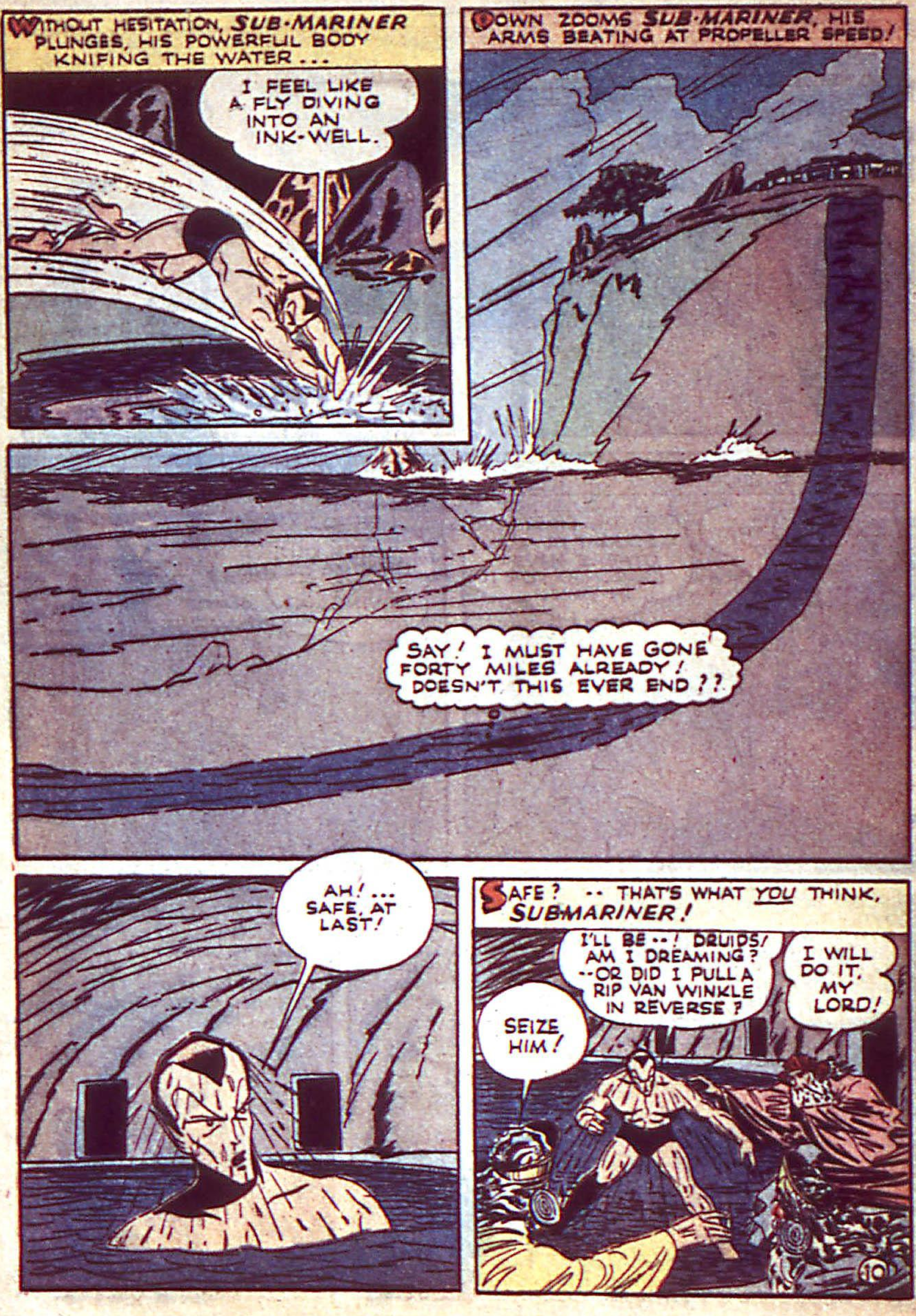

SUB-MARINER, DISGUISED, ARRIVES IN DUBLIN ...
HMM -- HERE'S AN INTERESTING LITTLE ITEM!
ARNE -- 8-41
Mrs. Anna O'Shaughnessy, aged 86, has been lodged in the countyjail on a charge of disturbing the peace. The constable deposed at her arraignment that she said she had seen a banshee washed up on the shore. The county physician who examined her said she appeared quite mad.
was reported to
een seen abo
fter being
orta
BANSHEE! ... SOUNDS WHACKY -- BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BANSHEE MAY TURN OUT TO BE SOMETHING ELSE!
SUBMARINER VISITS THE COUNTY JAIL IN A SMALL COASTAL VILLAGE ...
HERE'S TWENTY POUNDS! I WANT TO BAIL OUT MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY!
SURE, AND I KIN THINK O' BETTER WAYS TO THROW AWAY YER MONEY! WHATEVER YE DO, DON'T LISTEN TO HER, 'CAUSE SHE'S DAFT!
THANKEE, SIR, FER GETTIN' ME OUTTA THE JUG ...
IT WAS A PLEASURE MA'M. NOW TELL ME, WHERE'S THAT BANSHEE YOU SAW?
IN THAT CAVE! ... I TOLD EVERYONE I SAW ON THE ROADS, BUT THEY LAUGHED. NOW, DON'T YOU LAUGH, YOUNG MAN!
I WON'T.
WITHIN THE CAVE ...
THERE HE IS! HE CAME OUT OF THE FOG ONE EVENING -- WASHED UP BY A GREAT WAVE!
THIS ISN'T A BANSHEE! IT'S A MAN WEARING THE COSTUME OF THE DRUIDS, A RELIGIOUS CULT THAT FLOURISHED IN BRITAIN BEFORE CAESAR CAME.

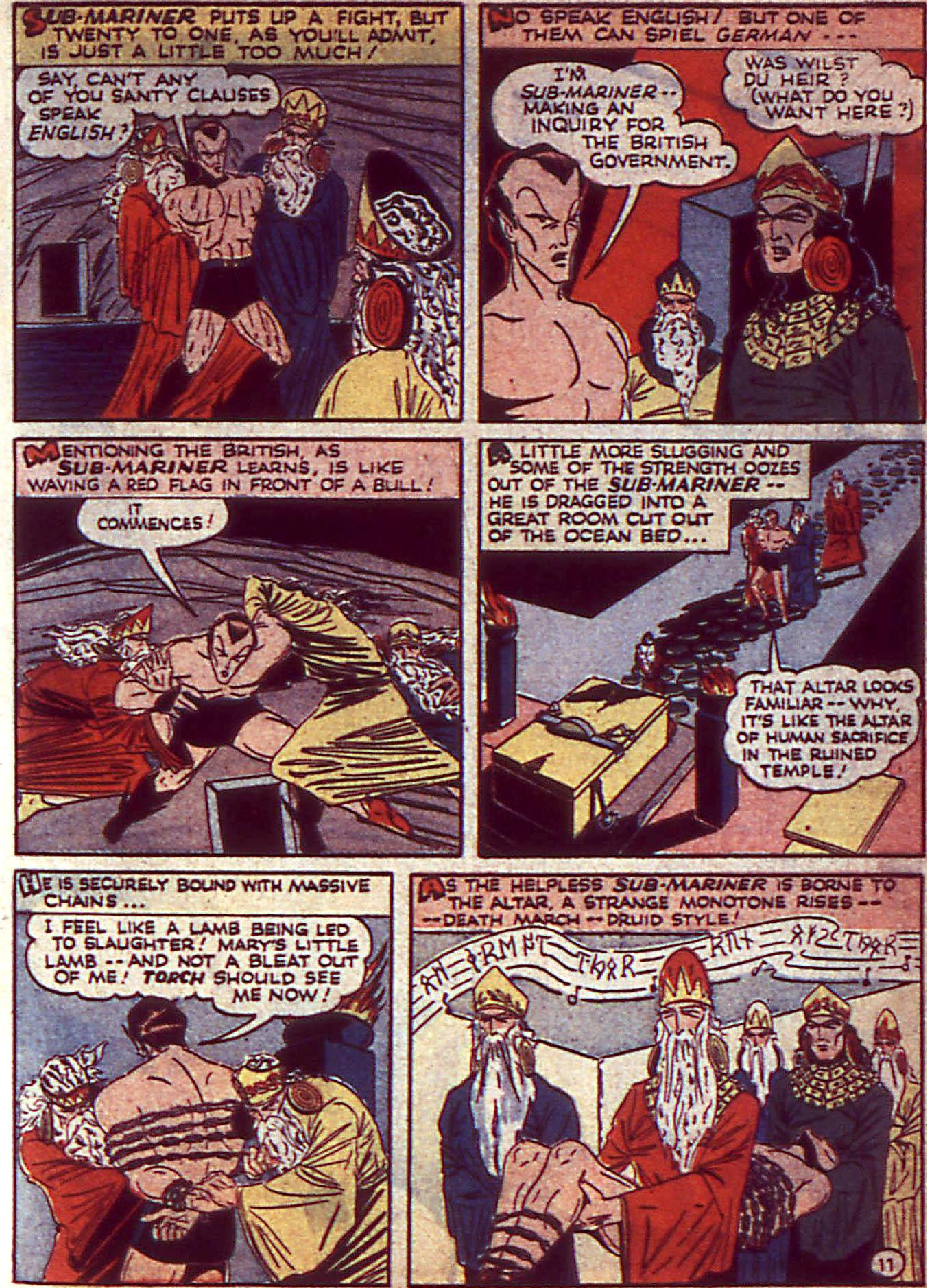

DEAD!... BUT NOT VERY LONG!
SUB-MARINER TURNS THE STRANGE CORPSE OVER...
DRILLED THROUGH THE HEAD WITH A BULLET! SAY, WHAT'S THIS IN HIS HAND?
PARCHMENT! ---LOOKS LIKE A MESSAGE!
THE PARCHMENT REVEALS A CRUDELY DRAWN MAP...
ROCKHENGE
WRITTEN IN DRUID! BUT I RECOGNIZE THE WORD ROCKHENGE!
ROCKHENGE IS THE SITE OF A RUINED DRUID TEMPLE ON THE ENGLISH MOORS!
SUDDENLY, AS SUB-MARINER STUDIES THE PARCHMENT, A GROUP OF MEN CHARGES INTO THE CAVE!...
WHAT THE--!
HELP!
QUICK! BEFORE THEY CRY OUT!
6

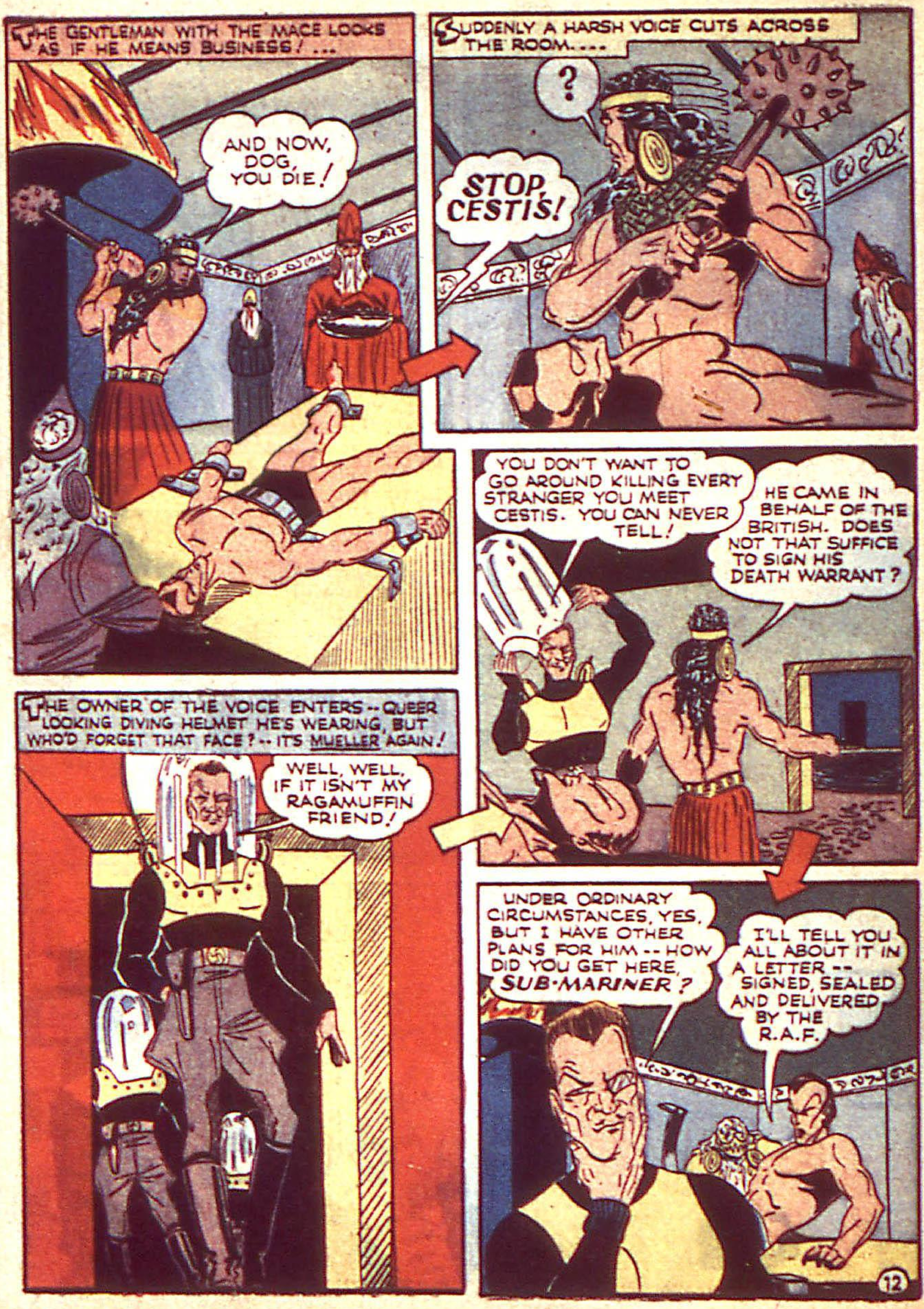
RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK OF SURPRISE, SUBMARINER BECOMES A TORNADO OF FLYING FISTS! ...
SUB-MARINER, THE SEA DEMON!
NAZIS, EH? HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS FOR A BLITZ?
YEOW!
HIMMEL! HE FIGHTS BETTER DEN SCHMELLING!
YOU MAY HAVE RECOGNIZED THE MAN WITH THE GUN -- THAT PLEASANT FELLOW, MUELLER, OF THE GESTAPO! ...
AHR-R!
THIS WILL SHUT YOUR MOUTH FOR GOOD! YOU'VE LIVED YOUR LIFE ANYHOW! HA! HA!
AS FOR YOU, DER FUEHRER WILL GIVE ME THE IRON CROSS FOR ELIMINATING YOU!
AIE-OWW!
IT IS DONE! WITH THEM DEAD, THE SECRET OF THE VANISHING AIR FLEET REMAINS A SECRET.
BUT SUB-MARINER IS CAST IN A HARDIER MOLD THAN MUELLER SUSPECTED!
GOOD THING I'VE GOT A THICK SKULL! --- THEY'VE GONE! AND THE DRUID'S GONE TOO! I'LL HAVE TO ARRANGE TO BURY THE OLD LADY --- SHE DIED A MARTYR!
RETURNING TO ENGLAND, SUB-MARINER VISITS SMYTHE, CURATOR OF THE LONDON MUSEUM...
THEY STOLE THE MESSAGE, TOO ... ALL I CAN RECALL IS THE WORD "ROCKHENGE."
WEIRD YARN, BUT IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO! THERE'S A TRAIN LEAVING FOR ROCKHENGE AT 5 P.M.
DUSK IS FALLING OVER THE WILD, UNEARTHLY MOORS WHEN SUB-MARINER AND SMYTHE ARRIVE...
THE DRUIDS HELD THEIR RITES HERE CENTURIES AGO!
I WONDER IF IT WAS AS CREEPY THEN AS IT IS NOW?
7

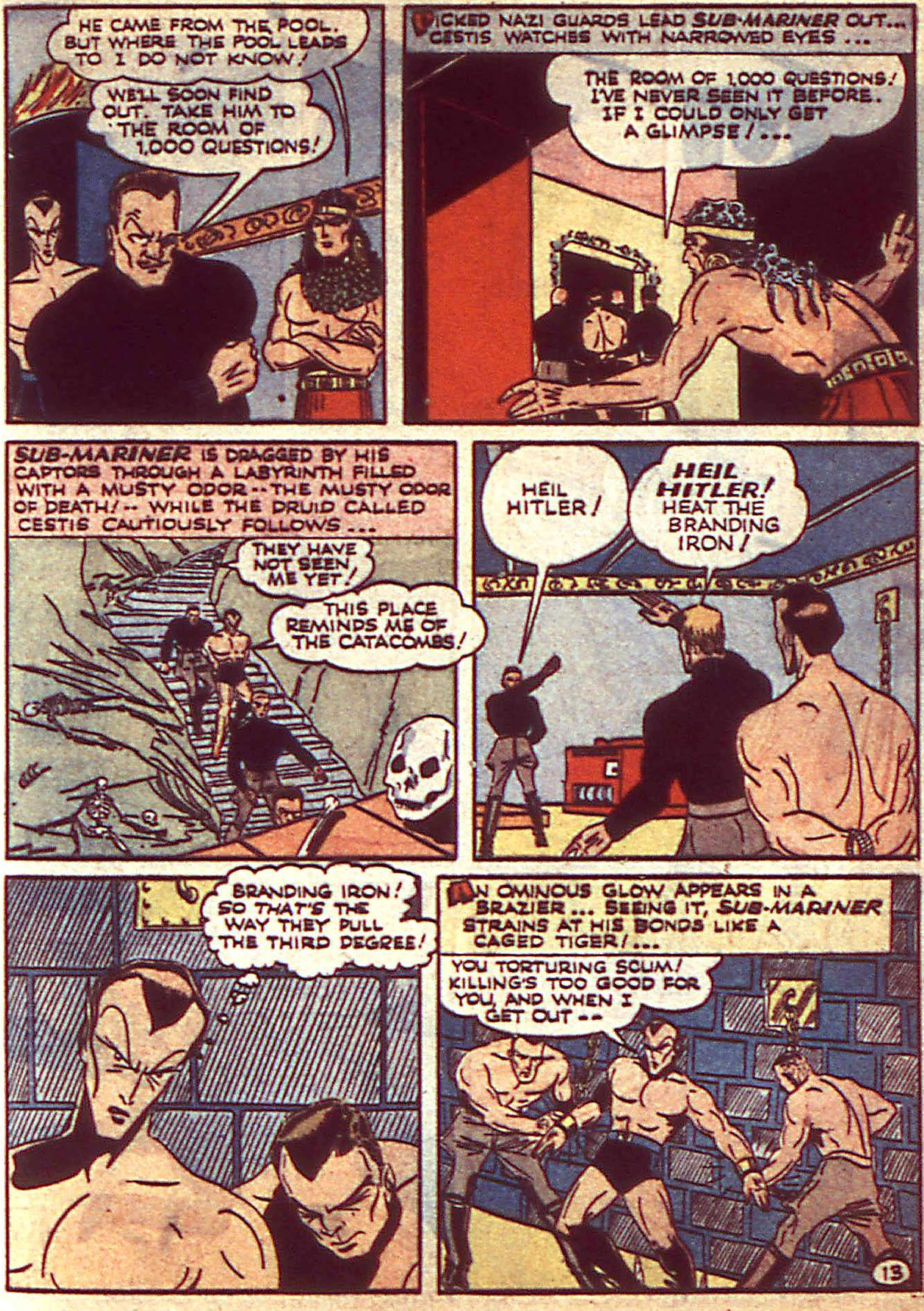

AS THEY APPROACH THE RUINED TEMPLE, A WEIRD SOUND COMES TO THEM -- THE SOUND OF FAINT SINGING! ...
I'LL BE --- WHAT'S THAT?
NOTHING BUT THE WIND PASSING THROUGH THE QUEER ROCK FORMATION. EERIE, ISN'T IT? IF THE DEAD COULD SING, I THINK THEY'D SING LIKE THAT!
THE DEATH'S SYMPHONY REACHES A CRESCENDO AS THEY CROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE! ...
NOW WHERE'S THAT ALTAR? AH! THERE IT IS!
BRR-R -- WHAT AN OPERA THAT WIND MAKES!
EE-E-E
E-E-EE
OO-OOO-OO
WHAT ARE THOSE DARK SPLOTCHES?
BLOODSTAINS, PROBABLY! THIS WAS THE ALTAR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE!
ON THIS HIDEOUS ALTAR IS A TABLET BEARING DRUID HIEROGLYPHICS...
THIS IS THE SAME DRUID LETTERING AS ON THE PARCHMENT. WHAT DOES IT SAY, SMYTHE?
THE STORY OF THE TABLET IS THIS: THE DRUID SCIENTISTS PREDICTED A WORLD DELUGE -- PROBABLY IN THE TIME OF NOAH AND HIS ARK -- THEY MADE PLANS TO LIVE UNDER WATER...
---THEY CONSTRUCTED A CRUDE TYPE OF DIVING HELMET -- THEIR INTENTION WAS TO LIVE ON A SUBMERGED MOUNTAIN --SOMEWHERE WEST OF BRITAIN! WHERE, THE TABLET DOES NOT SAY...
8

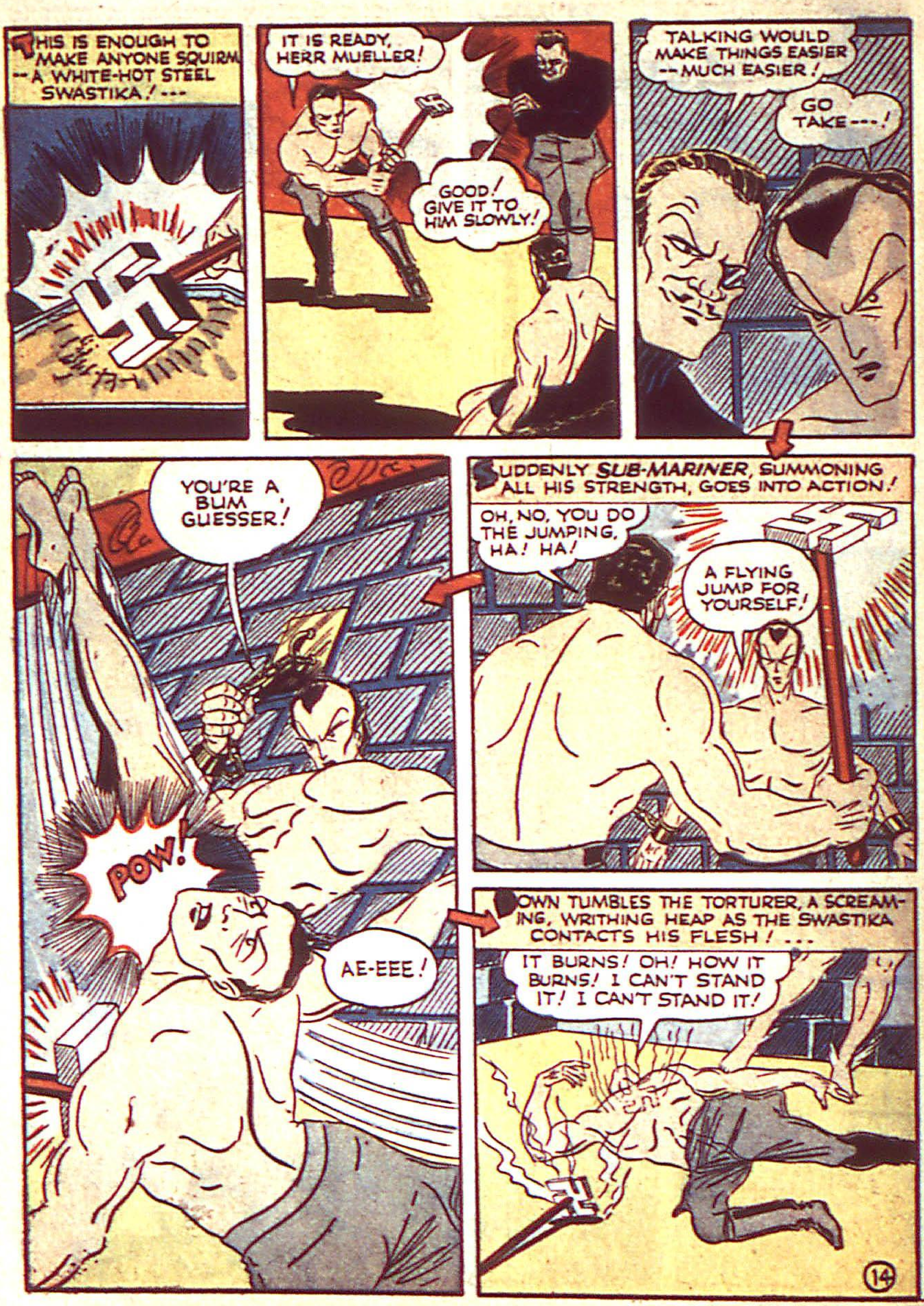

THEY MOVED WHATEVER USEFUL BELONGINGS THEY COULD CARRY TO THEIR NEW-FOUND HOME THROUGH A CAVERN...
...TO THE BASE OF A MOUNTAIN WHOSE PEAK CRESTED THE SEA, SOMEWHERE WEST OF ENGLAND.
INTO THE DEPTHS THEY GO... THEY REACH A HUGE STONE WALL...
MAYBE WE COULD FIND THAT PASSAGE TO THE SEA...
WE WOULD NOT BE THE FIRST WHO'VE SOUGHT IT. MANY OTHERS HAVE SEARCHED FOR IT IN VAIN.
WITH A GRINDING RUMBLE, THE WALL REVOLVES!
WATCH OUT, SMYTHE... THE DOOR IS SWINGING!
OW-W--- I'M CAUGHT!
POOR GUY, HE'S DEAD, BUT I CANT PULL HIM OUT NOW. THOUSANDS OF OTHER LIVES HINGE ON THE SOLUTION OF THIS MYSTERY! --I'VE GOT TO ACT--AND FAST!
SUDDENLY THE ROCK-HEWN DOOR SWINGS OUTWARD, DISGORGING THE BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE SMYTHE.
THE WALL CLOSED! I'M TRAPPED! NOW I'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!
THE PASSAGE SEEMS TO END HERE!--- WHAT'S THAT?--- A POOL-- BLACK AS MIDNIGHT! THINK I'LL TAKE A DIP!
9

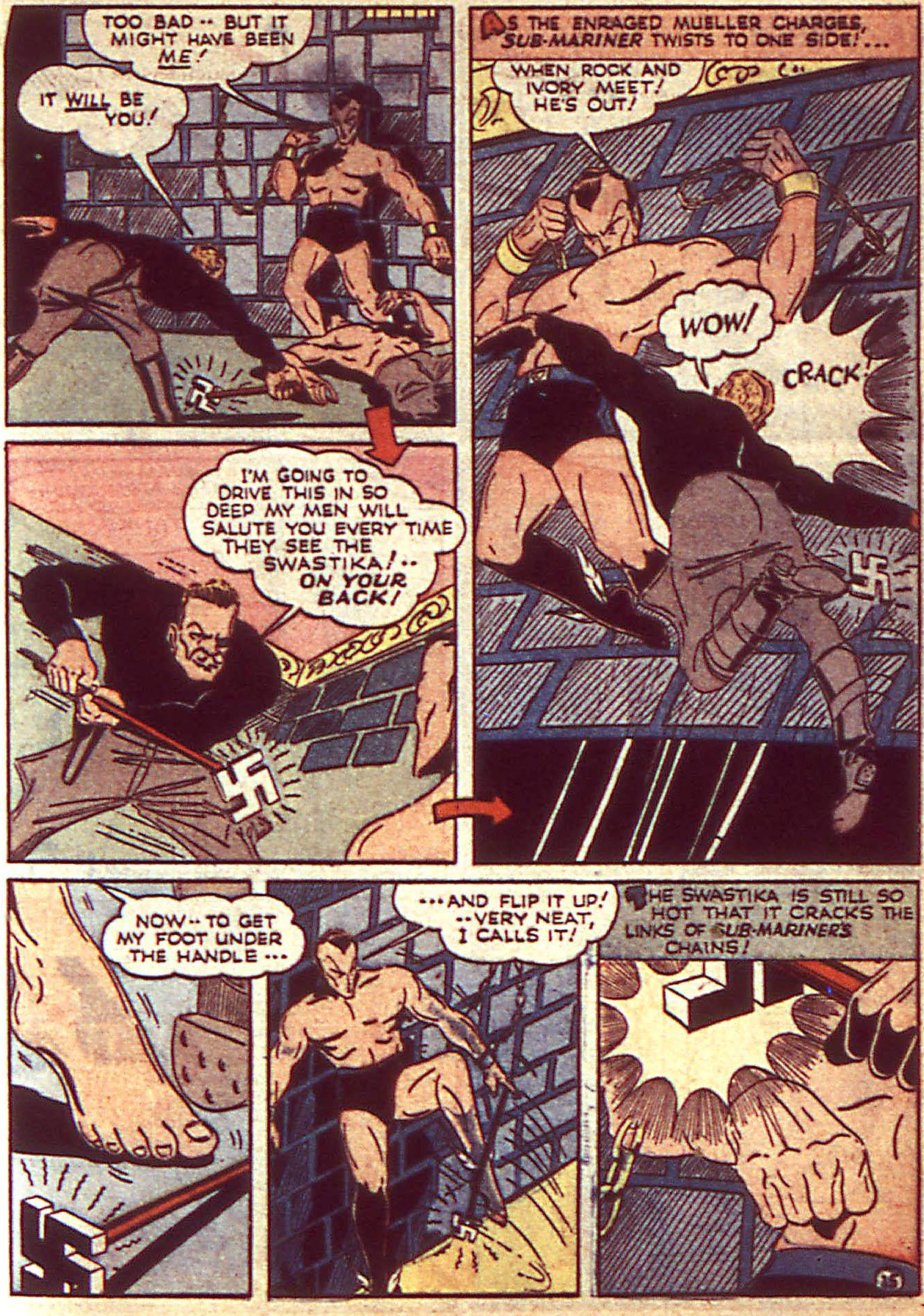

WITHOUT HESITATION, SUB-MARINER PLUNGES, HIS POWERFUL BODY KNIFING THE WATER...
I FEEL LIKE A FLY DIVING INTO AN INK-WELL.
DOWN ZOOMS SUB-MARINER, HIS ARMS BEATING AT PROPELLER SPEED!
SAY! I MUST HAVE GONE FORTY MILES ALREADY! DOESN'T THIS EVER END??
AH! ... SAFE, AT LAST!
SAFE? -- THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SUBMARINER!
I'LL BE--! DRUIDS! AM I DREAMING? --OR DID I PULL A RIP VAN WINKLE IN REVERSE?
I WILL DO IT, MY LORD!
SEIZE HIM!

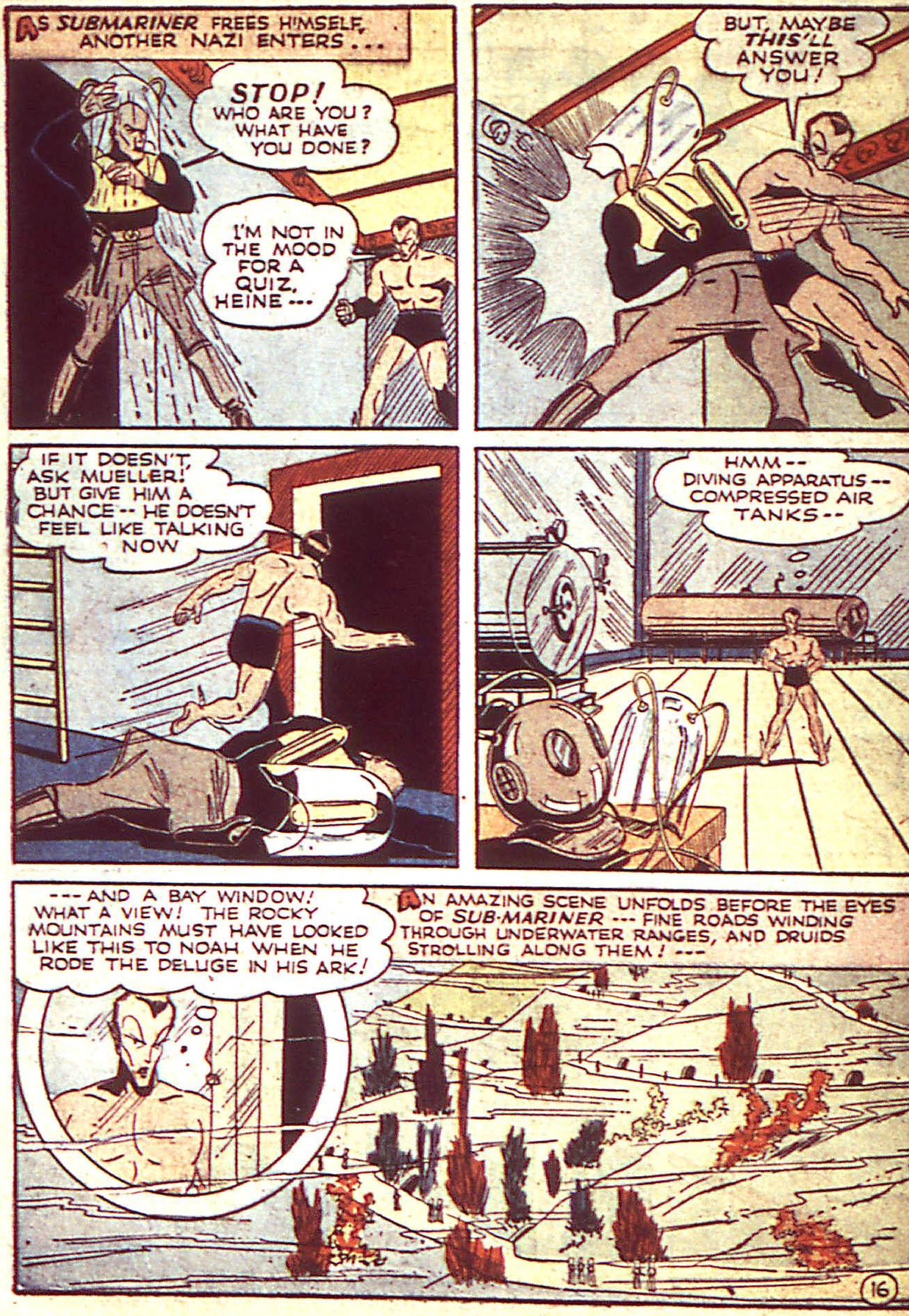

SUB-MARINER PUTS UP A FIGHT, BUT TWENTY TO ONE, AS YOU'LL ADMIT, IS JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH!
SAY, CAN'T ANY OF YOU SANTY CLAUSES SPEAK ENGLISH?
NO SPEAK ENGLISH! BUT ONE OF THEM CAN SPIEL GERMAN ---
WAS WILST DU HEIR? (WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?)
I'M SUB-MARINER -- MAKING AN INQUIRY FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.
MENTIONING THE BRITISH, AS SUB-MARINER LEARNS, IS LIKE WAVING A RED FLAG IN FRONT OF A BULL!
IT COMMENCES!
A LITTLE MORE SLUGGING AND SOME OF THE STRENGTH OOZES OUT OF THE SUB-MARINER -- HE IS DRAGGED INTO A GREAT ROOM CUT OUT OF THE OCEAN BED...
THAT ALTAR LOOKS FAMILIAR -- WHY, IT'S LIKE THE ALTAR OF HUMAN SACRIFICE IN THE RUINED TEMPLE!
HE IS SECURELY BOUND WITH MASSIVE CHAINS...
I FEEL LIKE A LAMB BEING LED TO SLAUGHTER! MARY'S LITTLE LAMB -- AND NOT A BLEAT OUT OF ME! TORCH SHOULD SEE ME NOW!
AS THE HELPLESS SUB-MARINER IS BORNE TO THE ALTAR, A STRANGE MONOTONE RISES -- -- DEATH MARCH -- DRUID STYLE!
11

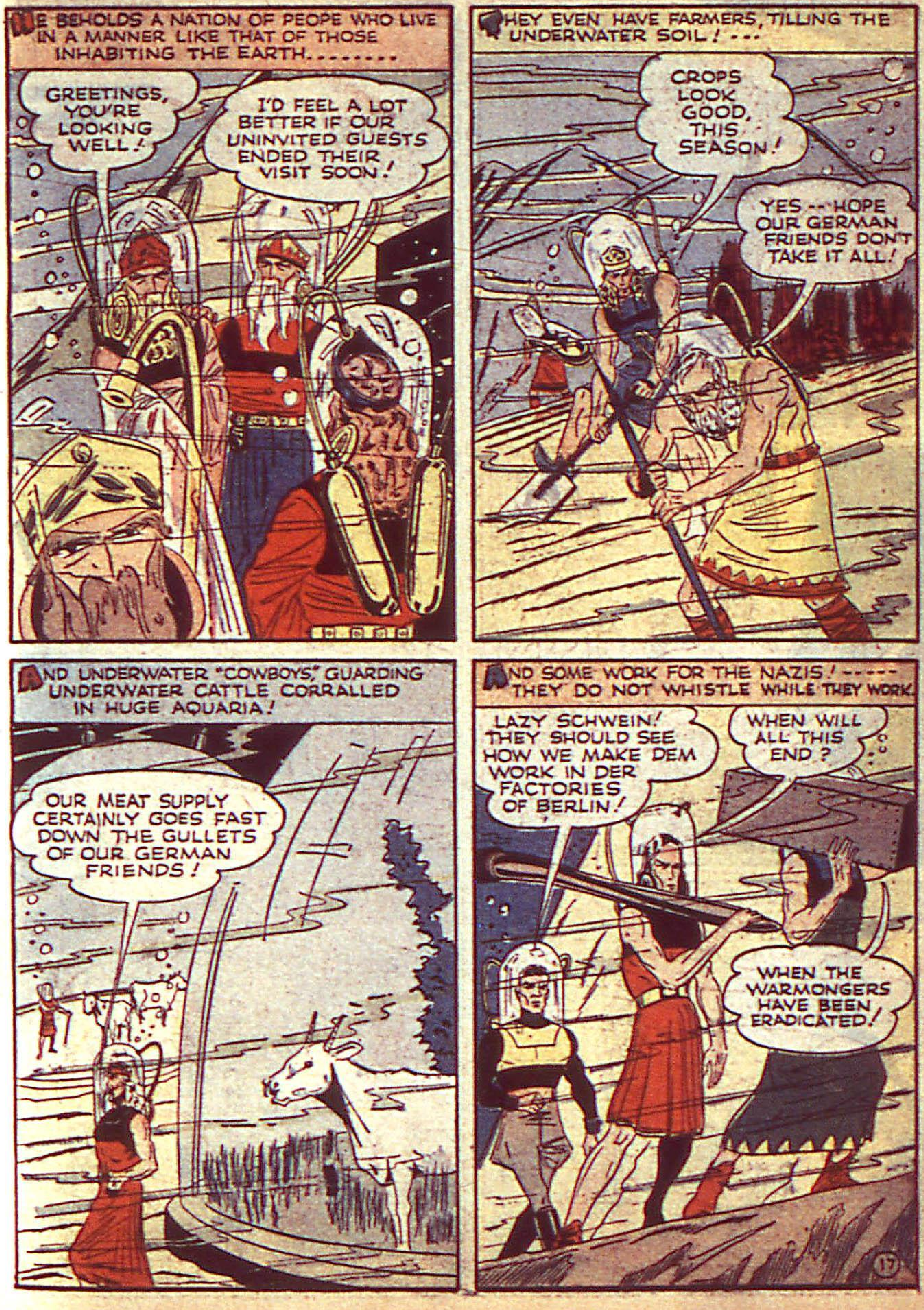

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE MACE LOOKS AS IF HE MEANS BUSINESS! ...
AND NOW, DOG, YOU DIE!
SUDDENLY A HARSH VOICE CUTS ACROSS THE ROOM....
?
STOP, CESTIS!
THE OWNER OF THE VOICE ENTERS -- QUEER LOOKING DIVING HELMET HE'S WEARING, BUT WHO'D FORGET THAT FACE? -- IT'S MUELLER AGAIN!
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY RAGAMUFFIN FRIEND!
YOU DON'T WANT TO GO AROUND KILLING EVERY STRANGER YOU MEET CESTIS. YOU CAN NEVER TELL!
HE CAME IN BEHALF OF THE BRITISH. DOES NOT THAT SUFFICE TO SIGN HIS DEATH WARRANT?
UNDER ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES, YES. BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR HIM -- HOW DID YOU GET HERE, SUB-MARINER?
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT IN A LETTER -- SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED BY THE R.A.F.

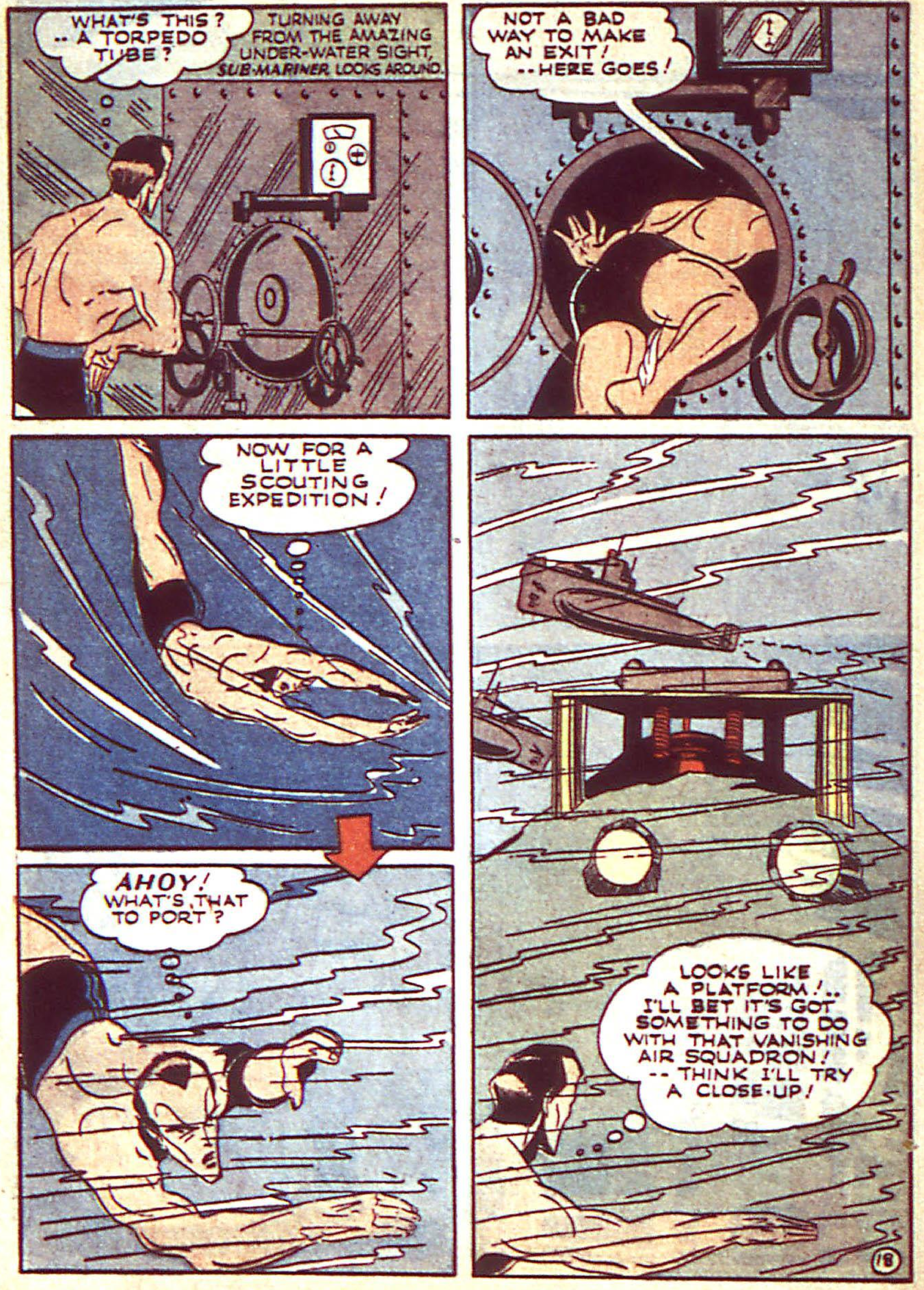

HE CAME FROM THE POOL. BUT WHERE THE POOL LEADS TO I DO NOT KNOW!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. TAKE HIM TO THE ROOM OF 1,000 QUESTIONS!
WICKED NAZI GUARDS LEAD SUB-MARINER OUT... CESTIS WATCHES WITH NARROWED EYES ...
THE ROOM OF 1,000 QUESTIONS! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE. IF I COULD ONLY GET A GLIMPSE! ...
SUB-MARINER IS DRAGGED BY HIS CAPTORS THROUGH A LABYRINTH FILLED WITH A MUSTY ODOR -- THE MUSTY ODOR OF DEATH! -- WHILE THE DRUID CALLED CESTIS CAUTIOUSLY FOLLOWS ...
THEY HAVE NOT SEEN ME YET!
THIS PLACE REMINDS ME OF THE CATACOMBS!
HEIL HITLER!
HEIL HITLER! HEAT THE BRANDING IRON!
BRANDING IRON! SO THAT'S THE WAY THEY PULL THE THIRD DEGREE!
AN OMINOUS GLOW APPEARS IN A BRAZIER ... SEEING IT, SUB-MARINER STRAINS AT HIS BONDS LIKE A CAGED TIGER! ...
YOU TORTURING SCUM! KILLING'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU, AND WHEN I GET OUT --

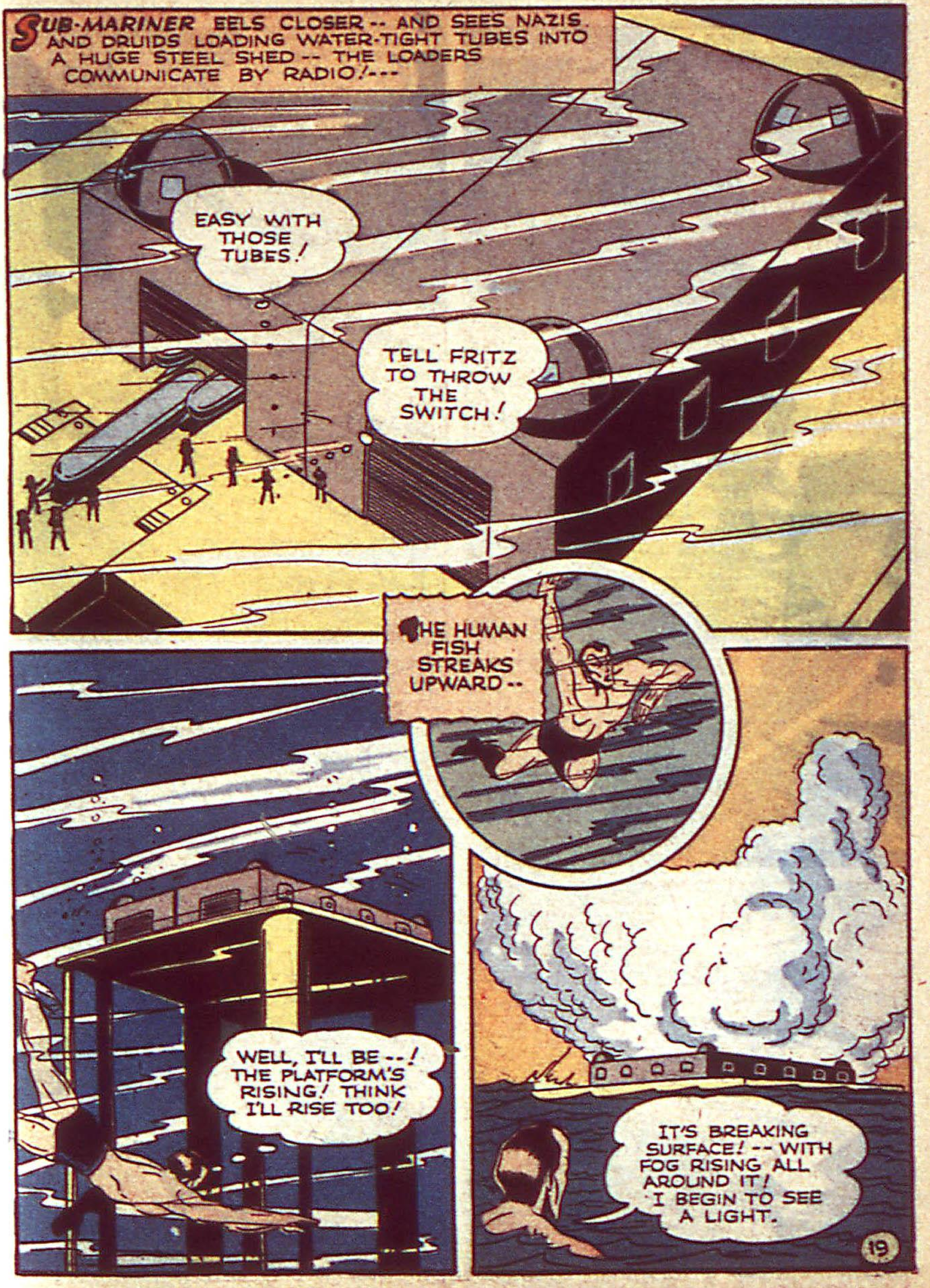

THIS IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE SQUIRM --A WHITE-HOT STEEL SWASTIKA! ---
IT IS READY, HERR MUELLER!
GOOD! GIVE IT TO HIM SLOWLY!
TALKING WOULD MAKE THINGS EASIER --MUCH EASIER!
GO TAKE---!
YOU'RE A BUM GUESSER!
POW!
AE-EEE!
SUDDENLY SUB-MARINER, SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, GOES INTO ACTION!
OH, NO, YOU DO THE JUMPING, HA! HA!
A FLYING JUMP FOR YOURSELF!
DOWN TUMBLES THE TORTURER, A SCREAMING, WRITHING HEAP AS THE SWASTIKA CONTACTS HIS FLESH! ...
IT BURNS! OH! HOW IT BURNS! I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND IT!


TOO BAD -- BUT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN ME!
IT WILL BE YOU!
AS THE ENRAGED MUELLER CHARGES, SUB-MARINER TWISTS TO ONE SIDE!...
WHEN ROCK AND IVORY MEET! HE'S OUT!
WOW!
CRACK!
I'M GOING TO DRIVE THIS IN SO DEEP MY MEN WILL SALUTE YOU EVERY TIME THEY SEE THE SWASTIKA!-- ON YOUR BACK!
NOW -- TO GET MY FOOT UNDER THE HANDLE ---
---AND FLIP IT UP! --VERY NEAT, I CALLS IT!
THE SWASTIKA IS STILL SO HOT THAT IT CRACKS THE LINKS OF SUB-MARINER'S CHAINS!
15


AS SUBMARINER FREES HIMSELF, ANOTHER NAZI ENTERS . . .
STOP! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR A QUIZ, HEINE ---
BUT, MAYBE THIS'LL ANSWER YOU!
IF IT DOESN'T, ASK MUELLER! BUT GIVE HIM A CHANCE -- HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE TALKING NOW
HMM -- DIVING APPARATUS -- COMPRESSED AIR TANKS --
--- AND A BAY WINDOW! WHAT A VIEW! THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE THIS TO NOAH WHEN HE RODE THE DELUGE IN HIS ARK!
AN AMAZING SCENE UNFOLDS BEFORE THE EYES OF SUB-MARINER --- FINE ROADS WINDING THROUGH UNDERWATER RANGES, AND DRUIDS STROLLING ALONG THEM! ---


HE BEHOLDS A NATION OF PEOPE WHO LIVE IN A MANNER LIKE THAT OF THOSE INHABITING THE EARTH........
GREETINGS, YOU'RE LOOKING WELL!
I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER IF OUR UNINVITED GUESTS ENDED THEIR VISIT SOON!
THEY EVEN HAVE FARMERS, TILLING THE UNDERWATER SOIL! ---
CROPS LOOK GOOD, THIS SEASON!
YES -- HOPE OUR GERMAN FRIENDS DON'T TAKE IT ALL!
AND UNDERWATER "COWBOYS," GUARDING UNDERWATER CATTLE CORRALLED IN HUGE AQUARIA!
OUR MEAT SUPPLY CERTAINLY GOES FAST DOWN THE GULLETS OF OUR GERMAN FRIENDS!
AND SOME WORK FOR THE NAZIS! ----- THEY DO NOT WHISTLE WHILE THEY WORK.
LAZY SCHWEIN! THEY SHOULD SEE HOW WE MAKE DEM WORK IN DER FACTORIES OF BERLIN!
WHEN WILL ALL THIS END?
WHEN THE WARMONGERS HAVE BEEN ERADICATED!


WHAT'S THIS? -- A TORPEDO TUBE?
TURNING AWAY FROM THE AMAZING UNDER-WATER SIGHT, SUB-MARINER LOOKS AROUND.
NOT A BAD WAY TO MAKE AN EXIT! --HERE GOES!
NOW FOR A LITTLE SCOUTING EXPEDITION!
AHOY! WHAT'S THAT TO PORT?
LOOKS LIKE A PLATFORM!.. I'LL BET IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT VANISHING AIR SQUADRON! -- THINK I'LL TRY A CLOSE-UP!


SUB-MARINER EELS CLOSER -- AND SEES NAZIS AND DRUIDS LOADING WATER-TIGHT TUBES INTO A HUGE STEEL SHED -- THE LOADERS COMMUNICATE BY RADIO!---
EASY WITH THOSE TUBES!
TELL FRITZ TO THROW THE SWITCH!
THE HUMAN FISH STREAKS UPWARD --
WELL, I'LL BE --! THE PLATFORM'S RISING! THINK I'LL RISE TOO!
IT'S BREAKING SURFACE! -- WITH FOG RISING ALL AROUND IT! I BEGIN TO SEE A LIGHT.

AS THE ARTIFICIAL FOG THICKENS, THE BIG SHED OPENS -----
NOW, TO SEE WHAT'S IN THOSE TUBES -- BUT I THINK I CAN GUESS --
THE TUBES ARE OPENED BY NAZIS -- REVEALING PLANES, PLANES, AND MORE PLANES!
BUT EVEN AS HE TURNS, A SQUAD OF DRUIDS ZOOMS UPWARD TOWARD HIM! -----
THAT HYDRAULIC-OPERATED PLATFORM MAKES A SWELL LANDING FIELD! THE SECRET AIR-BASE! I'LL HAVE TO TIP OFF THE BRITISH!
-----AND RENDER HIM HELPLESS WITH ONE WELL-DELIVERED BLOW FROM A SMALL MACE.
YE-OWEE!
BLAM!
TURN TO NEXT PAGE FOR PART 2 OF THIS STORY
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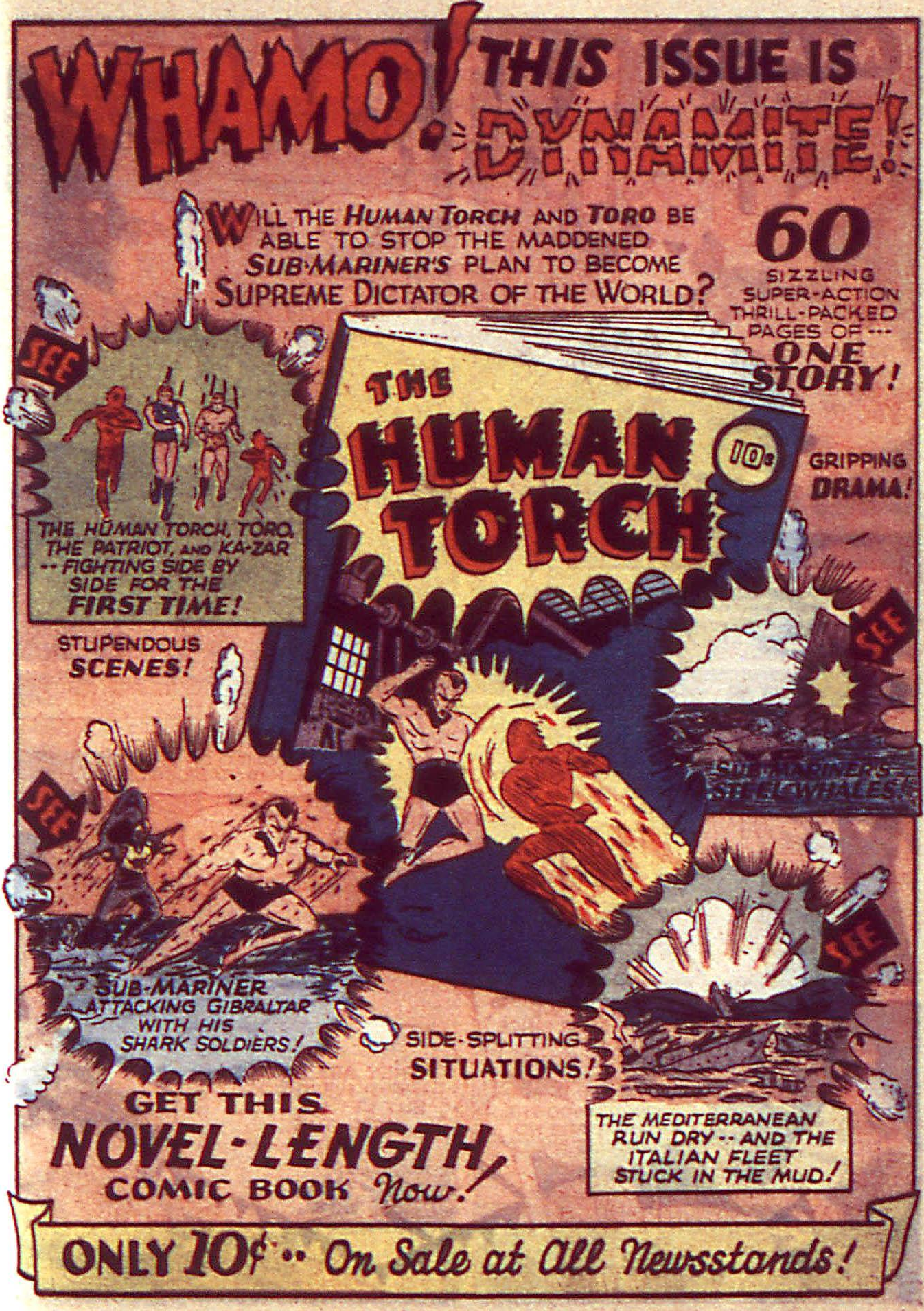

WHAMO! THIS ISSUE IS DYNAMITE!

WILL THE *HUMAN TORCH* AND *TORO* BE ABLE TO STOP THE MADDENED *SUB-MARINER'S* PLAN TO BECOME SUPREME DICTATOR OF THE WORLD?

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STUPENDOUS **SCENES!**

SUB-MARINER ATTACKING GIBRALTAR WITH HIS SHARK SOLDIERS!

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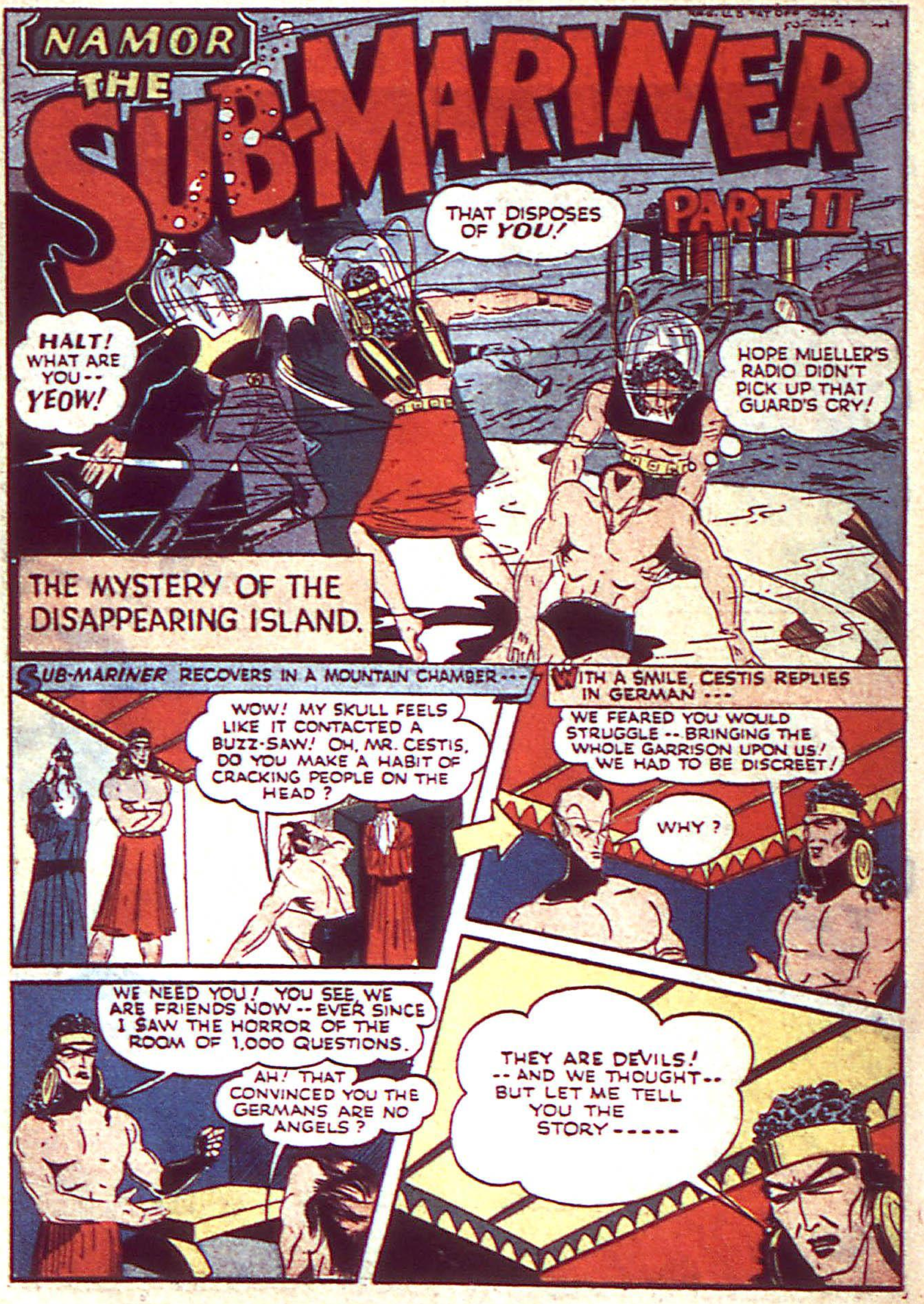
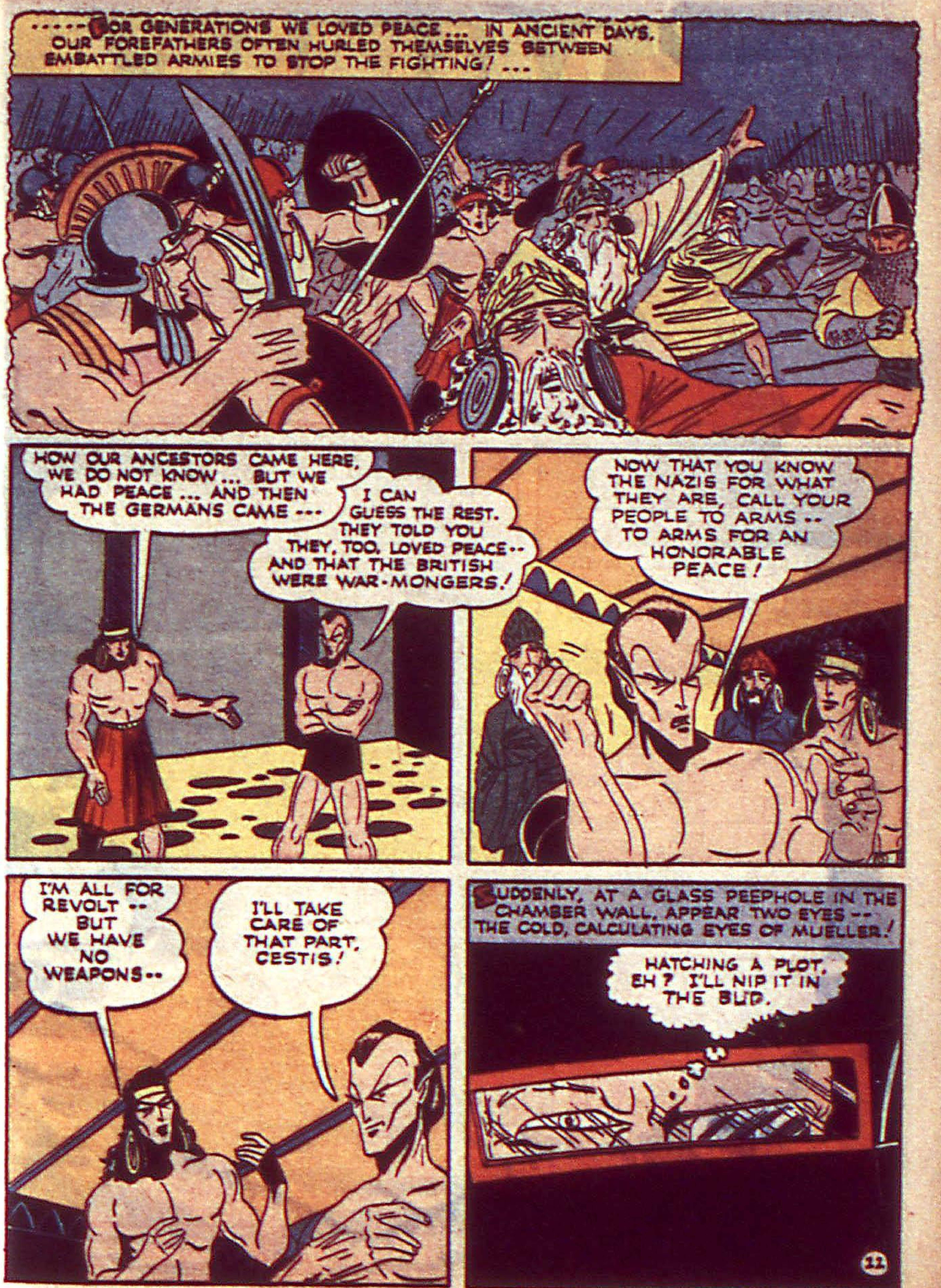
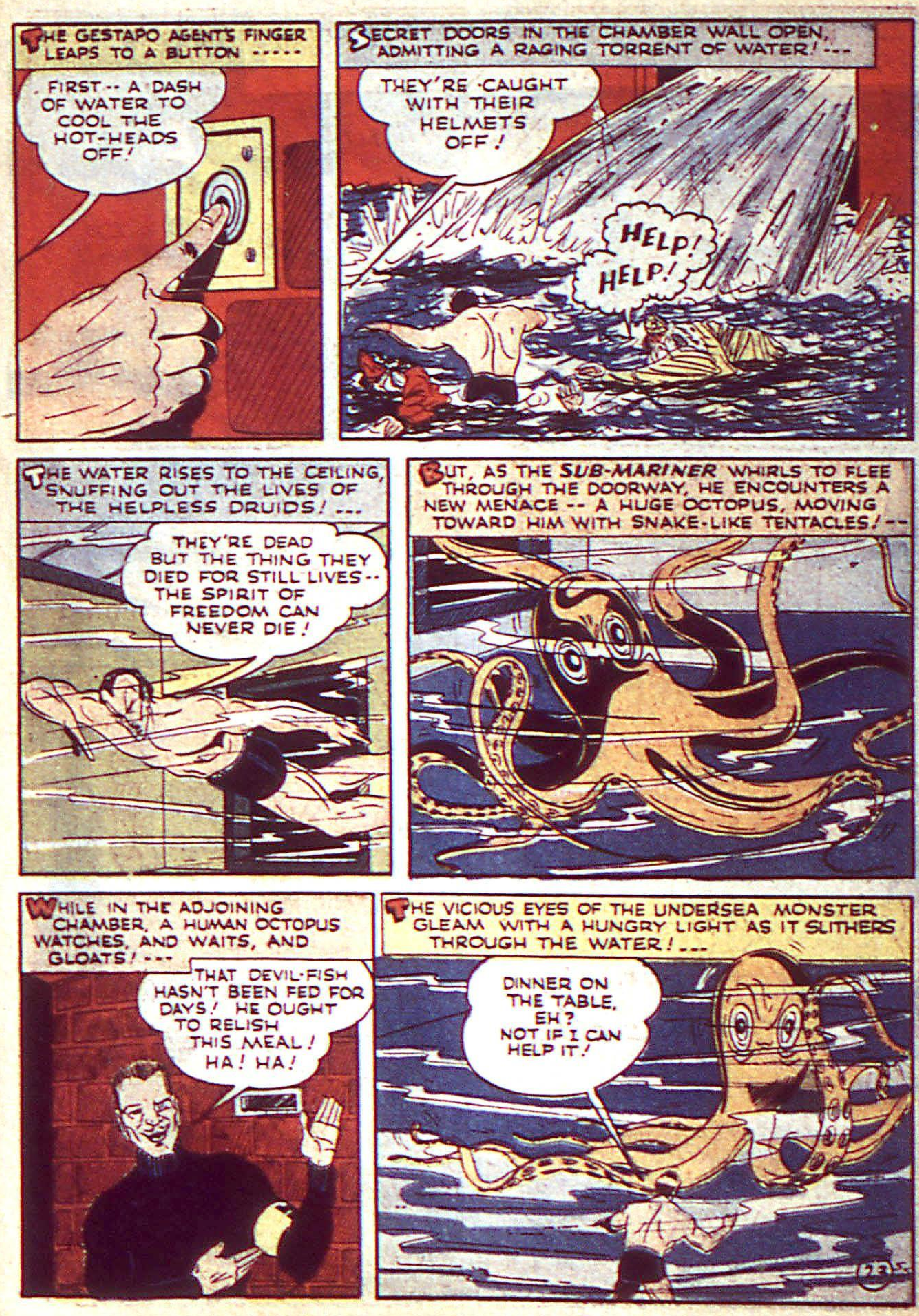
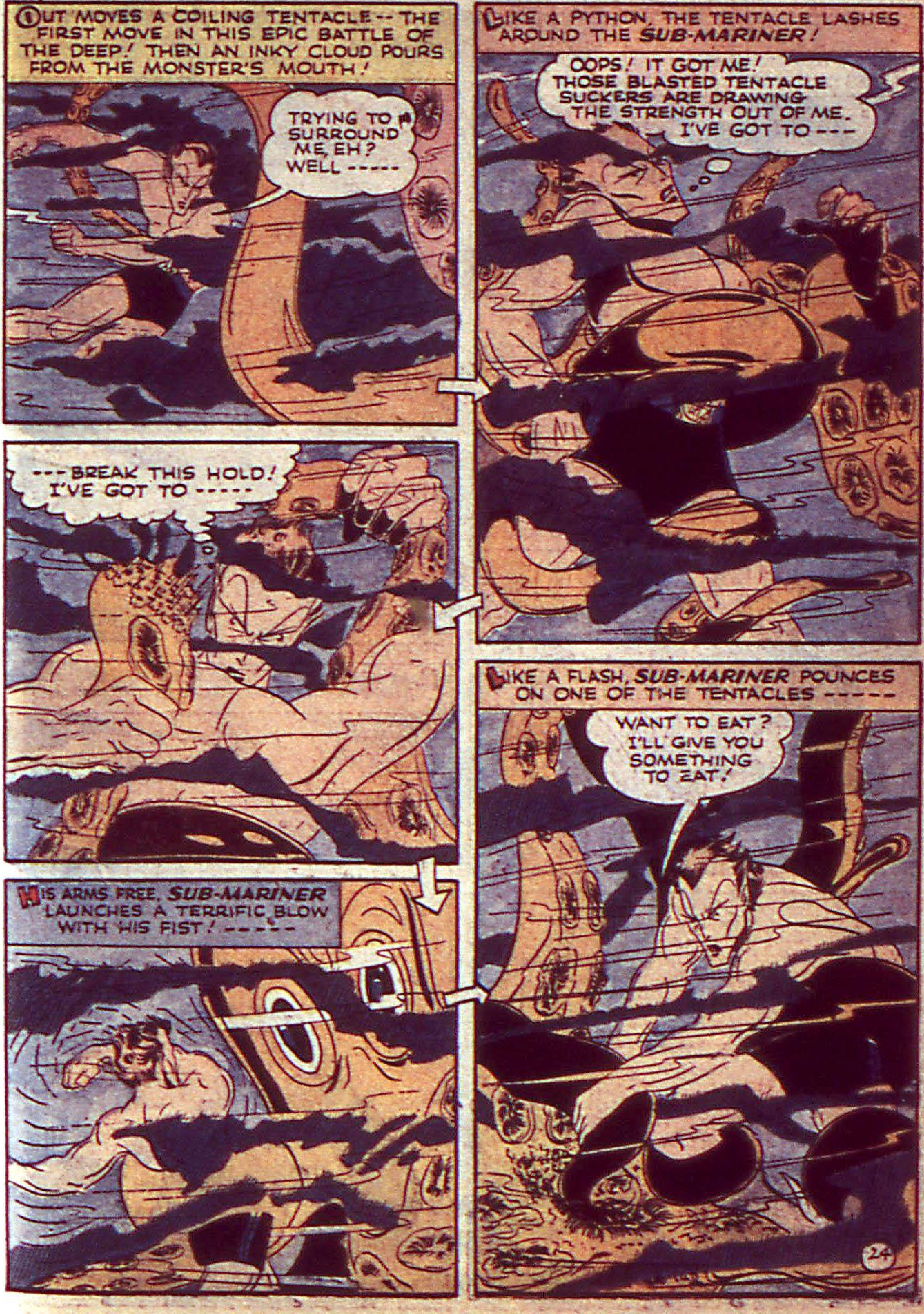
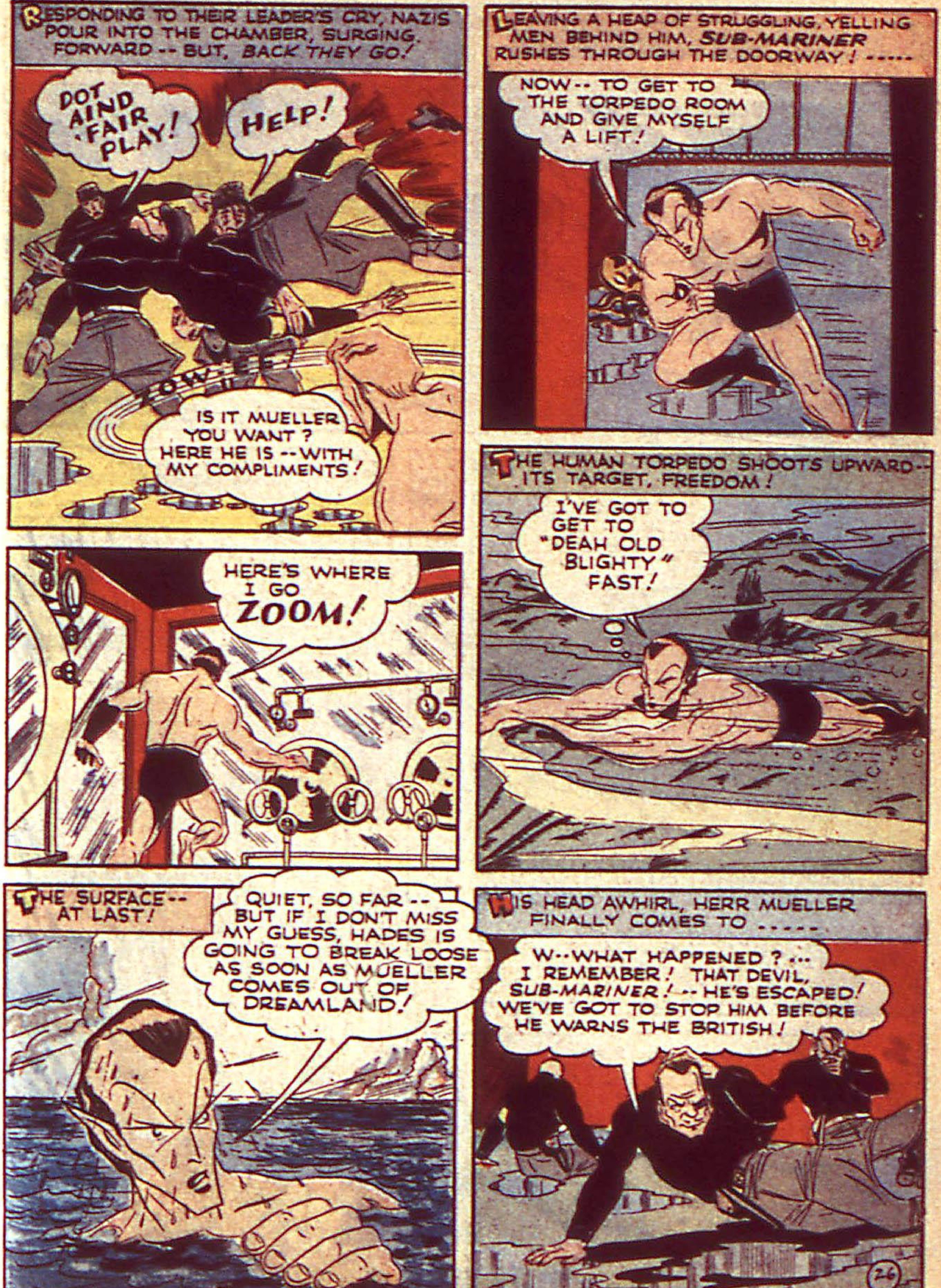

NAMOR
THE SUB-MARINER
PART II
HALT! WHAT ARE YOU-- YEOW!
THAT DISPOSES OF YOU!
HOPE MUELLER'S RADIO DIDN'T PICK UP THAT GUARD'S CRY!
THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING ISLAND.
SUB-MARINER RECOVERS IN A MOUNTAIN CHAMBER---
WOW! MY SKULL FEELS LIKE IT CONTACTED A BUZZ-SAW! OH, MR. CESTIS, DO YOU MAKE A HABIT OF CRACKING PEOPLE ON THE HEAD?
WITH A SMILE, CESTIS REPLIES IN GERMAN---
WE FEARED YOU WOULD STRUGGLE -- BRINGING THE WHOLE GARRISON UPON US! WE HAD TO BE DISCREET!
WHY?
WE NEED YOU! YOU SEE WE ARE FRIENDS NOW -- EVER SINCE I SAW THE HORROR OF THE ROOM OF 1,000 QUESTIONS.
AH! THAT CONVINCED YOU THE GERMANS ARE NO ANGELS?
THEY ARE DEVILS! --AND WE THOUGHT-- BUT LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY-----


-----FOR GENERATIONS WE LOVED PEACE... IN ANCIENT DAYS, OUR FOREFATHERS OFTEN HURLED THEMSELVES BETWEEN EMBATTLED ARMIES TO STOP THE FIGHTING!...
HOW OUR ANCESTORS CAME HERE, WE DO NOT KNOW... BUT WE HAD PEACE... AND THEN THE GERMANS CAME---
I CAN GUESS THE REST. THEY TOLD YOU THEY, TOO, LOVED PEACE-- AND THAT THE BRITISH WERE WAR-MONGERS!
NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE NAZIS FOR WHAT THEY ARE, CALL YOUR PEOPLE TO ARMS-- TO ARMS FOR AN HONORABLE PEACE!
I'M ALL FOR REVOLT-- BUT WE HAVE NO WEAPONS--
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT PART, CESTIS!
SUDDENLY, AT A GLASS PEEPHOLE IN THE CHAMBER WALL, APPEAR TWO EYES-- THE COLD, CALCULATING EYES OF MUELLER!
HATCHING A PLOT, EH? I'LL NIP IT IN THE BUD.


THE GESTAPO AGENT'S FINGER LEAPS TO A BUTTON -----
FIRST -- A DASH OF WATER TO COOL THE HOT-HEADS OFF!
SECRET DOORS IN THE CHAMBER WALL OPEN, ADMITTING A RAGING TORRENT OF WATER! ---
THEY'RE CAUGHT WITH THEIR HELMETS OFF!
HELP! HELP!
THE WATER RISES TO THE CEILING, SNUFFING OUT THE LIVES OF THE HELPLESS DRUIDS! ---
THEY'RE DEAD BUT THE THING THEY DIED FOR STILL LIVES -- THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM CAN NEVER DIE!
BUT, AS THE SUB-MARINER WHIRLS TO FLEE THROUGH THE DOORWAY, HE ENCOUNTERS A NEW MENACE -- A HUGE OCTOPUS, MOVING TOWARD HIM WITH SNAKE-LIKE TENTACLES! --
WHILE IN THE ADJOINING CHAMBER, A HUMAN OCTOPUS WATCHES, AND WAITS, AND GLOATS! ---
THAT DEVIL-FISH HASN'T BEEN FED FOR DAYS! HE OUGHT TO RELISH THIS MEAL! HA! HA!
THE VICIOUS EYES OF THE UNDERSEA MONSTER GLEAM WITH A HUNGRY LIGHT AS IT SLITHERS THROUGH THE WATER! ---
DINNER ON THE TABLE, EH? NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!


OUT MOVES A COILING TENTACLE -- THE FIRST MOVE IN THIS EPIC BATTLE OF THE DEEP! THEN AN INKY CLOUD POURS FROM THE MONSTER'S MOUTH!
TRYING TO SURROUND ME, EH? WELL -----
LIKE A PYTHON, THE TENTACLE LASHES AROUND THE **SUB-MARINER**!
OOPS! IT GOT ME! THOSE BLASTED TENTACLE SUCKERS ARE DRAWING THE STRENGTH OUT OF ME. I'VE GOT TO ---
--- BREAK THIS HOLD! I'VE GOT TO -----
HIS ARMS FREE, **SUB-MARINER** LAUNCHES A TERRIFIC BLOW WITH HIS FIST! -----
LIKE A FLASH, **SUB-MARINER** POUNCES ON ONE OF THE TENTACLES -----
WANT TO EAT? I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT!

THE MONSTER, GROGGY AS A RESULT OF THE SUB-MARINER'S HAYMAKER, THRASHES ABOUT DESPERATELY, AS ITS ADVERSARY FORCES ONE OF ITS TENTACLES BACK, BACK, BACK!
I'M GOING TO SHOVE THIS TENTACLE RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT!
ITS GULLET STUFFED WITH ITS OWN TENTACLE, THE OCTOPUS WRITHES IN THE THROES OF DEATH!
YOU SHOULD HAVE PICKED ON SOMETHING ELSE TO EAT -- SOMETHING LESS POISONOUS!
PREVENTED FROM ENJOYING A "RINGSIDE" VIEW OF THE BATTLE BECAUSE OF THE MONSTER'S INKY CLOUD, MUELLER PREPARES TO WITNESS THE END -- OF SUB-MARINER ----
WITHDRAW THE WATER!
AN AVENGING FURY, SUB-MARINER LAUNCHES HIMSELF ACROSS THE ROOM!
YEOW! HELP!
THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL SIC AN OCTOPUS ON ANYONE!
WHAM!
AS THE WATER IN THE OTHER CHAMBER RECEDES, MUELLER GOES TO PAY HIS RESPECTS TO THE DEAD! ---
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PLEASANT WAY TO DI - - - - WHAT THE -- ?
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, MUELLER! BUT YOUR PAL WENT HUNGRY, AFTER ALL!


RESPONDING TO THEIR LEADER'S CRY, NAZIS POUR INTO THE CHAMBER, SURGING FORWARD -- BUT, *BACK THEY GO!*
DOT AIND FAIR PLAY!
HELP!
ZOWIE
IS IT MUELLER YOU WANT ? HERE HE IS -- WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
LEAVING A HEAP OF STRUGGLING, YELLING MEN BEHIND HIM, *SUB-MARINER* RUSHES THROUGH THE DOORWAY! -----
NOW -- TO GET TO THE TORPEDO ROOM AND GIVE MYSELF A LIFT!
HERE'S WHERE I GO ZOOM!
THE HUMAN TORPEDO SHOOTS UPWARD -- ITS TARGET, FREEDOM!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO "DEAH OLD BLIGHTY" FAST!
THE SURFACE -- AT LAST!
QUIET, SO FAR -- BUT IF I DON'T MISS MY GUESS, HADES IS GOING TO BREAK LOOSE AS SOON AS MUELLER COMES OUT OF DREAMLAND!
HIS HEAD AWHIRL, HERR MUELLER FINALLY COMES TO .....
W--WHAT HAPPENED ? ... I REMEMBER! THAT DEVIL, *SUB-MARINER!* -- HE'S ESCAPED! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE WARNS THE BRITISH!
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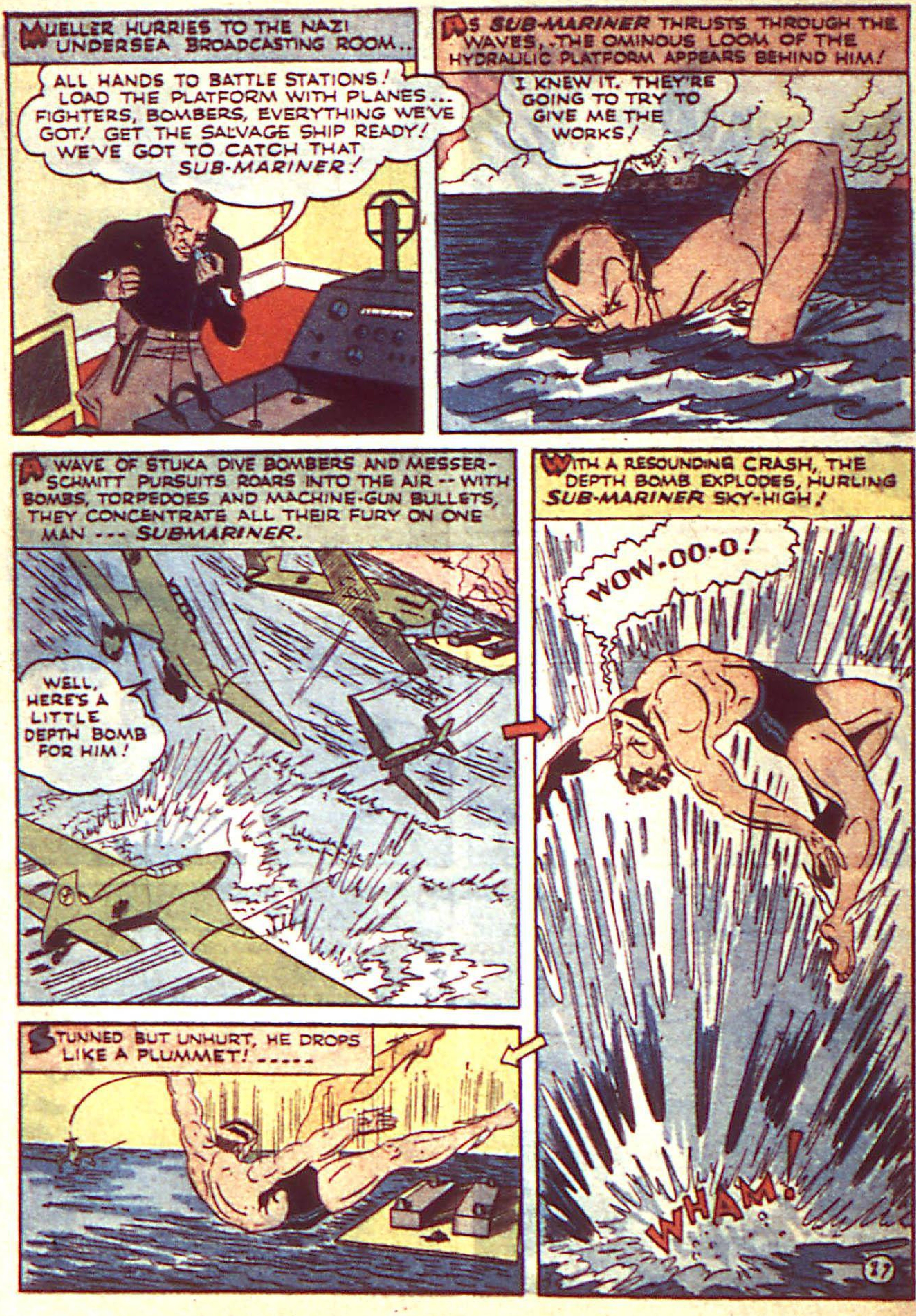
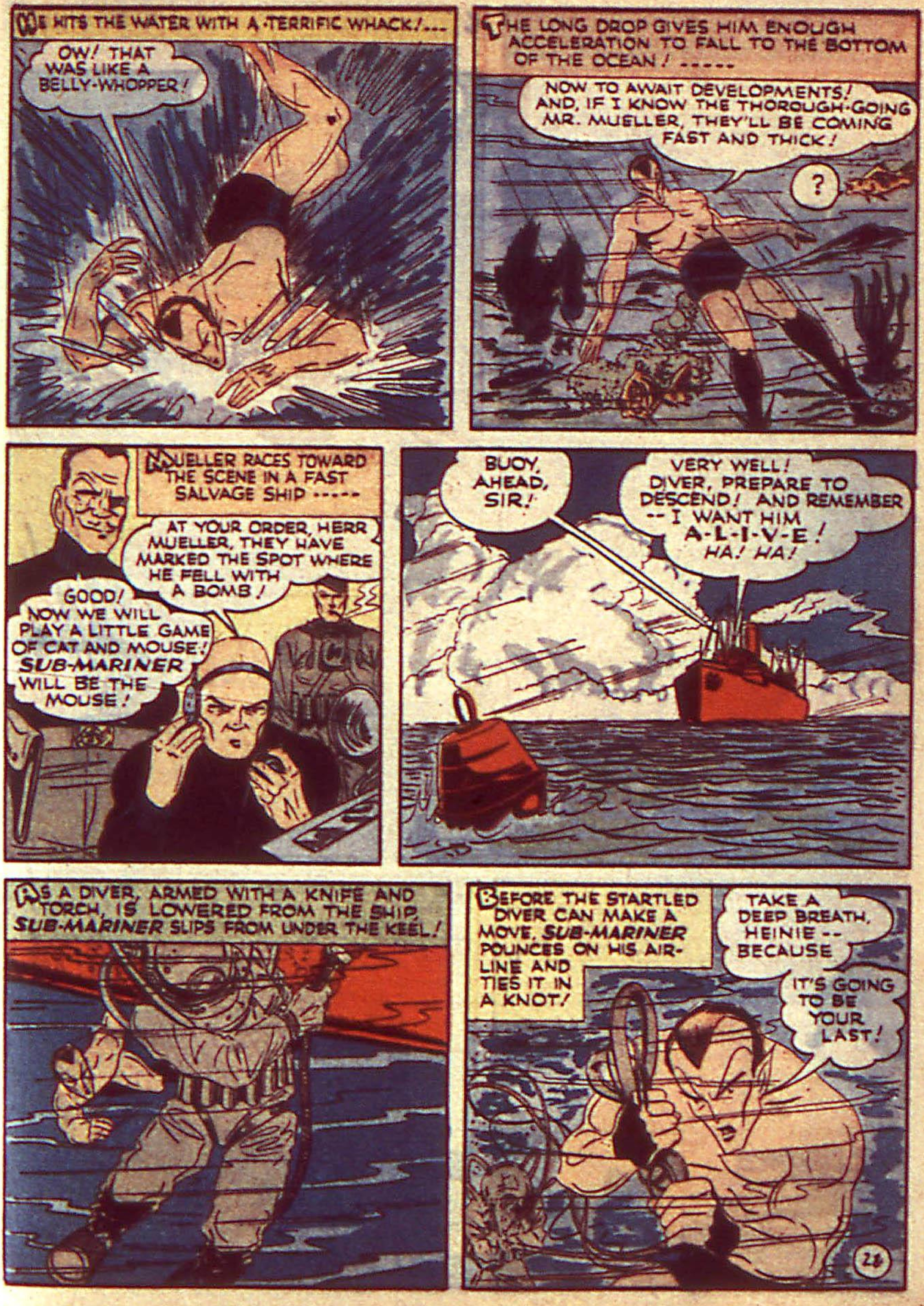
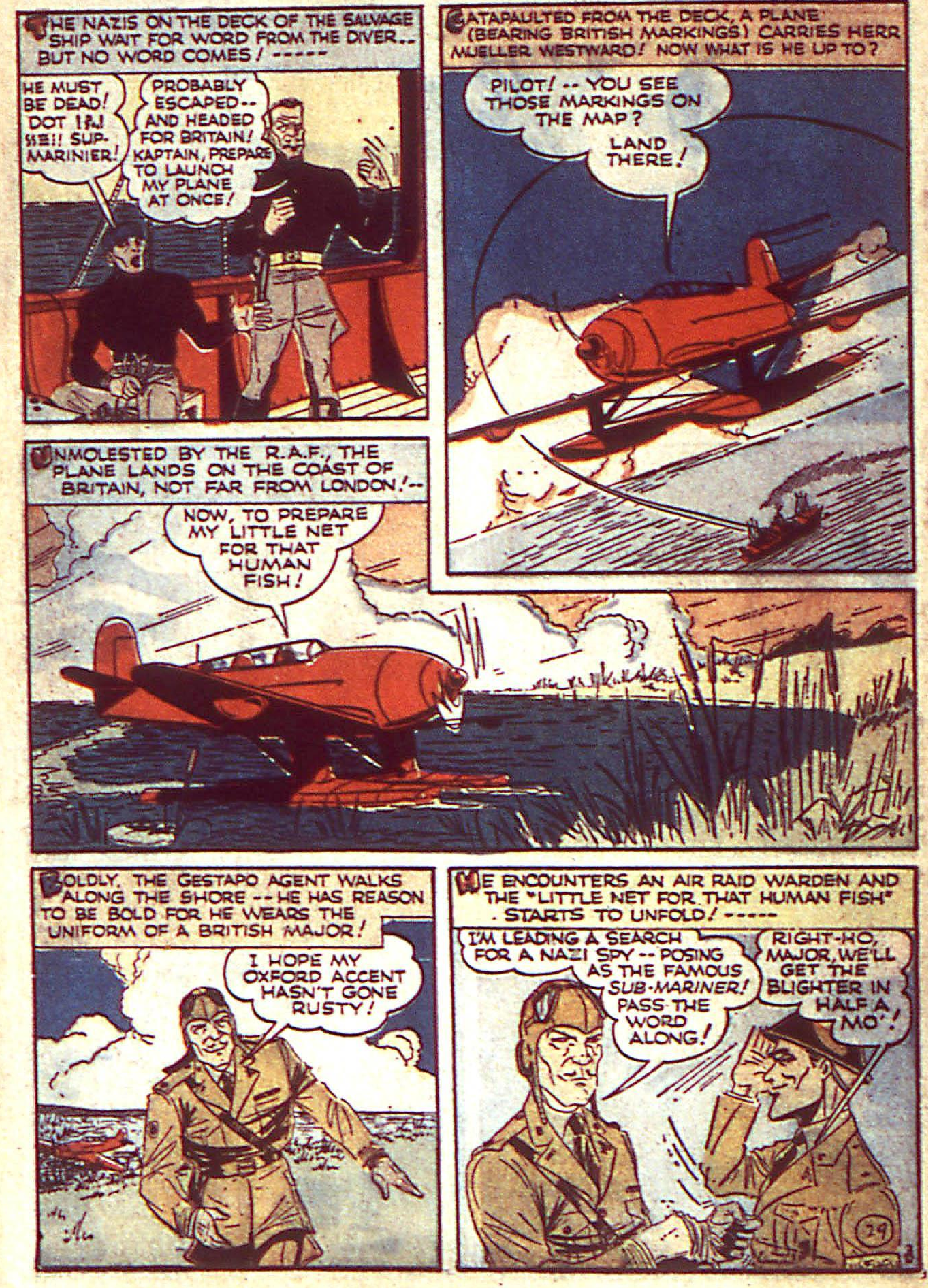
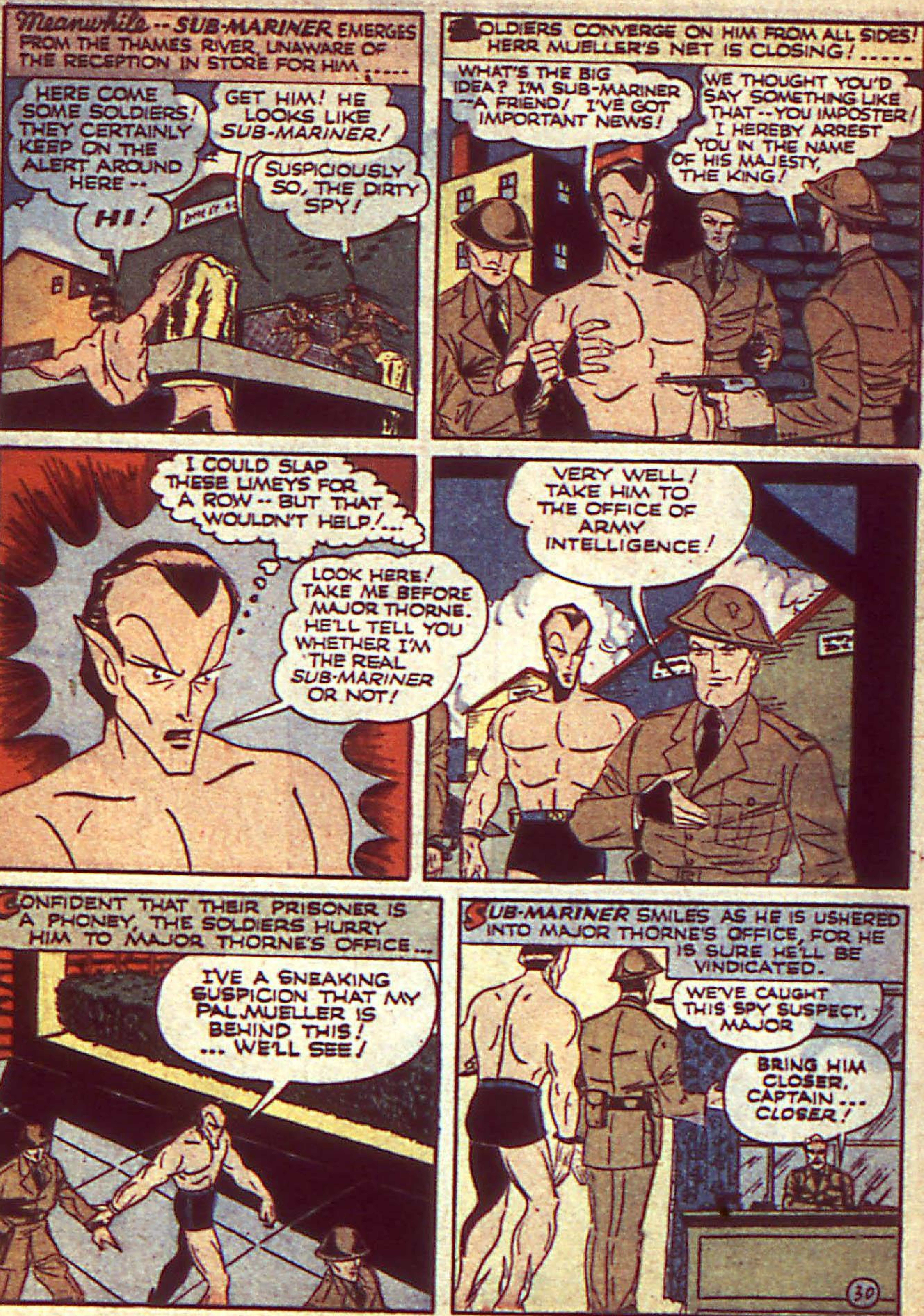
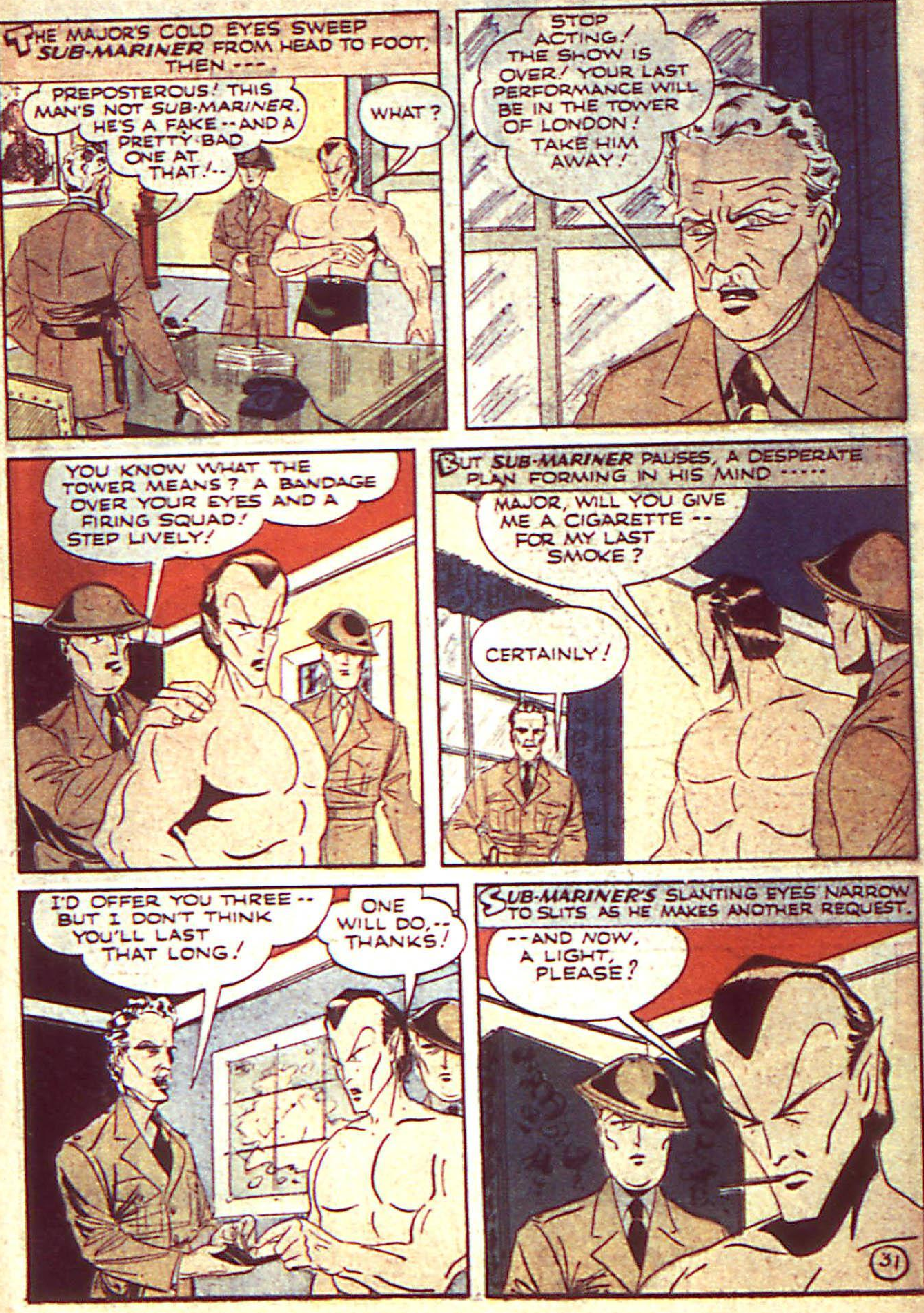
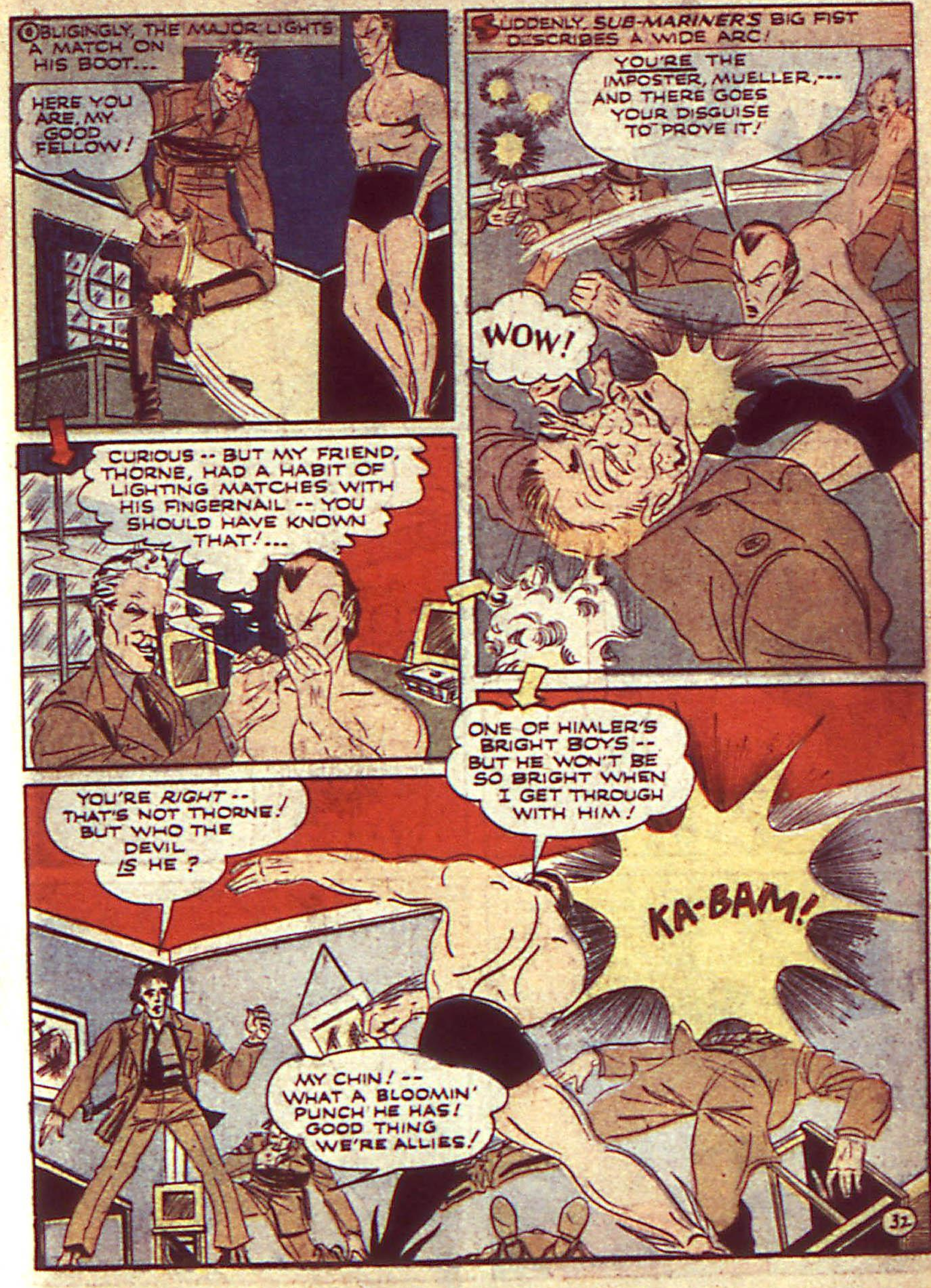

MUELLER HURRIES TO THE NAZI UNDERSEA BROADCASTING ROOM..
ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS! LOAD THE PLATFORM WITH PLANES... FIGHTERS, BOMBERS, EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT! GET THE SALVAGE SHIP READY! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT SUB-MARINER!
AS SUB-MARINER THRUSTS THROUGH THE WAVES, THE OMINOUS LOOM OF THE HYDRAULIC PLATFORM APPEARS BEHIND HIM!
I KNEW IT. THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO GIVE ME THE WORKS!
A WAVE OF STUKA DIVE BOMBERS AND MESSERSCHMITT PURSUITS ROARS INTO THE AIR -- WITH BOMBS, TORPEDOES AND MACHINE-GUN BULLETS, THEY CONCENTRATE ALL THEIR FURY ON ONE MAN --- SUBMARINER.
WELL, HERE'S A LITTLE DEPTH BOMB FOR HIM!
WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH, THE DEPTH BOMB EXPLODES, HURLING SUB-MARINER SKY-HIGH!
WOW-OO-O!
WHAM!
STUNNED BUT UNHURT, HE DROPS LIKE A PLUMMET! -----


HE HITS THE WATER WITH A TERRIFIC WHACK! ...
OW! THAT WAS LIKE A BELLY-WHOPPER!
THE LONG DROP GIVES HIM ENOUGH ACCELERATION TO FALL TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN! -----
NOW TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS! AND, IF I KNOW THE THOROUGH-GOING MR. MUELLER, THEY'LL BE COMING FAST AND THICK!
?
MUELLER RACES TOWARD THE SCENE IN A FAST SALVAGE SHIP -----
AT YOUR ORDER, HERR MUELLER, THEY HAVE MARKED THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL WITH A BOMB!
GOOD! NOW WE WILL PLAY A LITTLE GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE! SUB-MARINER WILL BE THE MOUSE!
BUOY, AHEAD, SIR!
VERY WELL! DIVER, PREPARE TO DESCEND! AND REMEMBER -- I WANT HIM A-L-I-V-E! HA! HA!
AS A DIVER, ARMED WITH A KNIFE AND TORCH, IS LOWERED FROM THE SHIP, SUB-MARINER SLIPS FROM UNDER THE KEEL!
BEFORE THE STARTLED DIVER CAN MAKE A MOVE, SUB-MARINER POUNCES ON HIS AIR-LINE AND TIES IT IN A KNOT!
TAKE A DEEP BREATH, HEINIE -- BECAUSE
IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR LAST!


THE NAZIS ON THE DECK OF THE SALVAGE SHIP WAIT FOR WORD FROM THE DIVER.. BUT NO WORD COMES! -----
HE MUST BE DEAD! DOT !?&! $$≡!! SUP-MARINIER!
PROBABLY ESCAPED-- AND HEADED FOR BRITAIN! KAPTAIN, PREPARE TO LAUNCH MY PLANE AT ONCE!
CATAPAULTED FROM THE DECK, A PLANE (BEARING BRITISH MARKINGS) CARRIES HERR MUELLER WESTWARD! NOW WHAT IS HE UP TO?
PILOT! -- YOU SEE THOSE MARKINGS ON THE MAP?
LAND THERE!
UNMOLESTED BY THE R.A.F., THE PLANE LANDS ON THE COAST OF BRITAIN, NOT FAR FROM LONDON!--
NOW, TO PREPARE MY LITTLE NET FOR THAT HUMAN FISH!
BOLDLY, THE GESTAPO AGENT WALKS ALONG THE SHORE -- HE HAS REASON TO BE BOLD FOR HE WEARS THE UNIFORM OF A BRITISH MAJOR!
I HOPE MY OXFORD ACCENT HASN'T GONE RUSTY!
HE ENCOUNTERS AN AIR RAID WARDEN AND THE "LITTLE NET FOR THAT HUMAN FISH" STARTS TO UNFOLD! -----
I'M LEADING A SEARCH FOR A NAZI SPY -- POSING AS THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER! PASS THE WORD ALONG!
RIGHT-HO, MAJOR, WE'LL GET THE BLIGHTER IN HALF A MO'!


Meanwhile -- SUB-MARINER EMERGES FROM THE THAMES RIVER, UNAWARE OF THE RECEPTION IN STORE FOR HIM.....
HERE COME SOME SOLDIERS! THEY CERTAINLY KEEP ON THE ALERT AROUND HERE -- HI!
GET HIM! HE LOOKS LIKE SUB-MARINER!
SUSPICIOUSLY SO, THE DIRTY SPY!
SOLDIERS CONVERGE ON HIM FROM ALL SIDES! HERR MUELLER'S NET IS CLOSING!.....
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I'M SUB-MARINER --A FRIEND! I'VE GOT IMPORTANT NEWS!
WE THOUGHT YOU'D SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT --YOU IMPOSTER! I HEREBY ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF HIS MAJESTY, THE KING!
I COULD SLAP THESE LIMEYS FOR A ROW -- BUT THAT WOULDN'T HELP!...
LOOK HERE! TAKE ME BEFORE MAJOR THORNE. HE'LL TELL YOU WHETHER I'M THE REAL SUB-MARINER OR NOT!
VERY WELL! TAKE HIM TO THE OFFICE OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE!
CONFIDENT THAT THEIR PRISONER IS A PHONEY, THE SOLDIERS HURRY HIM TO MAJOR THORNE'S OFFICE...
I'VE A SNEAKING SUSPICION THAT MY PAL MUELLER IS BEHIND THIS! ... WE'LL SEE!
SUB-MARINER SMILES AS HE IS USHERED INTO MAJOR THORNE'S OFFICE, FOR HE IS SURE HE'LL BE VINDICATED.
WE'VE CAUGHT THIS SPY SUSPECT, MAJOR
BRING HIM CLOSER, CAPTAIN ... CLOSER!


THE MAJOR'S COLD EYES SWEEP SUB-MARINER FROM HEAD TO FOOT, THEN ---.
PREPOSTEROUS! THIS MAN'S NOT SUB-MARINER. HE'S A FAKE -- AND A PRETTY BAD ONE AT THAT!..
WHAT?
STOP ACTING! THE SHOW IS OVER! YOUR LAST PERFORMANCE WILL BE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON! TAKE HIM AWAY!
YOU KNOW WHAT THE TOWER MEANS? A BANDAGE OVER YOUR EYES AND A FIRING SQUAD! STEP LIVELY!
BUT SUB-MARINER PAUSES, A DESPERATE PLAN FORMING IN HIS MIND -----
MAJOR, WILL YOU GIVE ME A CIGARETTE -- FOR MY LAST SMOKE?
CERTAINLY!
I'D OFFER YOU THREE -- BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL LAST THAT LONG!
ONE WILL DO, -- THANKS!
SUB-MARINER'S SLANTING EYES NARROW TO SLITS AS HE MAKES ANOTHER REQUEST.
-- AND NOW, A LIGHT, PLEASE?


OBLIGINGLY, THE MAJOR LIGHTS A MATCH ON HIS BOOT...
HERE YOU ARE, MY GOOD FELLOW!
CURIOUS -- BUT MY FRIEND, THORNE, HAD A HABIT OF LIGHTING MATCHES WITH HIS FINGERNAIL -- YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT!...
SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER'S BIG FIST DESCRIBES A WIDE ARC!
YOU'RE THE IMPOSTER, MUELLER,--- AND THERE GOES YOUR DISGUISE TO PROVE IT!
WOW!
ONE OF HIMLER'S BRIGHT BOYS -- BUT HE WON'T BE SO BRIGHT WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM!
YOU'RE RIGHT -- THAT'S NOT THORNE! BUT WHO THE DEVIL IS HE?
KA-BAM!
MY CHIN! -- WHAT A BLOOMIN' PUNCH HE HAS! GOOD THING WE'RE ALLIES!

SPILL IT, MUELLER --- WHERE'S THORNE?
IN THE CLOSET --TIED AND GAGGED!
CHEERIO, MAJOR -- I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY!
GLB-BB--
A LITTLE THE WORSE FOR WEAR BUT STILL "INTACT," MAJOR THORNE IS FREED ...
THANKS, NAMOR! --THIS BLASTED NAZI CAME POSING AS A BRITISH OFFICER, THEN PULLED A GUN ON ME!
PUT HIM IN THE TOWER! I'LL ORDER A COURT MARTIAL AT ONCE!
AFTER MUELLER IS LED FROM THE ROOM, SUB-MARINER REPORTS ON HIS INVESTIGATION .....
--AND SO, AS YOU CAN SEE, BRITAIN IS IN PERIL AS LONG AS THAT SECRET BASE EXISTS! OF COURSE, YOU COULD BLITZ IT WITH PLANES AND SUBS, BUT YOU'D ENDANGER THE DRUIDS ---
I SUGGEST THAT YOU GIVE ME ENOUGH WEAPONS -- KNIVES, UNDERWATER TORCHES, AND T.N.T. -- TO STAGE A LITTLE REVOLT AND WE'LL TURN THAT HYDRAULIC PLATFORM INTO A HEARSE!
IT'S YOUR WAR-GO TO IT!
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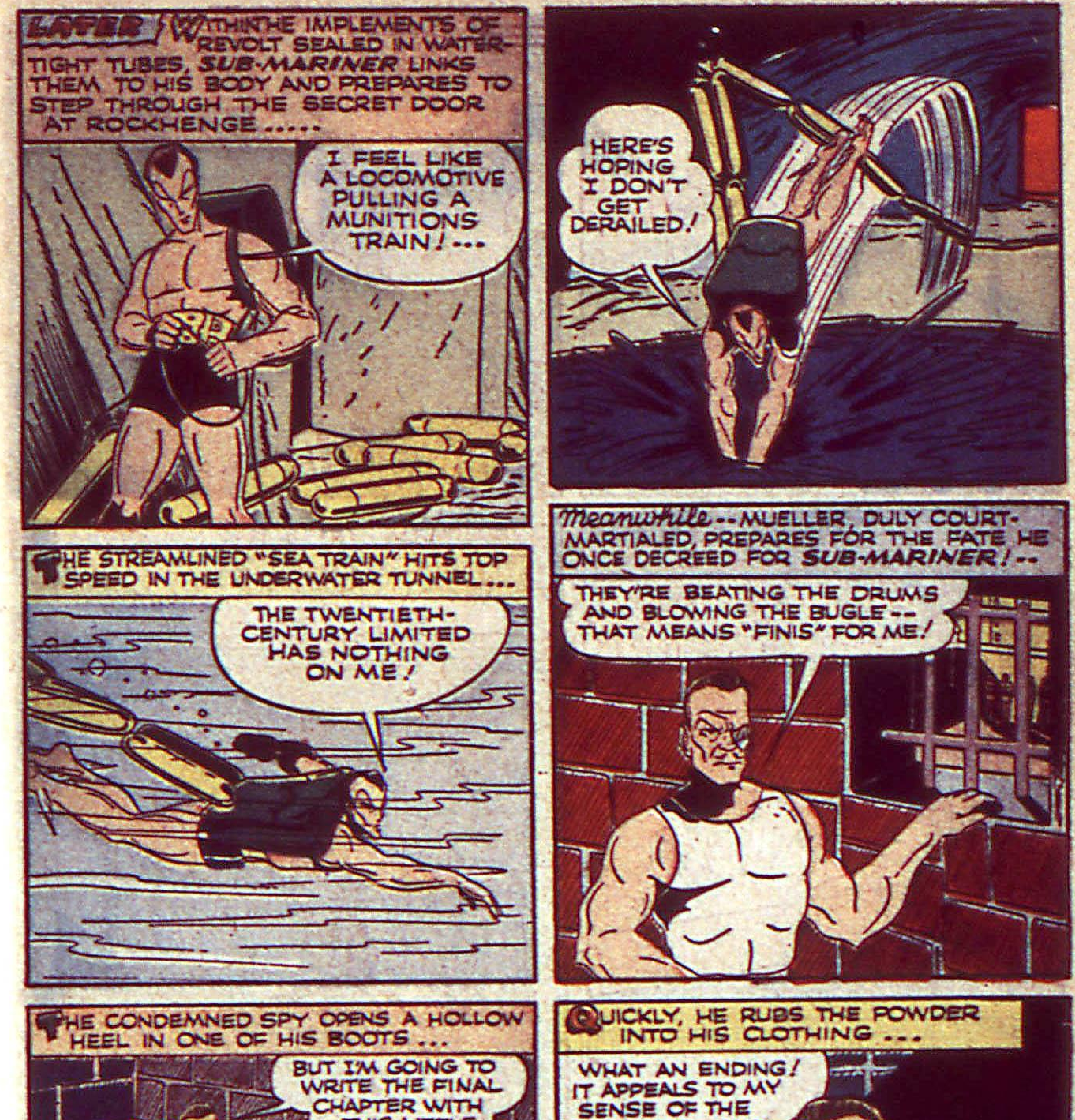
LATER! WITH THE IMPLEMENTS OF REVOLT SEALED IN WATER-TIGHT TUBES, SUB-MARINER LINKS THEM TO HIS BODY AND PREPARES TO STEP THROUGH THE SECRET DOOR AT ROCKHENGE.....
I FEEL LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE PULLING A MUNITIONS TRAIN!--
HERE'S HOPING I DON'T GET DERAILED!
THE STREAMLINED "SEA TRAIN" HITS TOP SPEED IN THE UNDERWATER TUNNEL...
THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY LIMITED HAS NOTHING ON ME!
Meanwhile--MUELLER, DULY COURT-MARTIALED, PREPARES FOR THE FATE HE ONCE DECREED FOR SUB-MARINER!--
THEY'RE BEATING THE DRUMS AND BLOWING THE BUGLE--THAT MEANS "FINIS" FOR ME!
THE CONDEMNED SPY OPENS A HOLLOW HEEL IN ONE OF HIS BOOTS...
BUT I'M GOING TO WRITE THE FINAL CHAPTER WITH THIS LITTLE POWDER!
QUICKLY, HE RUBS THE POWDER INTO HIS CLOTHING...
WHAT AN ENDING! IT APPEALS TO MY SENSE OF THE DRAMATIC--AND IT MAY BE A FINAL BLOW FOR THE FATHERLAND!
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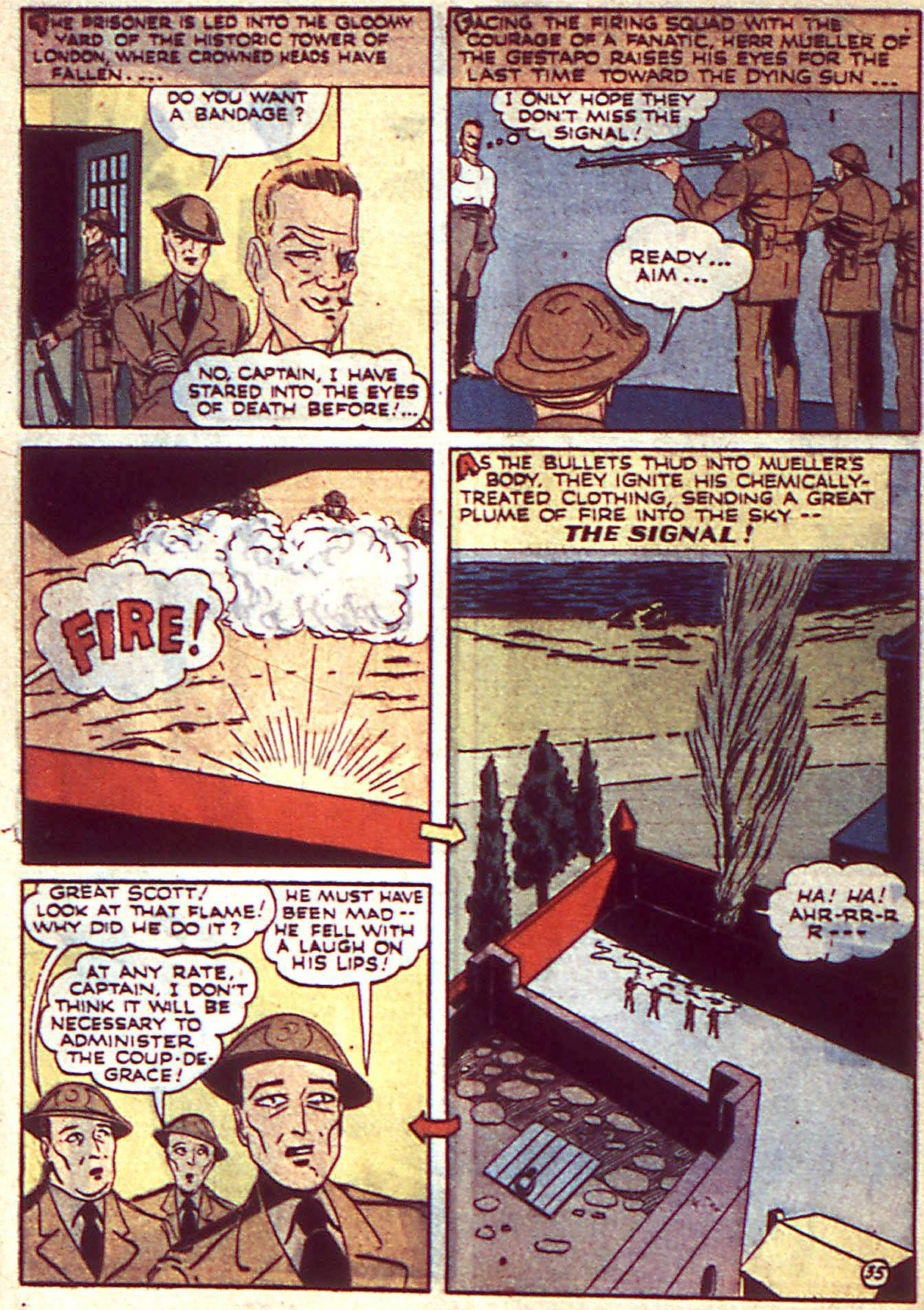
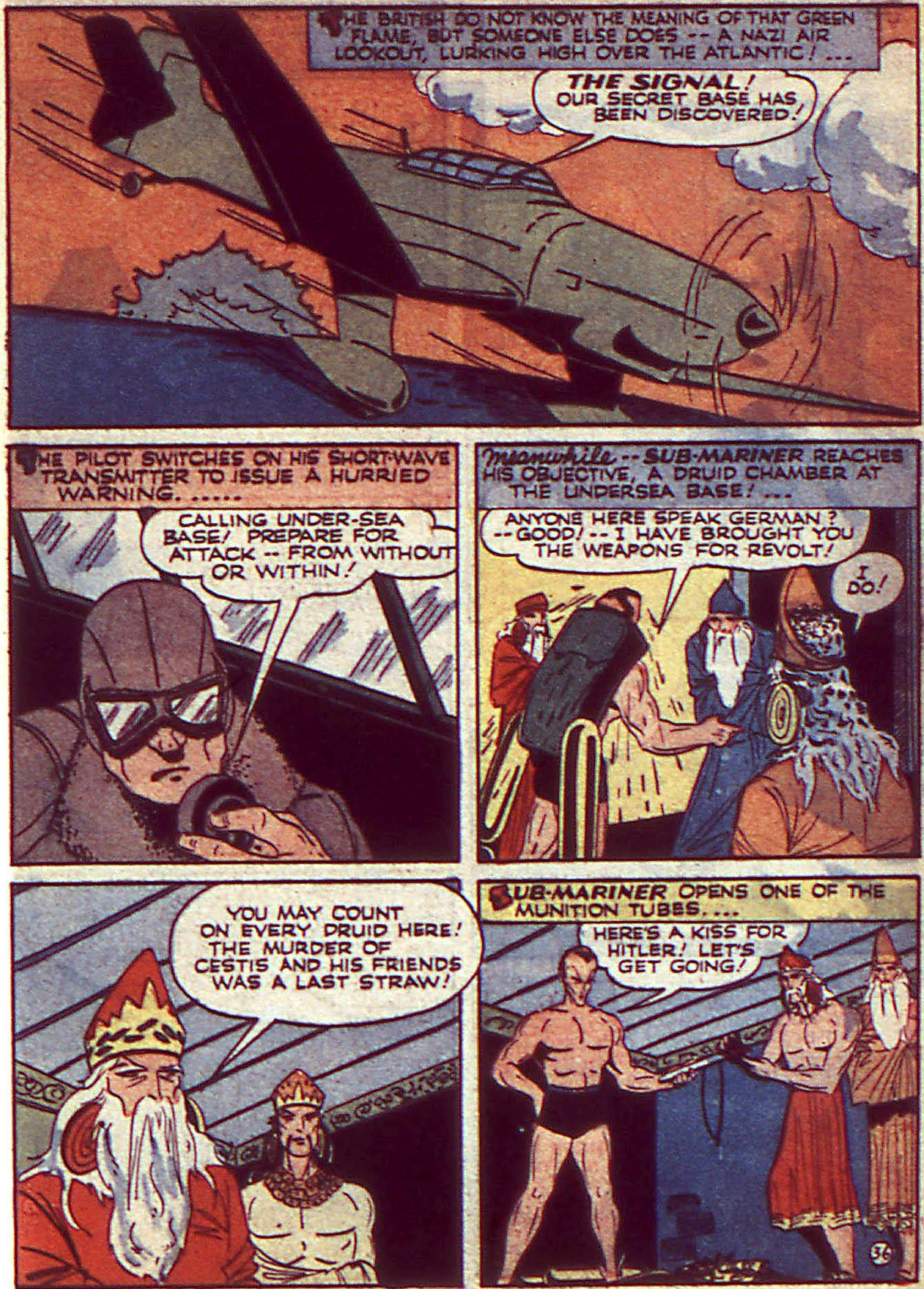

THE PRISONER IS LED INTO THE GLOOMY YARD OF THE HISTORIC TOWER OF LONDON, WHERE CROWNED HEADS HAVE FALLEN....
DO YOU WANT A BANDAGE?
NO, CAPTAIN, I HAVE STARED INTO THE EYES OF DEATH BEFORE!...
FACING THE FIRING SQUAD WITH THE COURAGE OF A FANATIC, HERR MUELLER OF THE GESTAPO RAISES HIS EYES FOR THE LAST TIME TOWARD THE DYING SUN...
I ONLY HOPE THEY DON'T MISS THE SIGNAL!
READY... AIM...
FIRE!
AS THE BULLETS THUD INTO MUELLER'S BODY, THEY IGNITE HIS CHEMICALLY-TREATED CLOTHING, SENDING A GREAT PLUME OF FIRE INTO THE SKY -- THE SIGNAL!
HA! HA! AHR-RR-R R---
GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT THAT FLAME! WHY DID HE DO IT?
HE MUST HAVE BEEN MAD -- HE FELL WITH A LAUGH ON HIS LIPS!
AT ANY RATE, CAPTAIN, I DON'T THINK IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO ADMINISTER THE COUP-DE-GRACE!


THE BRITISH DO NOT KNOW THE MEANING OF THAT GREEN FLAME, BUT SOMEONE ELSE DOES -- A NAZI AIR LOOKOUT, LURKING HIGH OVER THE ATLANTIC! ...
THE SIGNAL! OUR SECRET BASE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED!
THE PILOT SWITCHES ON HIS SHORT-WAVE TRANSMITTER TO ISSUE A HURRIED WARNING. .....
CALLING UNDER-SEA BASE! PREPARE FOR ATTACK -- FROM WITHOUT OR WITHIN!
Meanwhile -- SUB-MARINER REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE, A DRUID CHAMBER AT THE UNDERSEA BASE! ...
ANYONE HERE SPEAK GERMAN? --GOOD! -- I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE WEAPONS FOR REVOLT!
I DO!
YOU MAY COUNT ON EVERY DRUID HERE! THE MURDER OF CESTIS AND HIS FRIENDS WAS A LAST STRAW!
SUB-MARINER OPENS ONE OF THE MUNITION TUBES. ...
HERE'S A KISS FOR HITLER! LET'S GET GOING!
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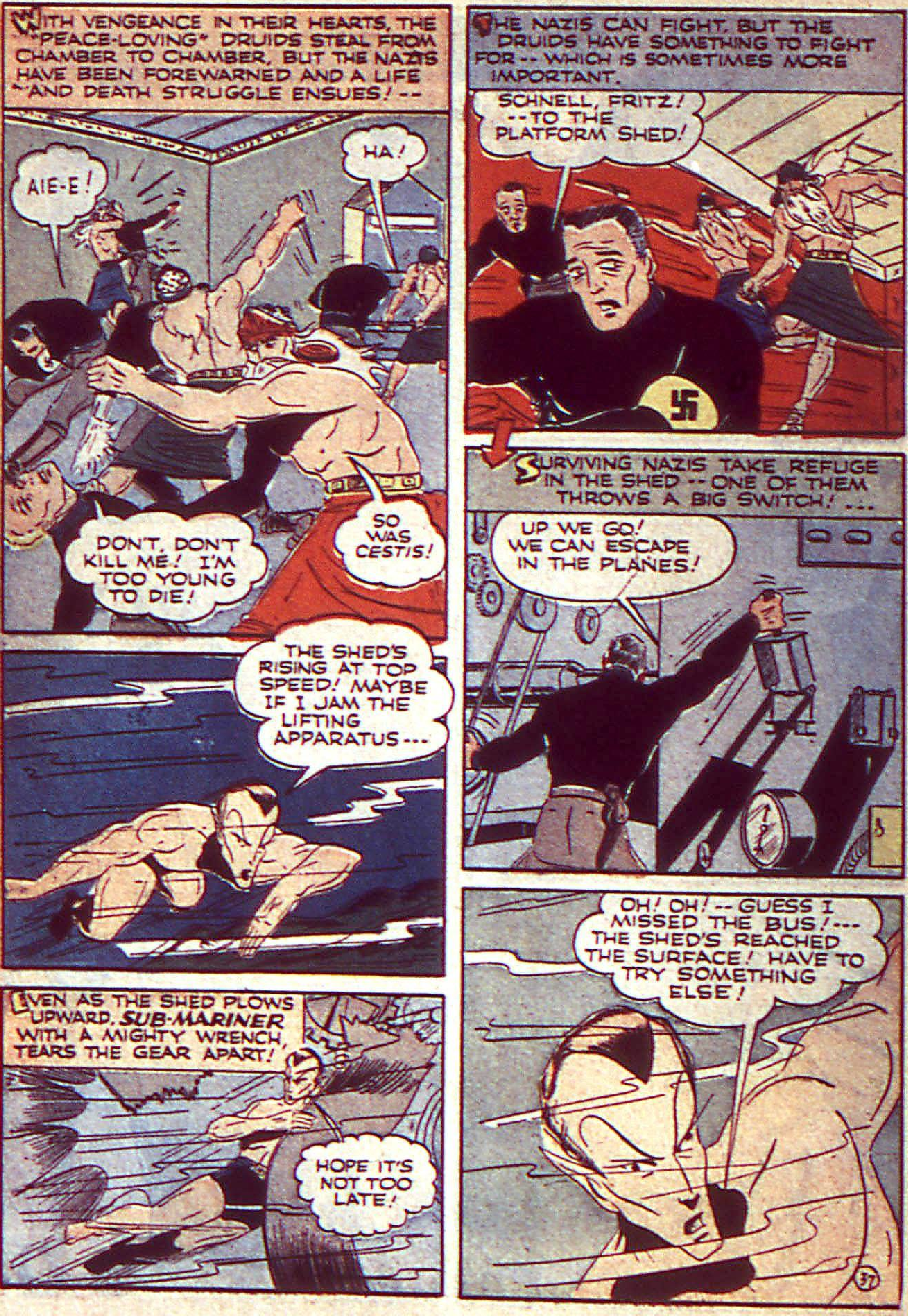
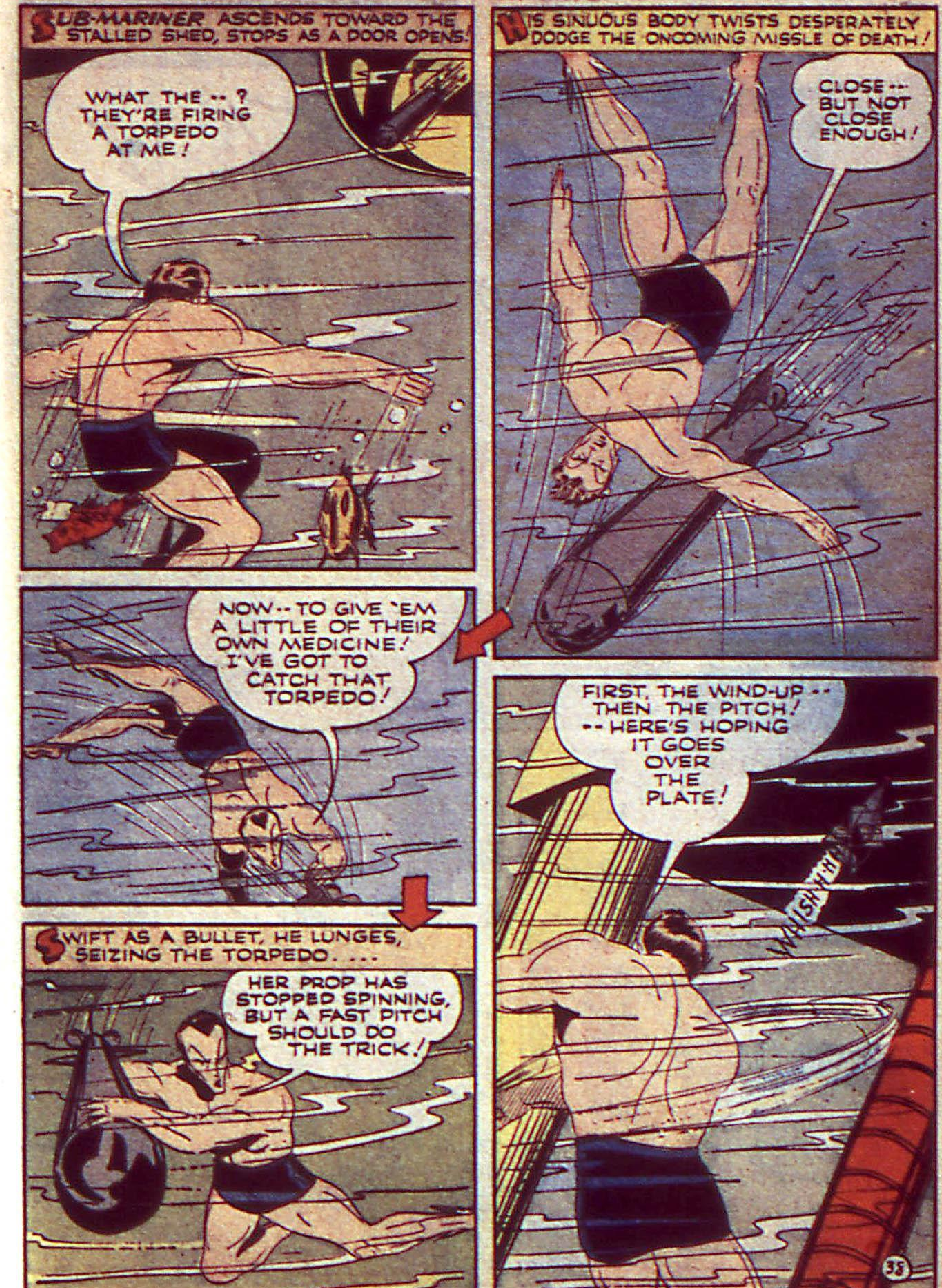
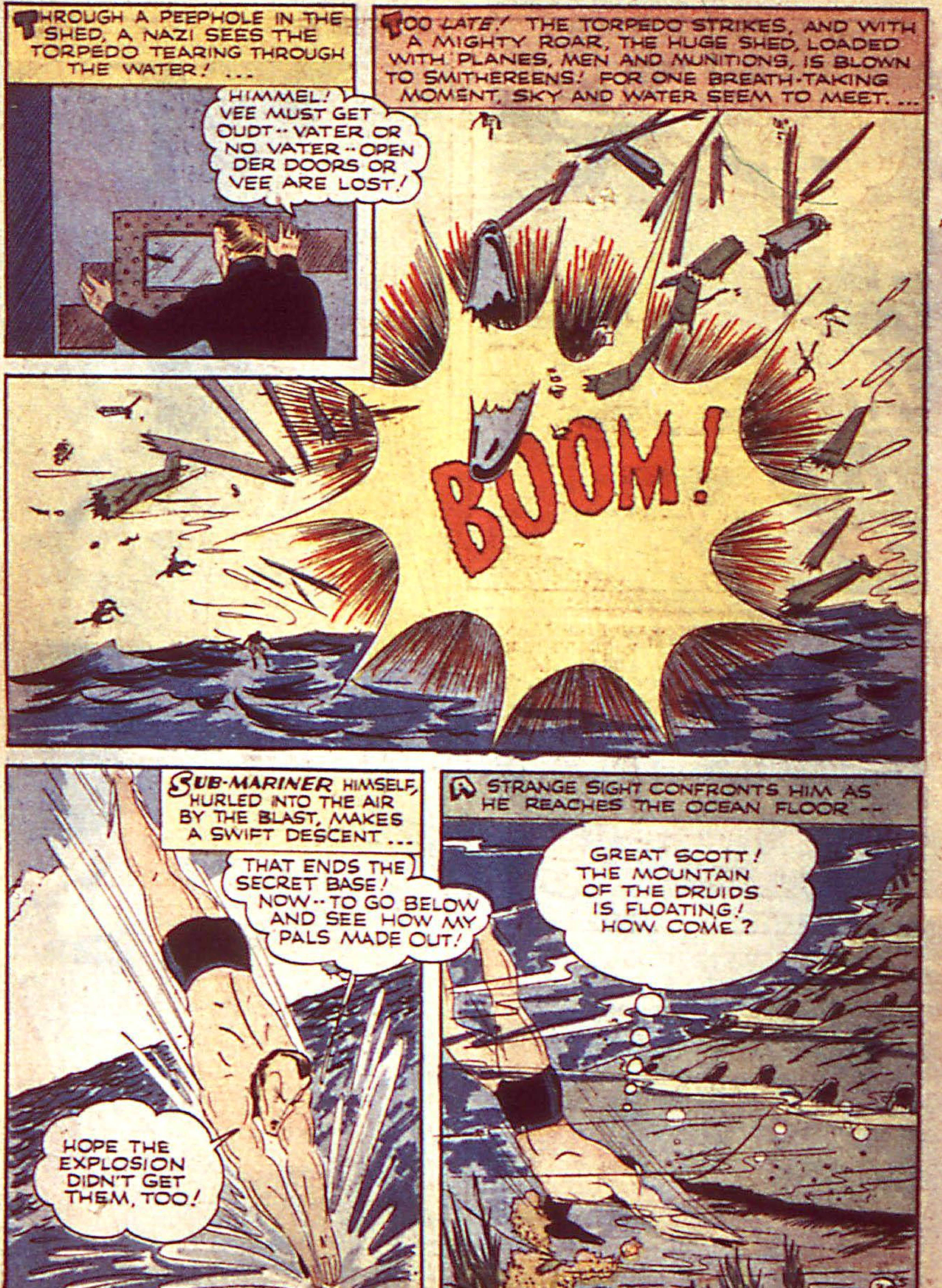
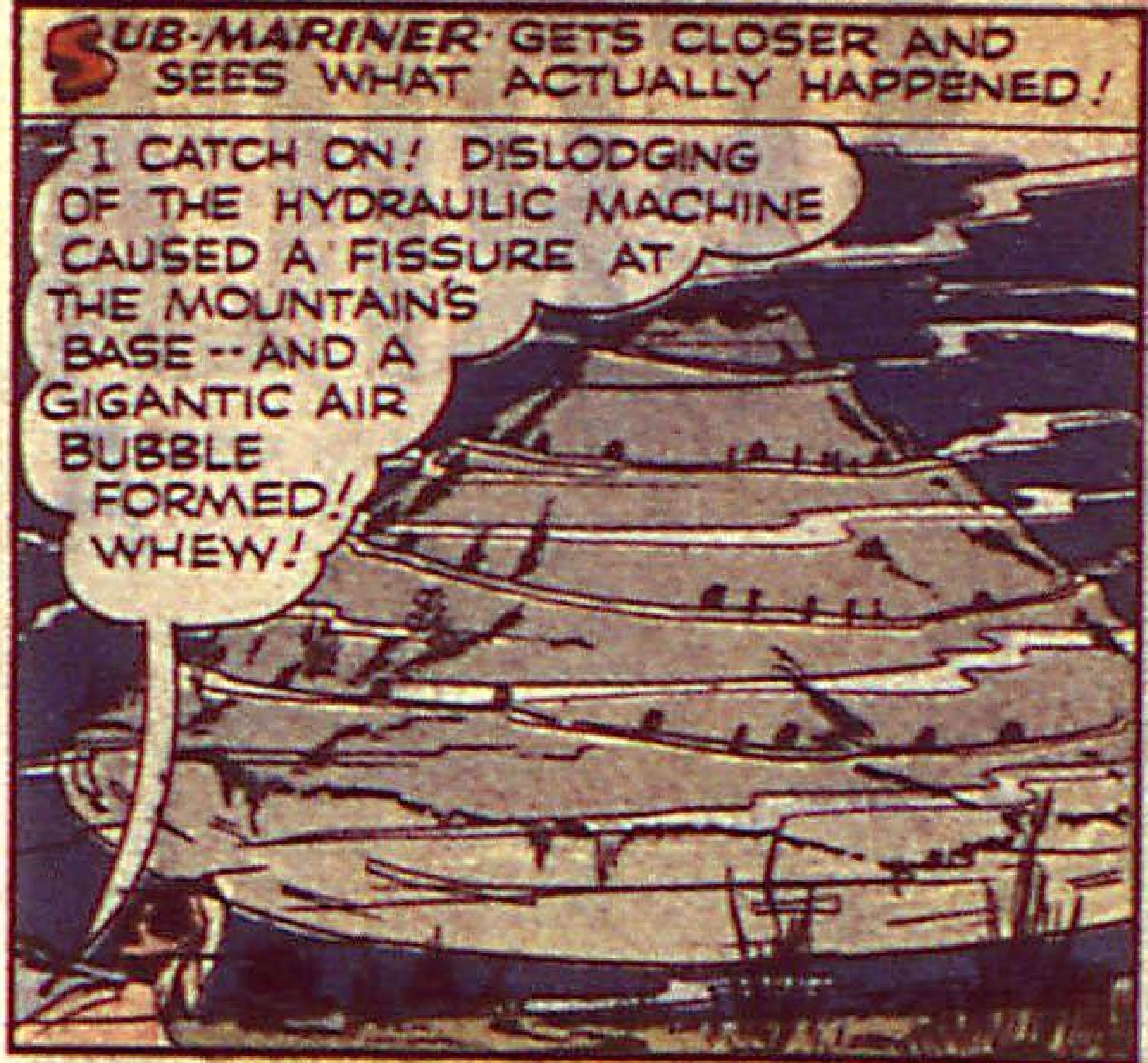
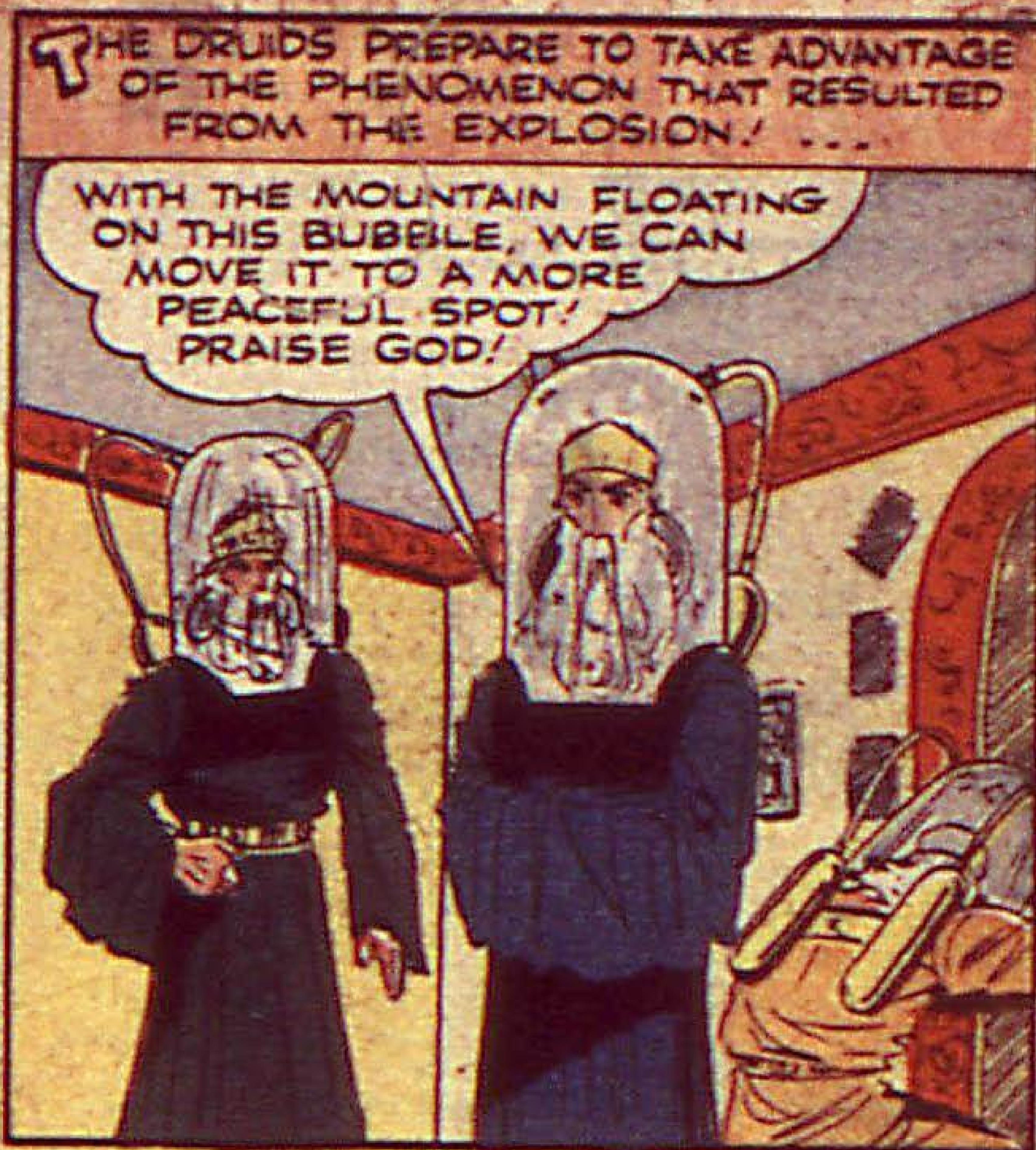
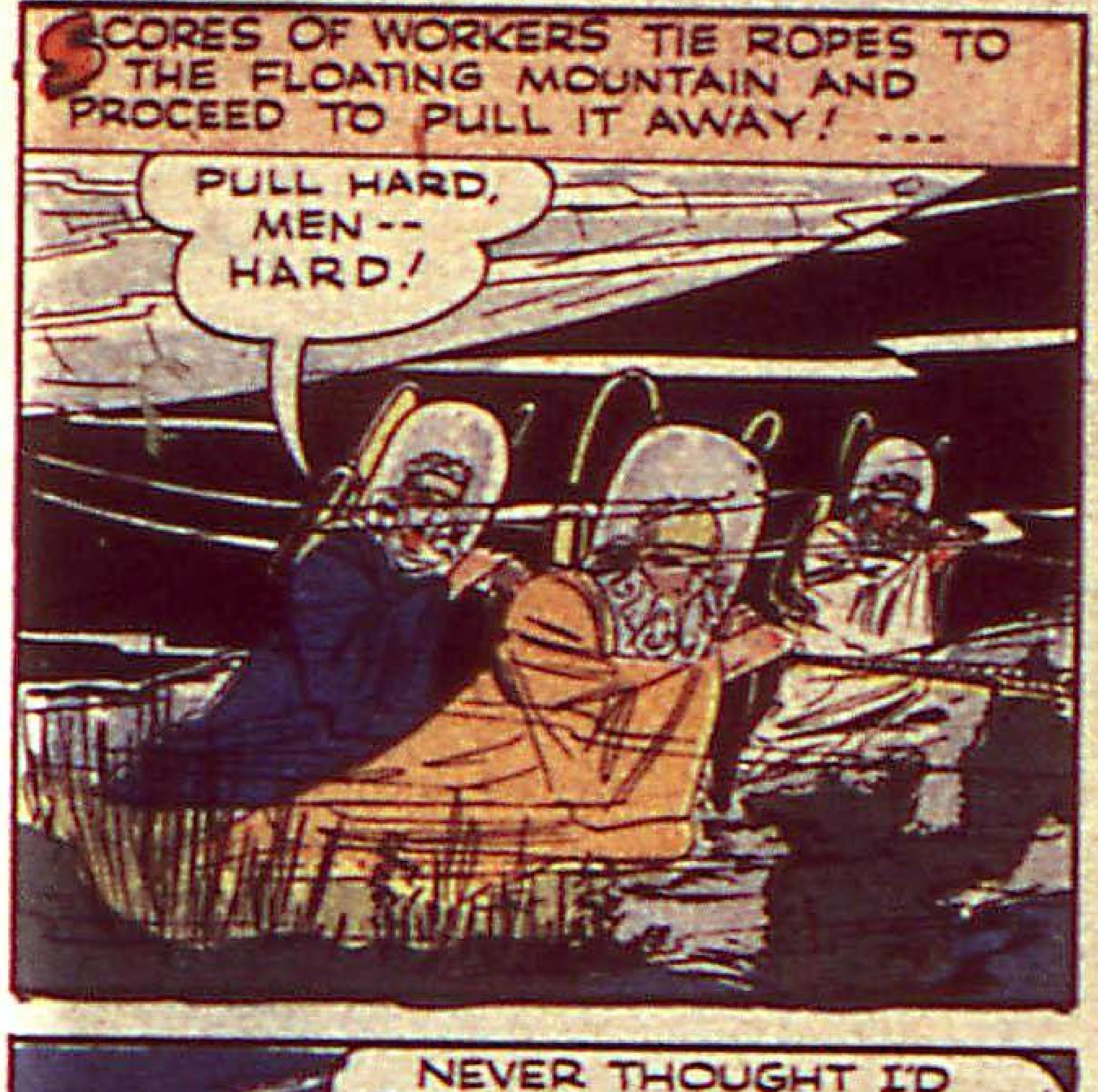

WITH VENGEANCE IN THEIR HEARTS, THE "PEACE-LOVING" DRUIDS STEAL FROM CHAMBER TO CHAMBER, BUT THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN FOREWARNED AND A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE ENSUES! --
AIE-E!
HA!
DON'T, DON'T KILL ME! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!
SO WAS *CESTIS*!
THE NAZIS CAN FIGHT, BUT THE DRUIDS HAVE SOMETHING TO FIGHT FOR -- WHICH IS SOMETIMES MORE IMPORTANT.
SCHNELL, FRITZ! --TO THE PLATFORM SHED!
SURVIVING NAZIS TAKE REFUGE IN THE SHED -- ONE OF THEM THROWS A BIG SWITCH! ...
UP WE GO! WE CAN ESCAPE IN THE PLANES!
THE SHED'S RISING AT TOP SPEED! MAYBE IF I JAM THE LIFTING APPARATUS ---
EVEN AS THE SHED PLOWS UPWARD, *SUB-MARINER* WITH A MIGHTY WRENCH, TEARS THE GEAR APART!
HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
OH! OH! -- GUESS I MISSED THE BUS! --- THE SHED'S REACHED THE SURFACE! HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE!

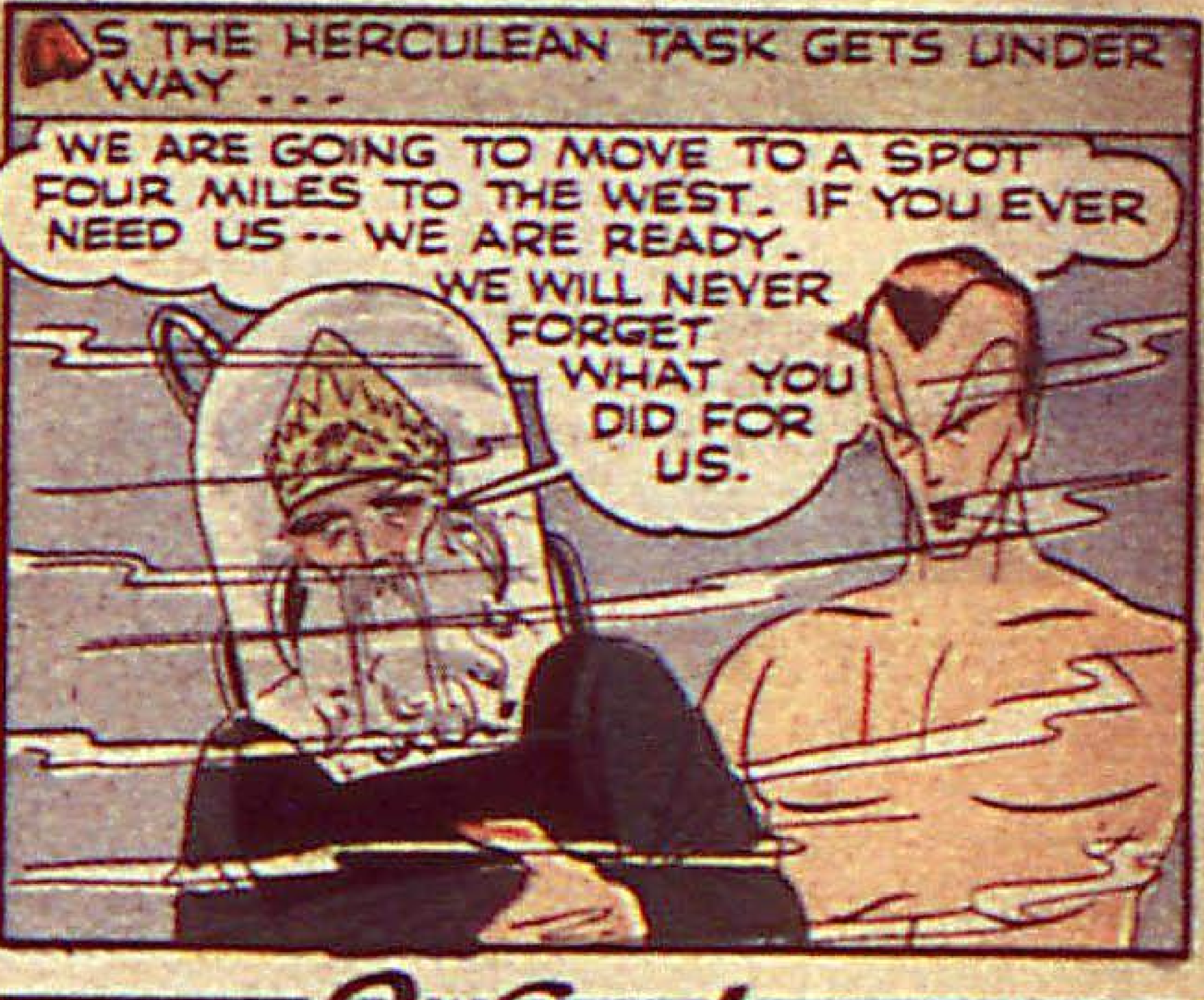

SUB-MARINER ASCENDS TOWARD THE STALLED SHED, STOPS AS A DOOR OPENS!
WHAT THE -- ? THEY'RE FIRING A TORPEDO AT ME!
HIS SINUOUS BODY TWISTS DESPERATELY DODGE THE ONCOMING MISSLE OF DEATH!
CLOSE -- BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH!
NOW -- TO GIVE 'EM A LITTLE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT TORPEDO!
SWIFT AS A BULLET, HE LUNGES, SEIZING THE TORPEDO. . . .
HER PROP HAS STOPPED SPINNING, BUT A FAST PITCH SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
FIRST, THE WIND-UP -- THEN THE PITCH! -- HERE'S HOPING IT GOES OVER THE PLATE!
WHISH-H-H

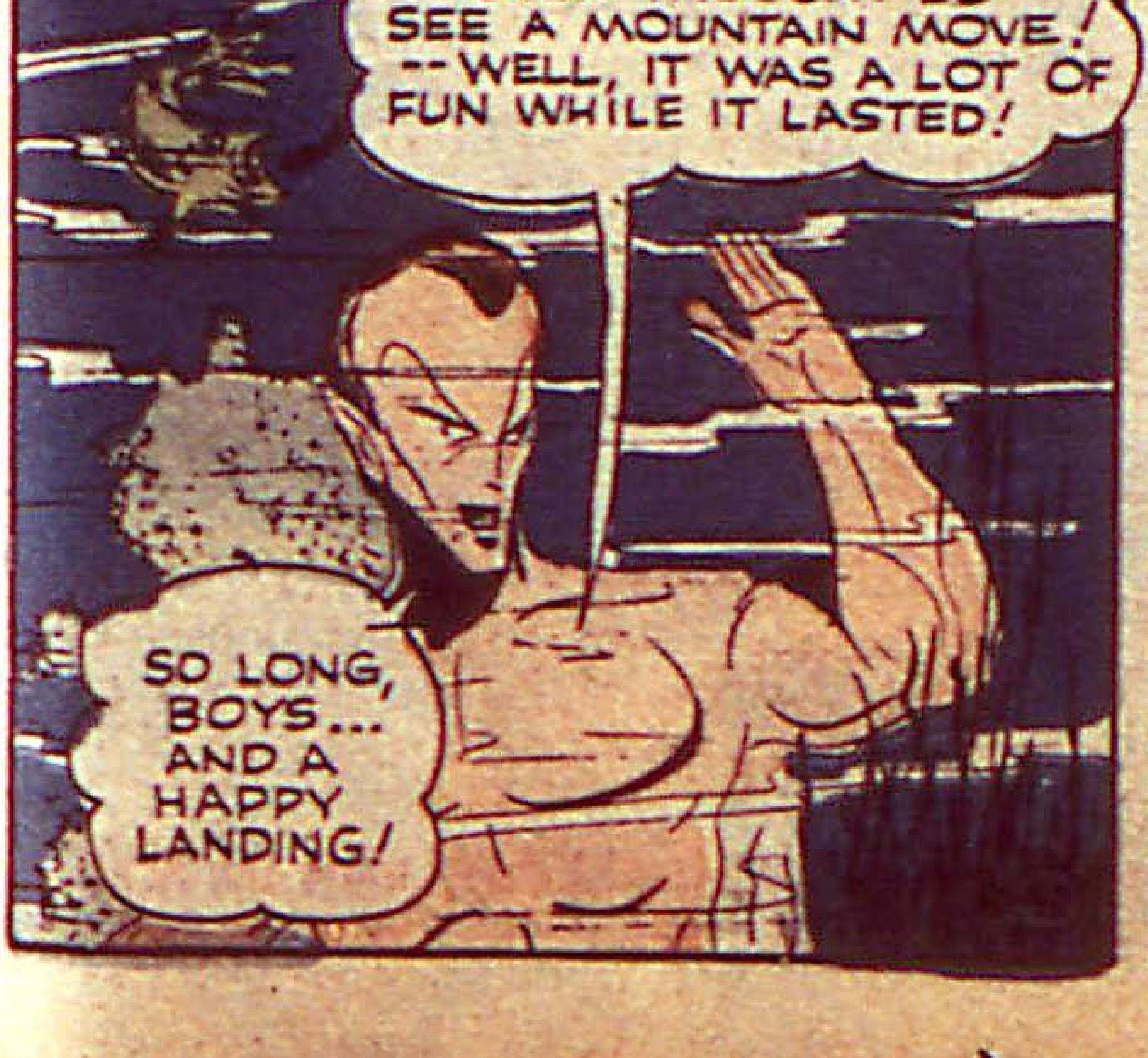

THROUGH A PEEPHOLE IN THE SHED, A NAZI SEES THE TORPEDO TEARING THROUGH THE WATER! ...
HIMMEL! VEE MUST GET OUDT -- VATER OR NO VATER -- OPEN DER DOORS OR VEE ARE LOST!
TOO LATE! THE TORPEDO STRIKES, AND WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE HUGE SHED, LOADED WITH PLANES, MEN AND MUNITIONS, IS BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS! FOR ONE BREATH-TAKING MOMENT, SKY AND WATER SEEM TO MEET. ...
BOOM!
SUB-MARINER HIMSELF, HURLED INTO THE AIR BY THE BLAST, MAKES A SWIFT DESCENT ...
THAT ENDS THE SECRET BASE! NOW -- TO GO BELOW AND SEE HOW MY PALS MADE OUT!
HOPE THE EXPLOSION DIDN'T GET THEM, TOO!
A STRANGE SIGHT CONFRONTS HIM AS HE REACHES THE OCEAN FLOOR --
GREAT SCOTT! THE MOUNTAIN OF THE DRUIDS IS FLOATING! HOW COME?


SUB-MARINER GETS CLOSER AND SEES WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED!
I CATCH ON! DISLODGING OF THE HYDRAULIC MACHINE CAUSED A FISSURE AT THE MOUNTAIN'S BASE--AND A GIGANTIC AIR BUBBLE FORMED! WHEW!


THE DRUIDS PREPARE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE PHENOMENON THAT RESULTED FROM THE EXPLOSION! ...
WITH THE MOUNTAIN FLOATING ON THIS BUBBLE, WE CAN MOVE IT TO A MORE PEACEFUL SPOT! PRAISE GOD!


SCORES OF WORKERS TIE ROPES TO THE FLOATING MOUNTAIN AND PROCEED TO PULL IT AWAY! ...
PULL HARD, MEN-- HARD!


AS THE HERCULEAN TASK GETS UNDER WAY ...
WE ARE GOING TO MOVE TO A SPOT FOUR MILES TO THE WEST. IF YOU EVER NEED US -- WE ARE READY. WE WILL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID FOR US.


NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE A MOUNTAIN MOVE! --WELL, IT WAS A LOT OF FUN WHILE IT LASTED!
SO LONG, BOYS... AND A HAPPY LANDING!

What
WILL THIS WONDER-MAN OF THE WATER TACKLE NEXT ????
ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO GET THE VERY NEXT ISSUE of MARVEL COMICS AND READ THE ACTION-PACKED--FAST-PACED---
SUB-MARINER FEATURE
UNDER-SEA ADVENTURE IN WHICH ONLY THE SUB-MARINER EXCELS!
MARVEL COMICS-10¢ EVERYWHERE!

DISPATCH from AFRICA

GARRETT, THE BRIGHT young man from the New York Globe, gazed out at the white monotony of the African desert and heaved a sigh of boredom. True, bombs were dropping, making a low klump-klump as they exploded in the sand, but they were Italian bombs and far from their objective, the brown tents of the 133rd Royal Riflemen, encamped outside the lonely outpost of Sombra.

"This," asserted Garrett with supreme disdain, "is no place for a war correspondent!"

Bellows, of the London Telegram, screwed his monocle into place and stared at Garrett as if he were beholding a new species of animal. "Indeed!" he said. "Fancy that!"

Moore, of the New York Star, the Globe's chief rival, said nothing. A mild, inoffensive man, whose inseparable companion was a thick, dog-eared dictionary, he was engrossed in writing on a leaf of his Webster some notes regarding the minor engagement he and his colleagues were witnessing.

The lone Italian bomber had ventured low—5,000 feet was considered daringly low for Mussolini's birdmen—and it was jettisoning its cargo as rapidly as possible, for a British anti-aircraft battery was pumping shells at it in a steady stream. Having discharged all his bombs, the Italian pilot turned the nose of the bomber upward, but it swung down again when something flashed close to the cockpit; it was a shell, but from the ground it looked like the flame of a match.

"There he goes!" cried Garrett, no longer looking bored. Leaping to his feet, he broke into a sprint.

"And," said Bellows, "There goes Garrett!" The ghost of a sneer curled the British reporter's lip. Through the window, they could see Garrett typing his dispatch, while the Morse operator filed it over the ticker. It was an unbreakable rule that only one correspondent at a time should occupy the office; the others must wait their turn

"Garrett reminds me of a fellow I once knew home," he said. "He always wanted to be first—at show openings, bridge openings—a queer kind of complex. Garrett always makes it his business to be first at the cable office. I suppose he'll be famous one of these days."

When Garrett emerged from the building, he was smiling. "You guys are too slow. Bad habit. Just wait till a big yarn breaks!"

"Just wait," Moore said under his breath, but Bellows caught the words and stared at the quiet little man.

"Maybe the worm's going to turn," Bellows told himself as he followed Moore into the office

BOOM!

It was far-off, but deep-voiced. Garrett, lying in the tent he shared with the other two correspondents, opened his eyes and tensed

BOOM! Say, that was heavy artillery, not the kind of stuff they threw around here as a rule It seemed to be coming from the direction of Harbruk, strategic seaport that had been in British hands since the start of the North African campaign. Was it in British hands tonight?

Garrett dressed hurriedly, noiselessly, and slipped out of the tent. He proceeded hastily to the commandant's tent, only to find it empty The 133rd Royal Riflemen had skipped!

At the next boom, Garrett's gaze leaped eastward. There the night was edged with intermittent flame, increasing in intensity. "At last!" he murmured. "A real battle for a change! Front page stuff and my pals are still asleep! Wow!"

But Garrett, plunging on foot across the sands toward that streak of flame in the east, was sadly mistaken. The ears of Bellows and Moore were not quite as dull as he had thought.

"Mr. Scoop's going to be first again!" cried Bellows, as he pulled on his boots.

"Not if I can help it!" snapped Moore. "I rented a camel the other day from an Arab—got him tied up nearby. So if a big battle's brewing, we'll have a box seat." He smiled in the darkness. "Portable, too!"

Bellows' respect for the mild-mannered American mounted.

MARSHAL GATZIONI, bewhiskered commander of the Italian forces in North Africa, had launched his long-rumored offensive against Harbruk.

The strength of the two opposing armies was about equal. It promised to be one of the most important battles on the African front

The last Italian tank had passed through the gates of Harbruk by the time Bellows and Moore, bouncing along atop the camel, overtook the footsore, thirsty Garrett.

Mild—meek correspondent Moore showed a smart reporter how to use his dictionary while the British blasted the Italians out of Harbruk!

"Hop aboard," called Moore "You look all in."

"Don't be a fool!" Bellows whispered fiercely to Moore "He tried to beat us — now it's our turn!"

"Too dangerous to leave him out here," Moore replied firmly "Anyway, there are other ways of skinning a cat—or a *reporter!*" He leaned down and hauled his rival onto the camel.

A FEW HUNDRED yards from the city's outskirts, they dismounted and Moore produced binoculars. From a vantage point behind a huge, trench-like dune, he surveyed the city, looming high above the desert, with the sea at its rear. "Flying the Italian flag!" he announced.

Garrett shed his weariness like a cloak. "Let's go back to Sombra and file our stories — this yarn's terrific!"

"We'll only have to come back here again," replied Moore. "The real battle hasn't begun yet. But, if you insist, you can hike it."

Garrett glared. It rankled him to think that this excuse for a man, certainly no reporter, held the whip-hand—that camel!

"GOSH! Looks like a war on the planet Mars!" exclaimed Garrett, his cockiness supplanted by awe at the sight unfolding before him.

With an ear-splitting crash, the two columns collided, broke up, withdrew, then charged each other, again and again, until in a few minutes, more than a score of tanks lay upside down, or on their sides, some flaming, others twisted, motionless masses of steel.

Tac-tac-tac-tac!

A stray burst of machine-gun fire kicked up sand on the rim of the dune behind which the reporters were sprawled. "Hey!" yelled Garrett, "That was close!" He ducked hastily for cover.

"*Too* close," said Moore, in a low voice that carried just enough of a trace of emotion to make Garrett turn. Moore was looking at Bellows, and Bellows was looking up at the blazing sun, but he was beyond seeing it, for in his forehead was a neat hole. Bellows had died without a sound.

"I'll file for him," Moore said. "His last story."

Garrett shrugged. There had not been much love lost between him and the Britisher. Cautiously he raised his head above the dune. The battle was rapidly approaching its climax.

"Let's get back to Sombra," Moore said. "Less likelihood of being censored, and there's plenty of—"

He never finished the sentence, because something slammed against his jaw, five fingers clenched into a vicious fist, and he went down like Bellows, without a sound, as if he'd been shot. Garret stood above him a moment, smiling and rubbing his sore knuckles. Then he whirled and mounted the camel.

SOMBRA WAS a gray blob in the night when Garrett, riding with his eyes half-open, heard the roar of a motor behind him. He snapped upright just in time to see something low and fast—a British tank—scoot past him on quick-churning treads. He caught a glimpse of the man in the open turret, and cursed. Moore! That dictionary-swallowing pencil-pusher had probably borrowed the machine in Harbruk!

When Garrett and the camel got to the cable office, the tank was parked outside, and from within came the familiar click of a typewriter Moore was filing dispatches, for Bellows and himself.

Fifteen minutes later, the clatter of the typewriter ceased and Garrett rose eagerly. He tensed a bit, when the door opened and Moore came out, but Moore walked past Garrett as if he hadn't seen him.

"Say, aren't you finished filing Moore's stuff yet?" Garrett demanded.

"No," said the operator, "and from the looks of things, I won't be through a for a long, long time!"

With an icy clutch at his heart, Garrett leaned over the operator's shoulder and, when he saw what the operator was transcribing into Morse his eyes almost popped from their sockets!

IT WAS 9:45 A.M. in New York when a copy boy ran to the cable desk of the Star and handed the editor a sheaf of yellow paper. Giving it a quick glance, the cable editor whirled in his swivel chair and shouted to the managing editor. "Hold everything! Just got a bulletin from Moore—he says the Italians are on the run!"

The pace of the newspaper office accelerated perceptibly. A moment later the copy boy dropped another sheaf of yellow paper on the cable desk. This time, when the editor read it, he scowled. "Has Moore gone nuts? Great Scott! *He's filing every word in the dictionary — and giving the full definitions, besides!*"

He showed it to his superior, whose face went a lobster-red. "Shoot him a cable saying he's fired! At the current cable rates, the contents of his dictionary will cost us a young fortune! The heat must have gotten him!"

As the cable editor prepared to scrawl a suitably acid message to his correspondent, his pencil suddenly dropped from his hand. Inspiration lit his face. "Fire him?" he yelled. "He out to get the Croix de Guerre—with palms! At least a *bonus!*" he added hastily, as the managing editor glared at him.

"What for?"

"Don't you see?" demanded the cable editor. *"He's tying up the cable—so that none of his rivals will have a chance to use it in time to make the first edition deadline!"*

THE END

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The STORIES YOU DEMANDED

The EXCITEMENT YOU LOVE

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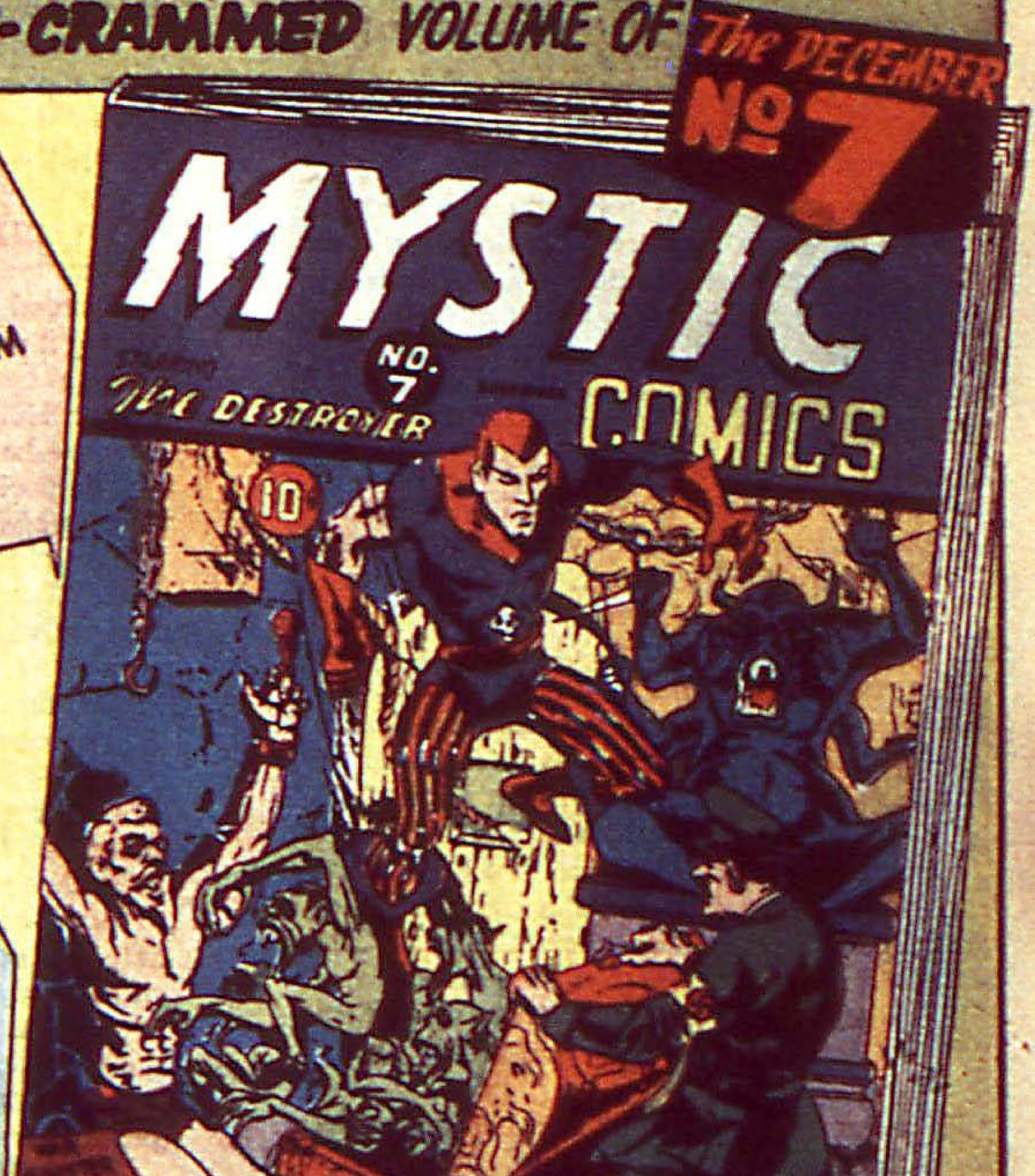
The DECEMBER
No 7
MYSTIC
NO. 7
The DESTROYER
COMICS
10

LED OFF BY 15 PAGES OF THE NEWEST ***DESTROYER*** ADVENTURE, AS KEEN MARLOW BATTLES NAZISM INSIDE GERMANY WITH HIS VERY LIFE HANGING IN THE BALANCE!

Also

DON'T MISS!

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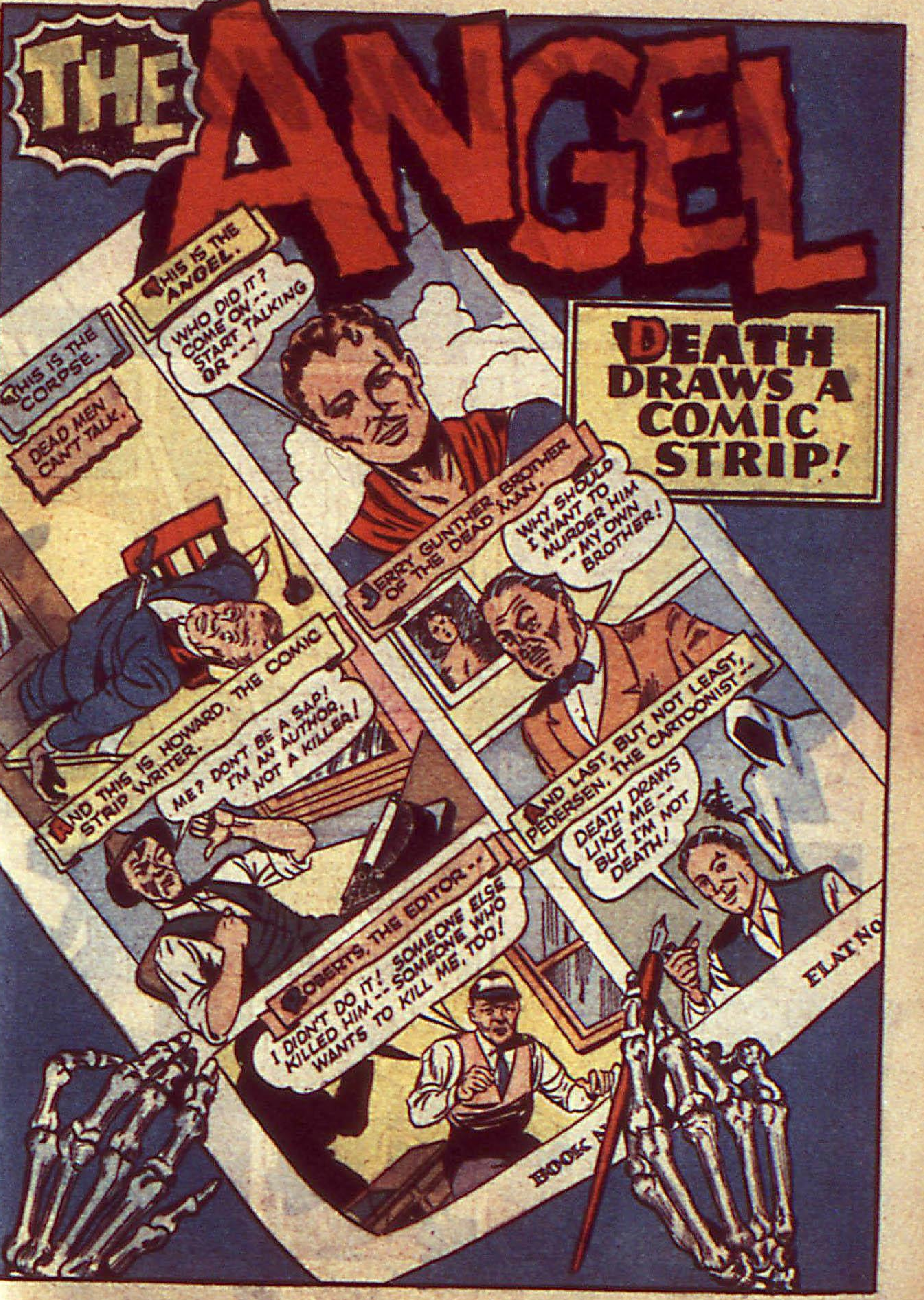
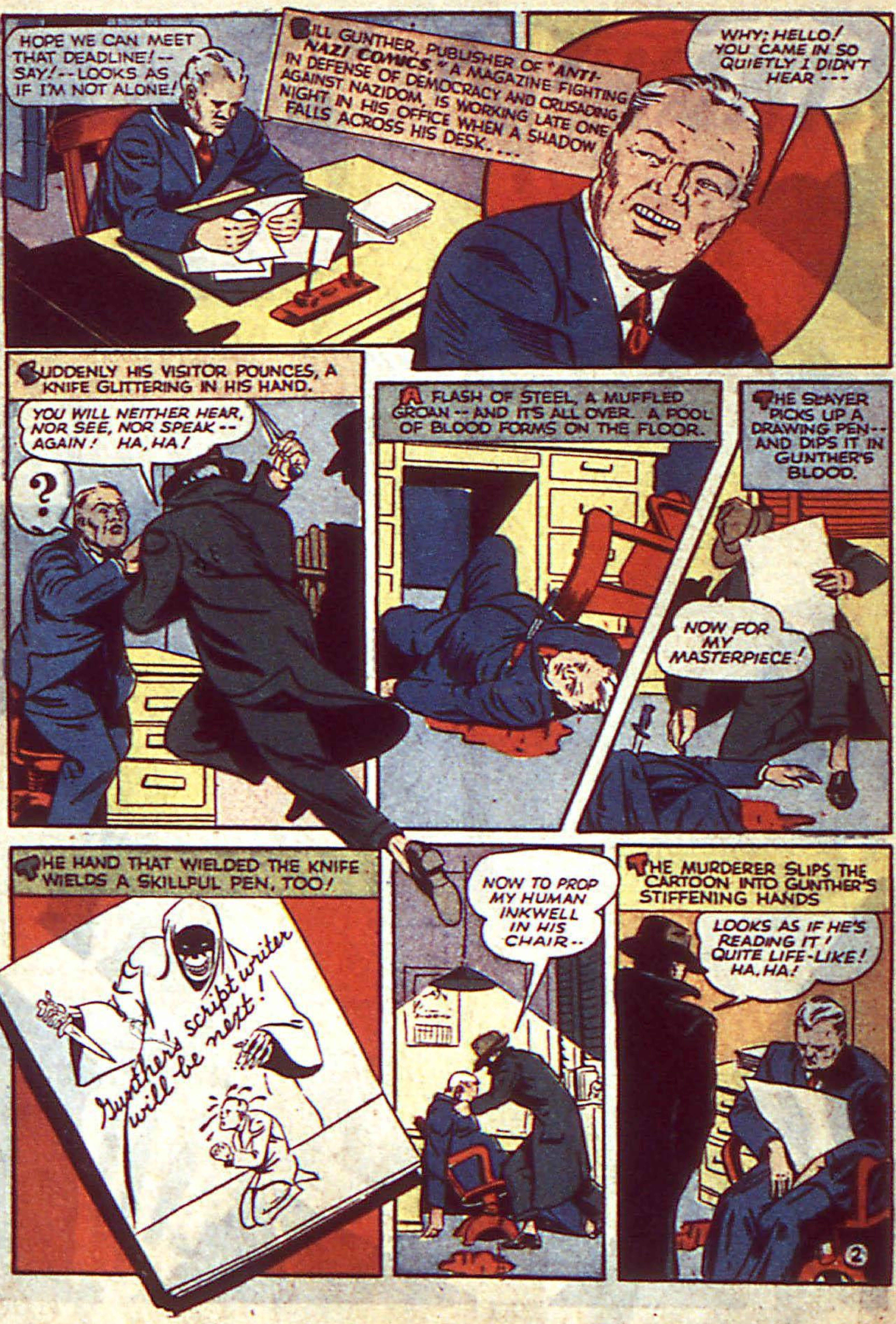
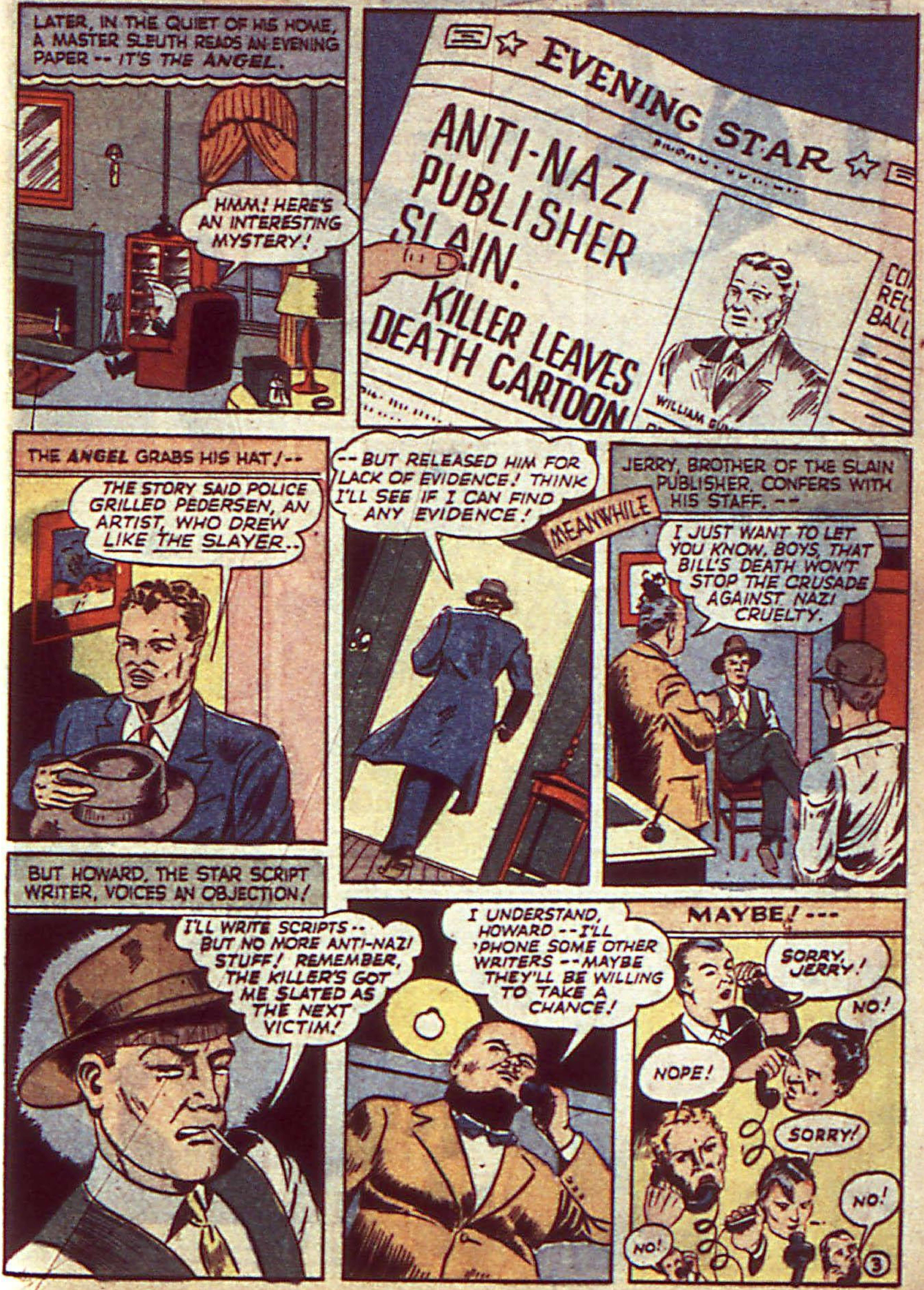
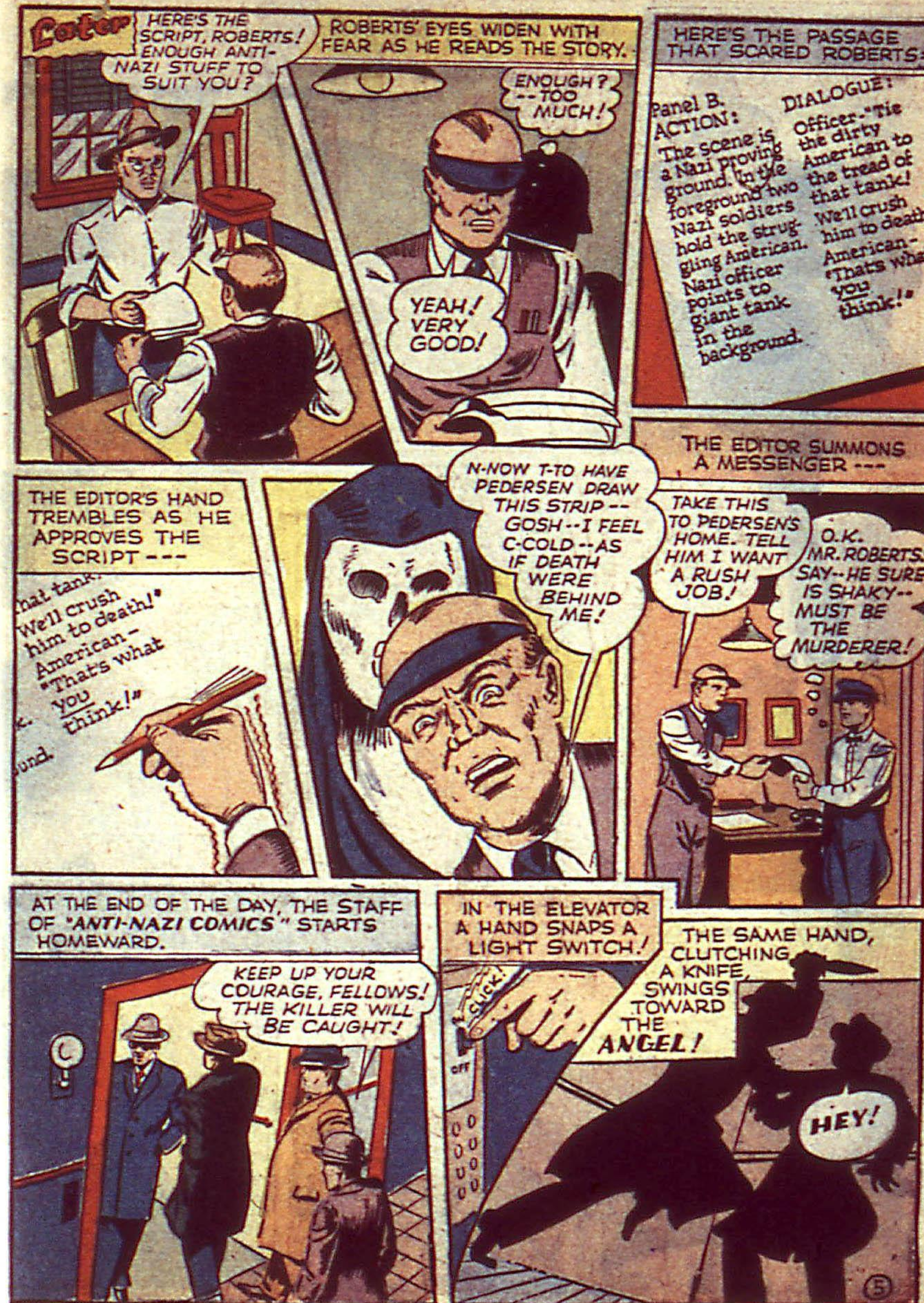
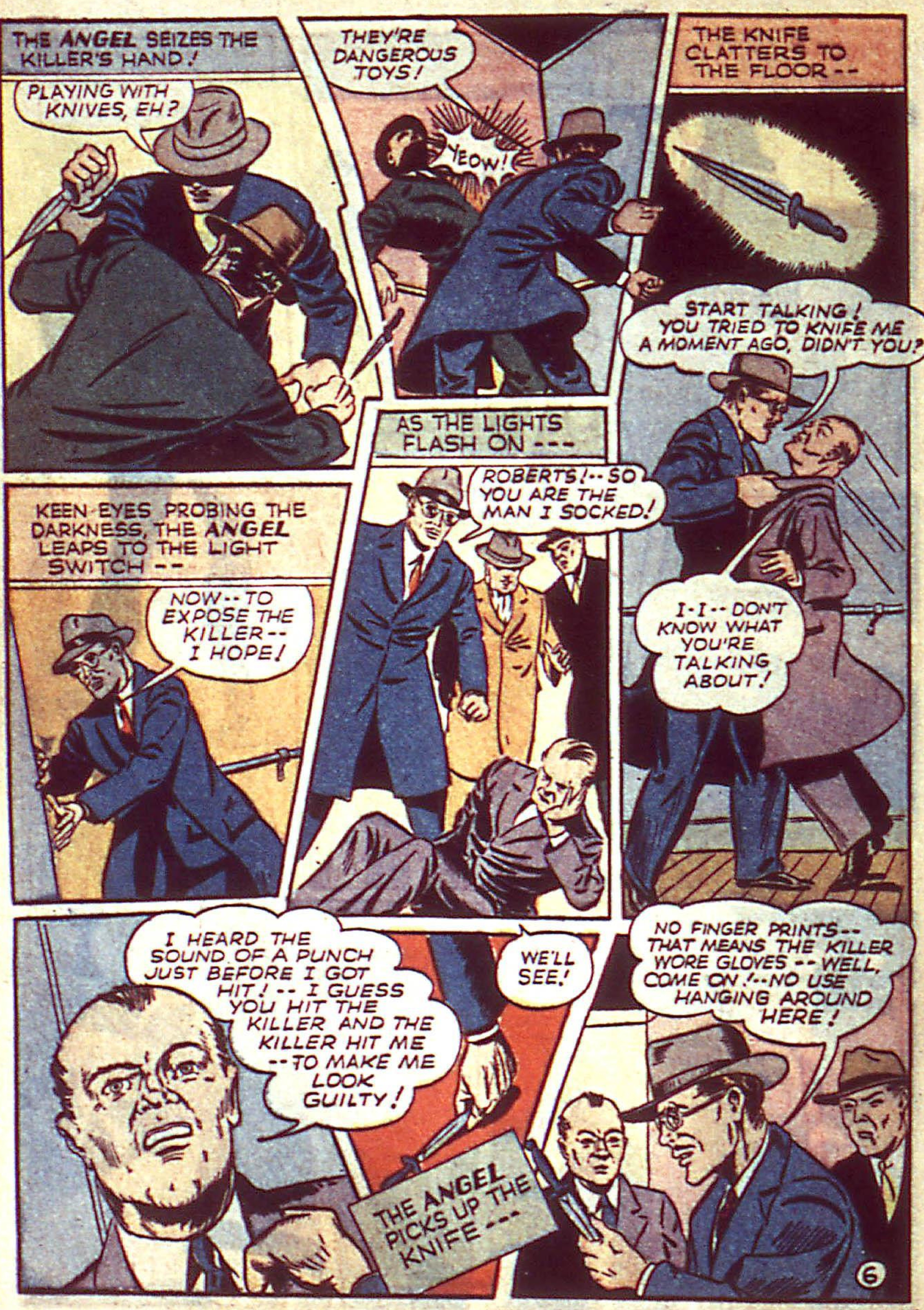

THE ANGEL
DEATH DRAWS A COMIC STRIP!
THIS IS THE CORPSE.
DEAD MEN CAN'T TALK.
THIS IS THE ANGEL.
WHO DID IT? COME ON -- START TALKING OR --!
JERRY GUNTHER, BROTHER OF THE DEAD MAN.
WHY SHOULD I WANT TO MURDER HIM -- MY OWN BROTHER!
AND THIS IS HOWARD, THE COMIC STRIP WRITER.
ME? DON'T BE A SAP! I'M AN AUTHOR, NOT A KILLER!
AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, PEDERSEN, THE CARTOONIST --
DEATH DRAWS LIKE ME -- BUT I'M NOT DEATH!
ROBERTS, THE EDITOR --
I DIDN'T DO IT! SOMEONE ELSE KILLED HIM -- SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO KILL ME, TOO!
FLAT NO
BOOK N

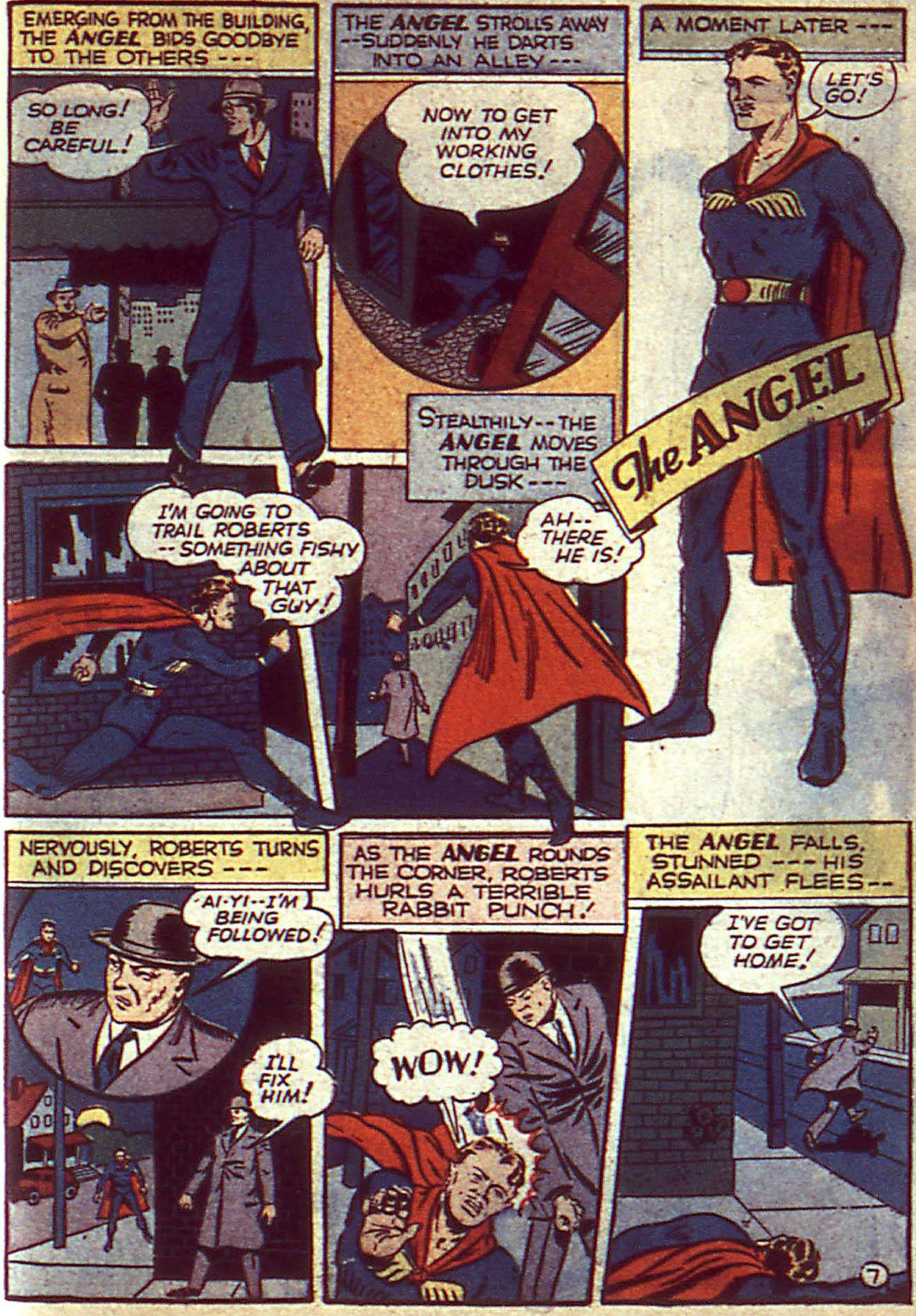

HOPE WE CAN MEET THAT DEADLINE! -- SAY! -- LOOKS AS IF I'M NOT ALONE!
BILL GUNTHER, PUBLISHER OF "ANTI-NAZI COMICS," A MAGAZINE FIGHTING IN DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY AND CRUSADING AGAINST NAZIDOM, IS WORKING LATE ONE NIGHT IN HIS OFFICE WHEN A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS HIS DESK....
WHY; HELLO! YOU CAME IN SO QUIETLY I DIDN'T HEAR ---
SUDDENLY HIS VISITOR POUNCES, A KNIFE GLITTERING IN HIS HAND.
YOU WILL NEITHER HEAR, NOR SEE, NOR SPEAK -- AGAIN! HA, HA!
?
A FLASH OF STEEL, A MUFFLED GROAN -- AND IT'S ALL OVER. A POOL OF BLOOD FORMS ON THE FLOOR.
THE SLAYER PICKS UP A DRAWING PEN -- AND DIPS IT IN GUNTHER'S BLOOD.
NOW FOR MY MASTERPIECE!
THE HAND THAT WIELDED THE KNIFE WIELDS A SKILLFUL PEN, TOO!
Gunther's script writer will be next!
NOW TO PROP MY HUMAN INKWELL IN HIS CHAIR --
THE MURDERER SLIPS THE CARTOON INTO GUNTHER'S STIFFENING HANDS
LOOKS AS IF HE'S READING IT! QUITE LIFE-LIKE! HA, HA!
2

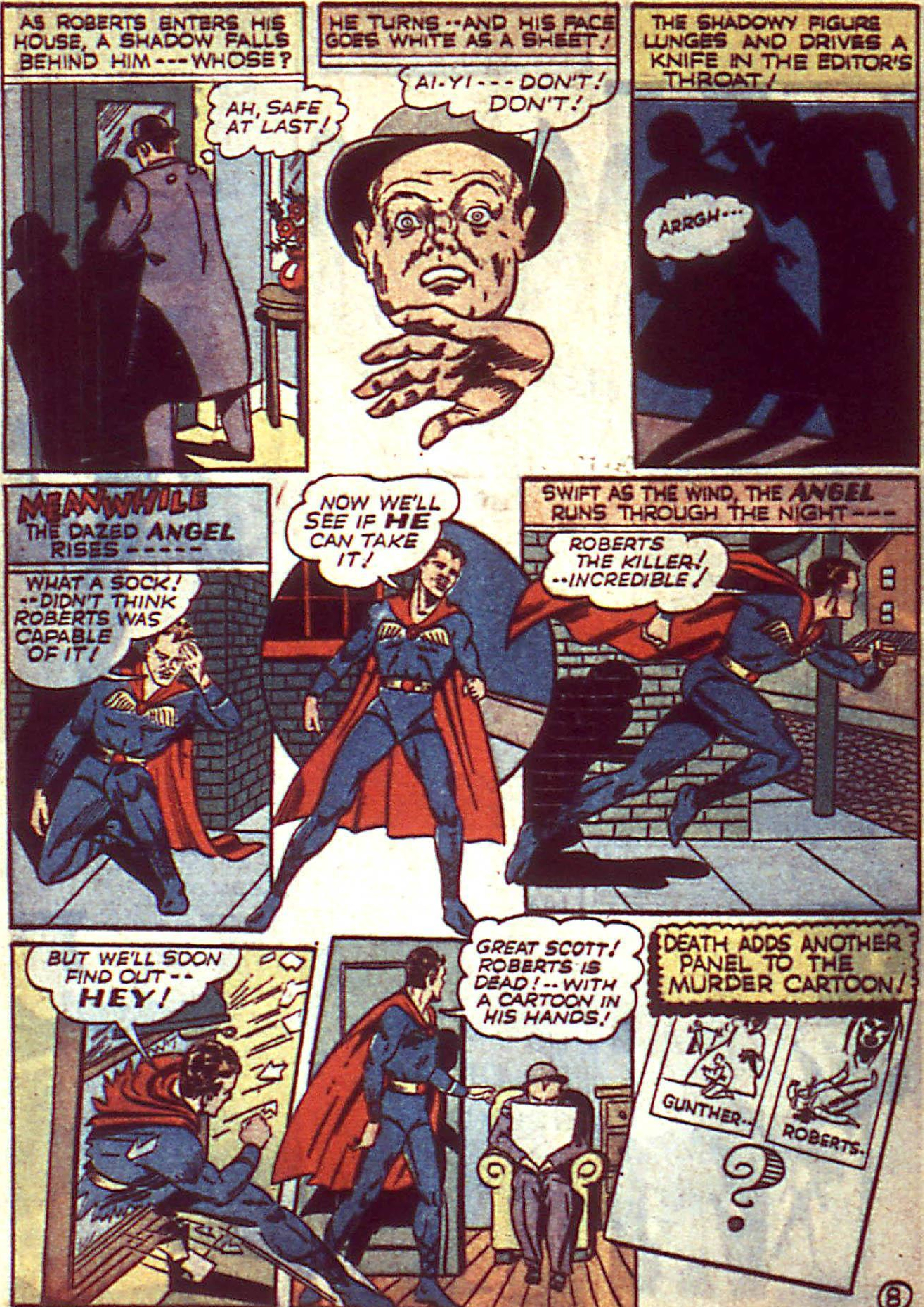

LATER, IN THE QUIET OF HIS HOME, A MASTER SLEUTH READS AN EVENING PAPER -- IT'S THE *ANGEL*.
HMM! HERE'S AN INTERESTING MYSTERY!
EVENING STAR
ANTI-NAZI PUBLISHER SLAIN. KILLER LEAVES DEATH CARTOON
THE *ANGEL* GRABS HIS HAT!--
THE STORY SAID POLICE GRILLED PEDERSEN, AN ARTIST, WHO DREW LIKE THE SLAYER..
--BUT RELEASED HIM FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE! THINK I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY EVIDENCE!
MEANWHILE
JERRY, BROTHER OF THE SLAIN PUBLISHER, CONFERS WITH HIS STAFF.--
I JUST WANT TO LET YOU KNOW, BOYS, THAT BILL'S DEATH WON'T STOP THE CRUSADE AGAINST NAZI CRUELTY.
BUT HOWARD, THE STAR SCRIPT WRITER, VOICES AN OBJECTION!
I'LL WRITE SCRIPTS -- BUT NO MORE ANTI-NAZI STUFF! REMEMBER, THE KILLER'S GOT ME SLATED AS THE NEXT VICTIM!
I UNDERSTAND, HOWARD --I'LL 'PHONE SOME OTHER WRITERS --MAYBE THEY'LL BE WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE!
MAYBE!---
SORRY, JERRY!
NO!
NOPE!
SORRY!
NO!
NO!
3

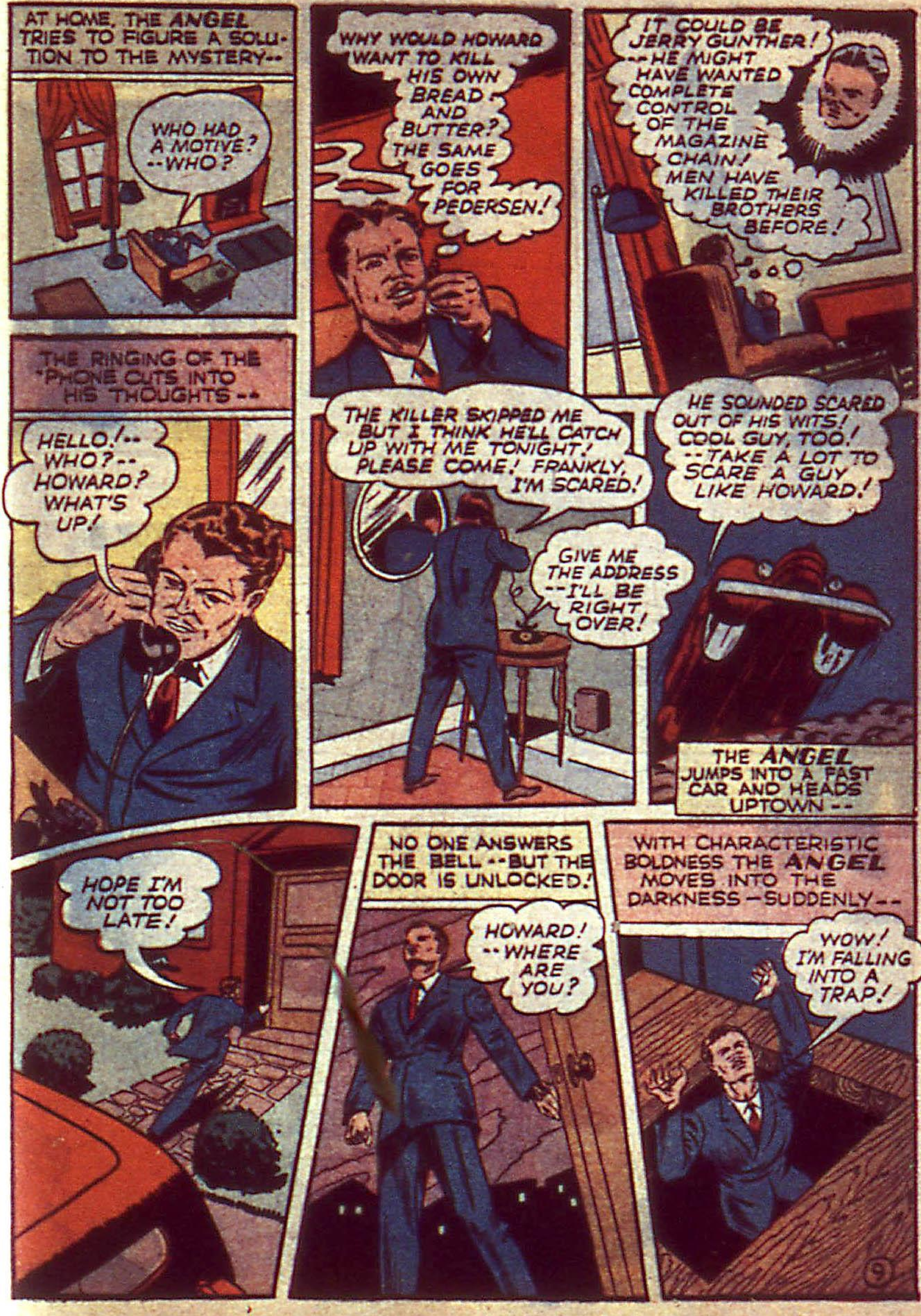
AS JERRY CALLS EVERY SCRIPT WRITER IN TOWN, THE ANGEL APPEARS -- IN DISGUISE!
GUESS THAT'S THE NEW PUBLISHER--
HELLO, TOM --I NEED A WRITER -- NOW DON'T GET SCARED--YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF PROTECTION!
OHO!--LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A JOB OPEN FOR ME!
SITUATION WANTED--
HELLO, MR. GUNTHER! --I THINK I'M JUST THE MAN YOU WANT! I'D LIKE TO WRITE SOME ANTI-NAZI STRIPS!
YOU MEAN YOU'LL TAKE THE JOB? YOU'RE HIRED! TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND GET TO WORK! YOU CAN NAME YOUR OWN PRICE!
THE FAMOUS ADVENTURER STARTS TYPING A COMIC STRIP----
THIS IS TOUGH! --AND I THOUGHT WRITING ADVENTURE WAS EASIER THAN LIVING IT!
WARM WORK! IN A MOMENT OF FORGETFULNESS, THE ANGEL OPENS HIS SHIRT.
WHEW!
AS ROBERTS, THE EDITOR, PASSES, HE SEES --
WHAT'S THAT ON HIS CHEST? WHY--IT'S--!
--THE INSIGNIA OF THE ANGEL! --HEY, YOU'RE NOT A WRITER! YOU'RE THE ANGEL!
4
YOU'RE WRONG!-- JUST A TATOO MARK! HA, HA!
FORCING A SMILE THE ANGEL BUTTONS HIS SHIRT COLLAR!

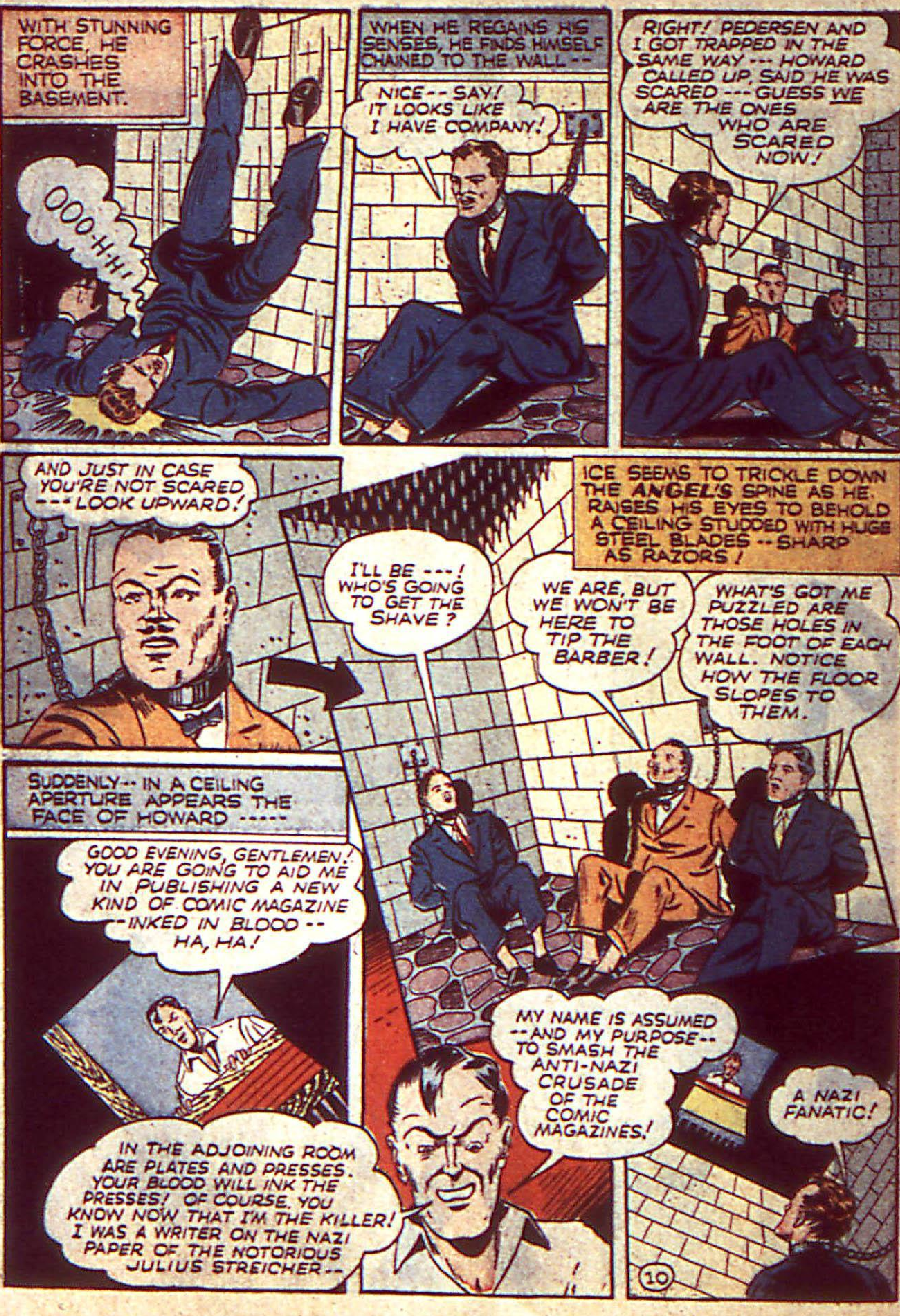

Later
HERE'S THE SCRIPT, ROBERTS! ENOUGH ANTI-NAZI STUFF TO SUIT YOU?
ROBERTS' EYES WIDEN WITH FEAR AS HE READS THE STORY.
ENOUGH? --TOO MUCH!
YEAH! VERY GOOD!
HERE'S THE PASSAGE THAT SCARED ROBERTS:
Panel B. ACTION: The scene is a Nazi proving ground. In the foreground two Nazi soldiers hold the struggling American. Nazi officer points to giant tank in the background.
DIALOGUE: Officer-"Tie the dirty American to the tread of that tank! We'll crush him to death!" American-"That's what you think!"
THE EDITOR'S HAND TREMBLES AS HE APPROVES THE SCRIPT ---
hat tank! We'll crush him to death!" American- "That's what you think!"
N-NOW T-TO HAVE PEDERSEN DRAW THIS STRIP -- GOSH -- I FEEL C-COLD -- AS IF DEATH WERE BEHIND ME!
THE EDITOR SUMMONS A MESSENGER ---
TAKE THIS TO PEDERSEN'S HOME. TELL HIM I WANT A RUSH JOB!
O.K. MR. ROBERTS! SAY-- HE SURE IS SHAKY-- MUST BE THE MURDERER!
AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE STAFF OF "ANTI-NAZI COMICS" STARTS HOMEWARD.
KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE, FELLOWS! THE KILLER WILL BE CAUGHT!
IN THE ELEVATOR A HAND SNAPS A LIGHT SWITCH!
CLICK!
OFF
THE SAME HAND, CLUTCHING A KNIFE, SWINGS TOWARD THE ANGEL!
HEY!

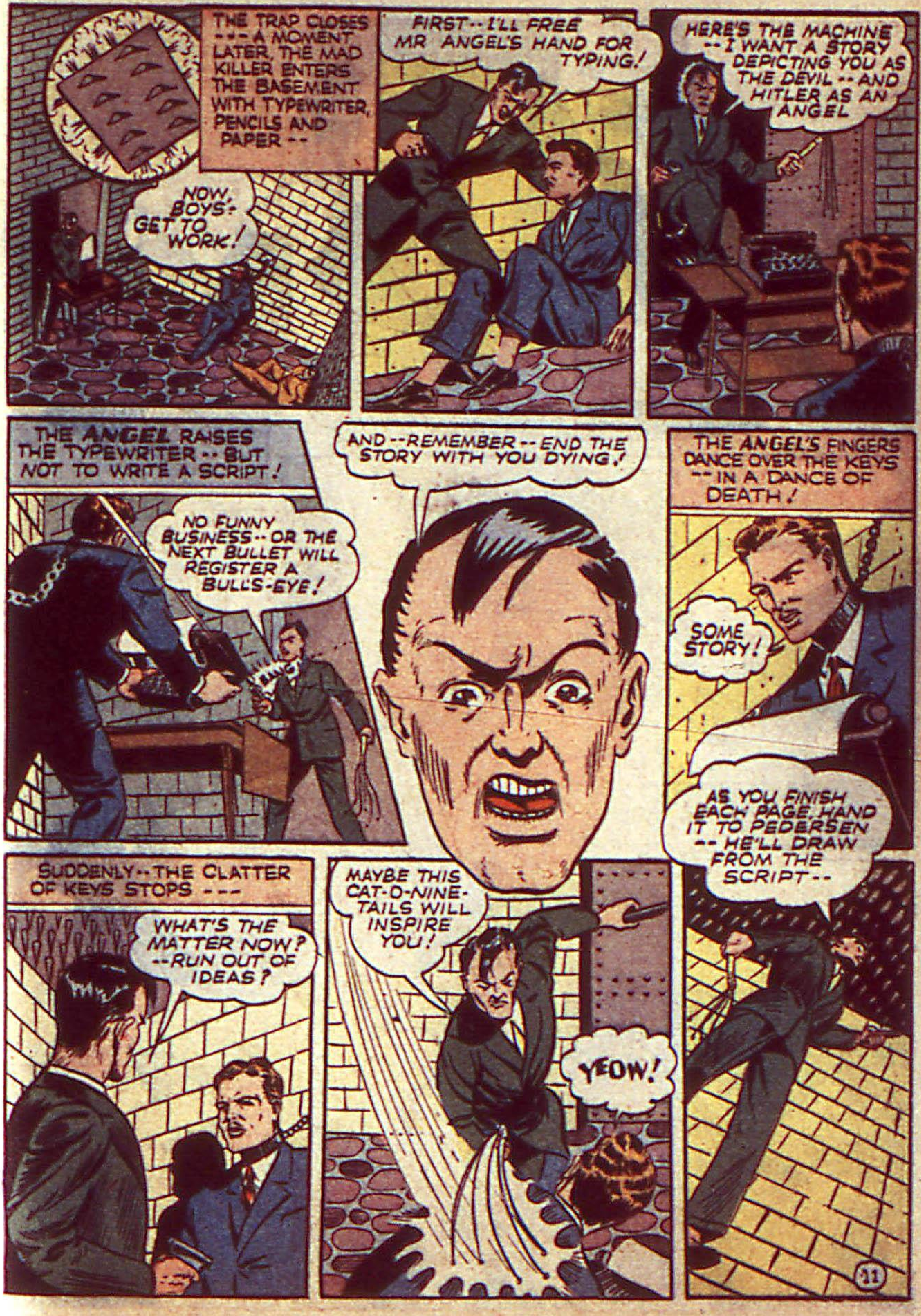

THE ANGEL SEIZES THE KILLER'S HAND!
PLAYING WITH KNIVES, EH?
THEY'RE DANGEROUS TOYS!
YEOW!
THE KNIFE CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR --
KEEN EYES PROBING THE DARKNESS, THE ANGEL LEAPS TO THE LIGHT SWITCH --
NOW -- TO EXPOSE THE KILLER -- I HOPE!
AS THE LIGHTS FLASH ON ---
ROBERTS! -- SO YOU ARE THE MAN I SOCKED!
START TALKING! YOU TRIED TO KNIFE ME A MOMENT AGO, DIDN'T YOU?
I-I -- DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
I HEARD THE SOUND OF A PUNCH JUST BEFORE I GOT HIT! -- I GUESS YOU HIT THE KILLER AND THE KILLER HIT ME -- TO MAKE ME LOOK GUILTY!
WE'LL SEE!
THE ANGEL PICKS UP THE KNIFE ---
NO FINGER PRINTS -- THAT MEANS THE KILLER WORE GLOVES -- WELL, COME ON! -- NO USE HANGING AROUND HERE!

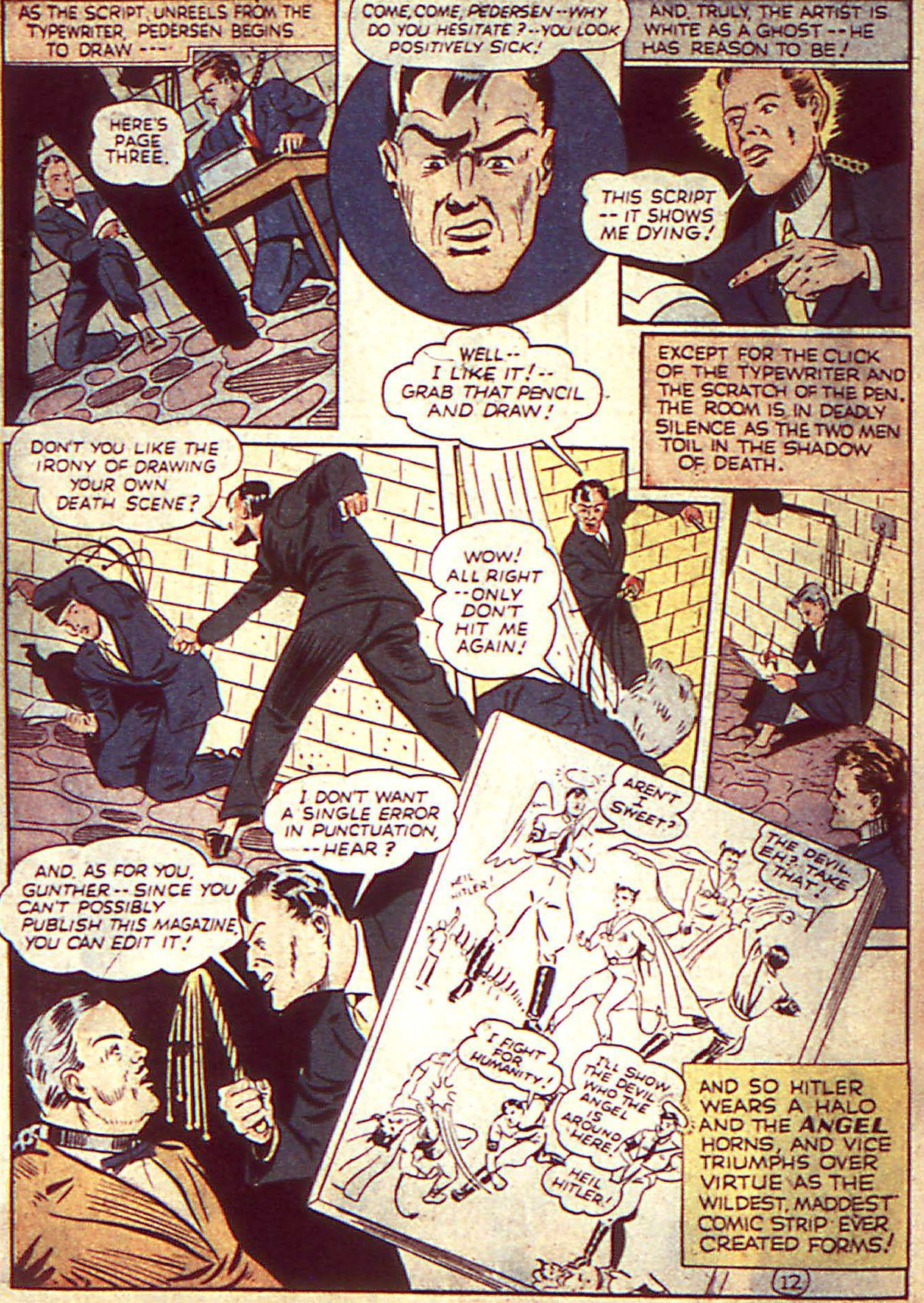

EMERGING FROM THE BUILDING, THE ANGEL BIDS GOODBYE TO THE OTHERS ---
SO LONG! BE CAREFUL!
THE ANGEL STROLLS AWAY --SUDDENLY HE DARTS INTO AN ALLEY ---
NOW TO GET INTO MY WORKING CLOTHES!
A MOMENT LATER ---
LET'S GO!
The ANGEL
I'M GOING TO TRAIL ROBERTS --SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT GUY!
STEALTHILY--THE ANGEL MOVES THROUGH THE DUSK ---
AH--THERE HE IS!
NERVOUSLY, ROBERTS TURNS AND DISCOVERS ---
AI-YI--I'M BEING FOLLOWED!
I'LL FIX HIM!
AS THE ANGEL ROUNDS THE CORNER, ROBERTS HURLS A TERRIBLE RABBIT PUNCH!
WOW!
THE ANGEL FALLS, STUNNED --- HIS ASSAILANT FLEES--
I'VE GOT TO GET HOME!

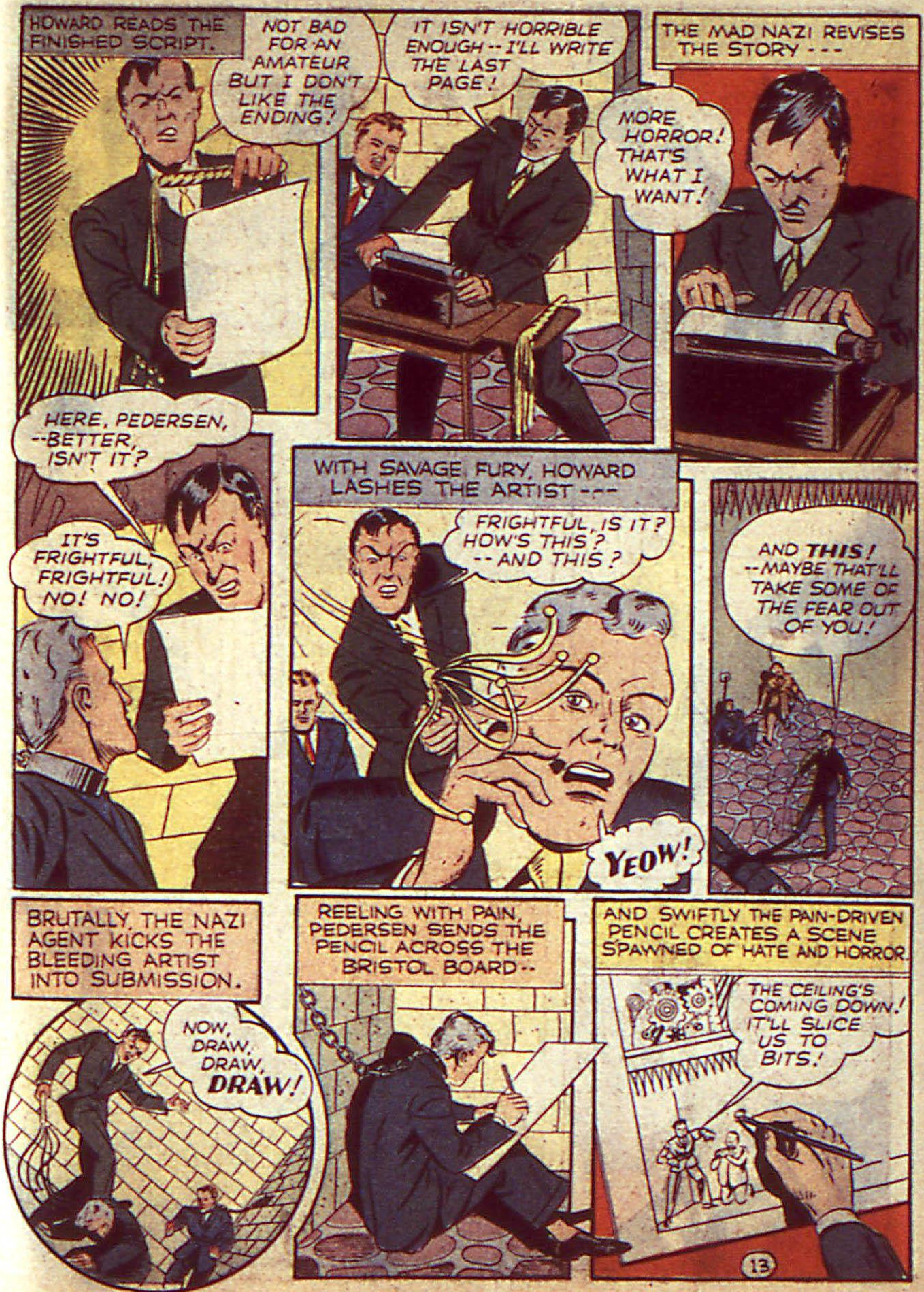

AS ROBERTS ENTERS HIS HOUSE, A SHADOW FALLS BEHIND HIM---WHOSE?
AH, SAFE AT LAST!
HE TURNS--AND HIS FACE GOES WHITE AS A SHEET!
AI-YI---DON'T! DON'T!
THE SHADOWY FIGURE LUNGES AND DRIVES A KNIFE IN THE EDITOR'S THROAT!
ARRGH...
MEANWHILE THE DAZED ANGEL RISES-----
WHAT A SOCK! --DIDN'T THINK ROBERTS WAS CAPABLE OF IT!
NOW WE'LL SEE IF HE CAN TAKE IT!
SWIFT AS THE WIND, THE ANGEL RUNS THROUGH THE NIGHT---
ROBERTS THE KILLER! --INCREDIBLE!
BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT-- HEY!
GREAT SCOTT! ROBERTS IS DEAD!--WITH A CARTOON IN HIS HANDS!
DEATH ADDS ANOTHER PANEL TO THE MURDER CARTOON!
GUNTHER--
ROBERTS-
?

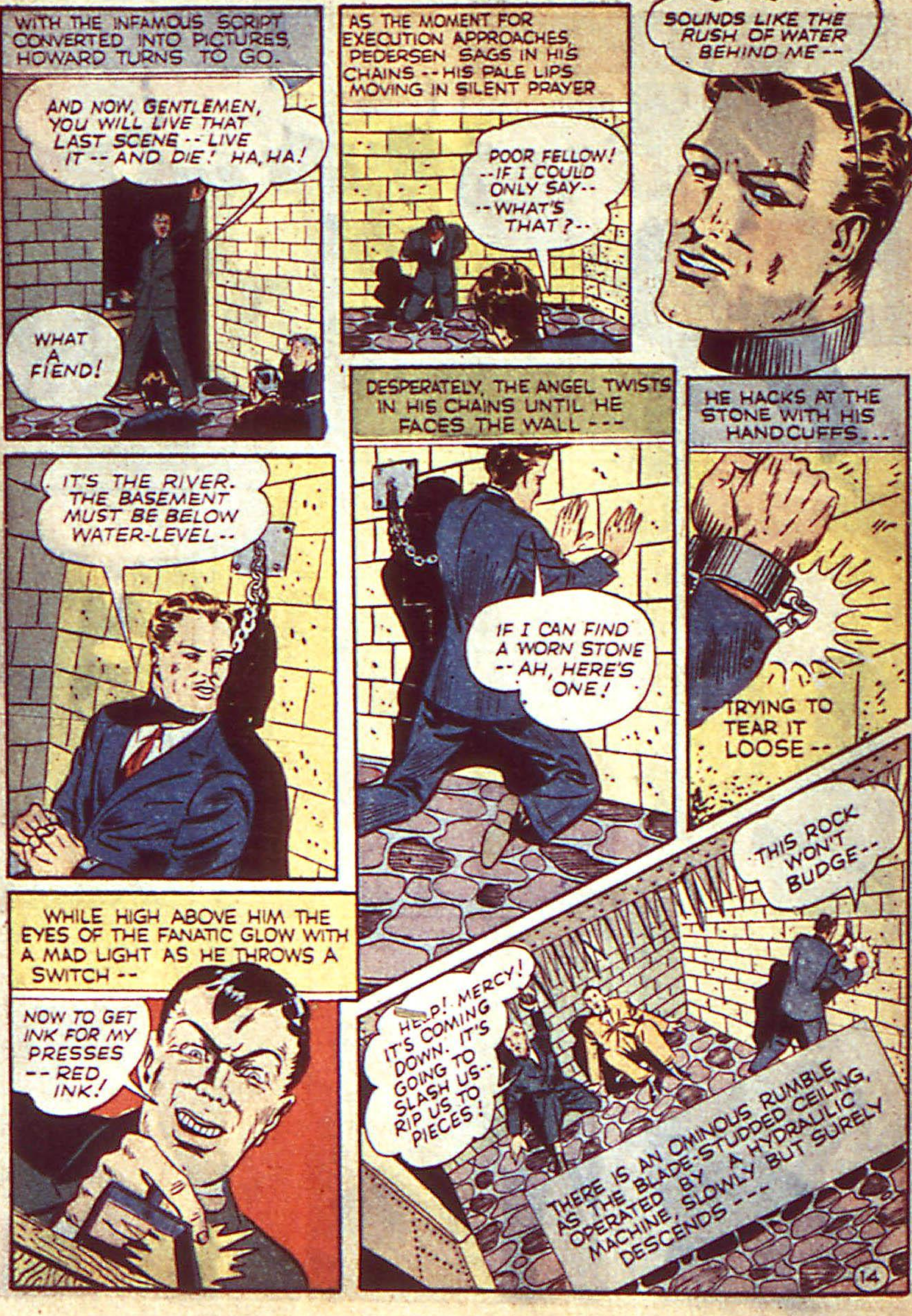

AT HOME, THE ANGEL TRIES TO FIGURE A SOLUTION TO THE MYSTERY--
WHO HAD A MOTIVE? --WHO?
WHY WOULD HOWARD WANT TO KILL HIS OWN BREAD AND BUTTER? THE SAME GOES FOR PEDERSEN!
IT COULD BE JERRY GUNTHER! --HE MIGHT HAVE WANTED COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE MAGAZINE CHAIN! MEN HAVE KILLED THEIR BROTHERS BEFORE!
THE RINGING OF THE PHONE CUTS INTO HIS THOUGHTS--
HELLO!--WHO?--HOWARD? WHAT'S UP!
THE KILLER SKIPPED ME BUT I THINK HE'LL CATCH UP WITH ME TONIGHT! PLEASE COME! FRANKLY, I'M SCARED!
GIVE ME THE ADDRESS --I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
HE SOUNDED SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS! COOL GUY, TOO! --TAKE A LOT TO SCARE A GUY LIKE HOWARD!
THE ANGEL JUMPS INTO A FAST CAR AND HEADS UPTOWN--
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!
NO ONE ANSWERS THE BELL--BUT THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED!
HOWARD! --WHERE ARE YOU?
WITH CHARACTERISTIC BOLDNESS THE ANGEL MOVES INTO THE DARKNESS—SUDDENLY--
WOW! I'M FALLING INTO A TRAP!


WITH STUNNING FORCE, HE CRASHES INTO THE BASEMENT.
OOO-H-H!
WHEN HE REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO THE WALL --
NICE -- SAY! IT LOOKS LIKE I HAVE COMPANY!
RIGHT! PEDERSEN AND I GOT TRAPPED IN THE SAME WAY --- HOWARD CALLED UP, SAID HE WAS SCARED --- GUESS WE ARE THE ONES WHO ARE SCARED NOW!
AND JUST IN CASE YOU'RE NOT SCARED --- LOOK UPWARD!
ICE SEEMS TO TRICKLE DOWN THE ANGEL'S SPINE AS HE RAISES HIS EYES TO BEHOLD A CEILING STUDDED WITH HUGE STEEL BLADES -- SHARP AS RAZORS!
I'LL BE ---! WHO'S GOING TO GET THE SHAVE?
WE ARE, BUT WE WON'T BE HERE TO TIP THE BARBER!
WHAT'S GOT ME PUZZLED ARE THOSE HOLES IN THE FOOT OF EACH WALL. NOTICE HOW THE FLOOR SLOPES TO THEM.
SUDDENLY -- IN A CEILING APERTURE APPEARS THE FACE OF HOWARD ----
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! YOU ARE GOING TO AID ME IN PUBLISHING A NEW KIND OF COMIC MAGAZINE --INKED IN BLOOD -- HA, HA!
IN THE ADJOINING ROOM ARE PLATES AND PRESSES. YOUR BLOOD WILL INK THE PRESSES! OF COURSE, YOU KNOW NOW THAT I'M THE KILLER! I WAS A WRITER ON THE NAZI PAPER OF THE NOTORIOUS JULIUS STREICHER --
MY NAME IS ASSUMED -- AND MY PURPOSE -- TO SMASH THE ANTI-NAZI CRUSADE OF THE COMIC MAGAZINES!
A NAZI FANATIC!
10


THE TRAP CLOSES ---A MOMENT LATER, THE MAD KILLER ENTERS THE BASEMENT WITH TYPEWRITER, PENCILS AND PAPER --
NOW, BOYS:- GET TO WORK!
FIRST--I'LL FREE MR ANGEL'S HAND FOR TYPING!
HERE'S THE MACHINE --I WANT A STORY DEPICTING YOU AS THE DEVIL --AND HITLER AS AN ANGEL
THE ANGEL RAISES THE TYPEWRITER -- BUT NOT TO WRITE A SCRIPT!
NO FUNNY BUSINESS-- OR THE NEXT BULLET WILL REGISTER A BULL'S-EYE!
BANG
AND--REMEMBER--END THE STORY WITH YOU DYING!
THE ANGEL'S FINGERS DANCE OVER THE KEYS --IN A DANCE OF DEATH!
SOME STORY!
AS YOU FINISH EACH PAGE, HAND IT TO PEDERSEN --HE'LL DRAW FROM THE SCRIPT--
SUDDENLY--THE CLATTER OF KEYS STOPS ---
WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW? --RUN OUT OF IDEAS?
MAYBE THIS CAT-O-NINE-TAILS WILL INSPIRE YOU!
YEOW!

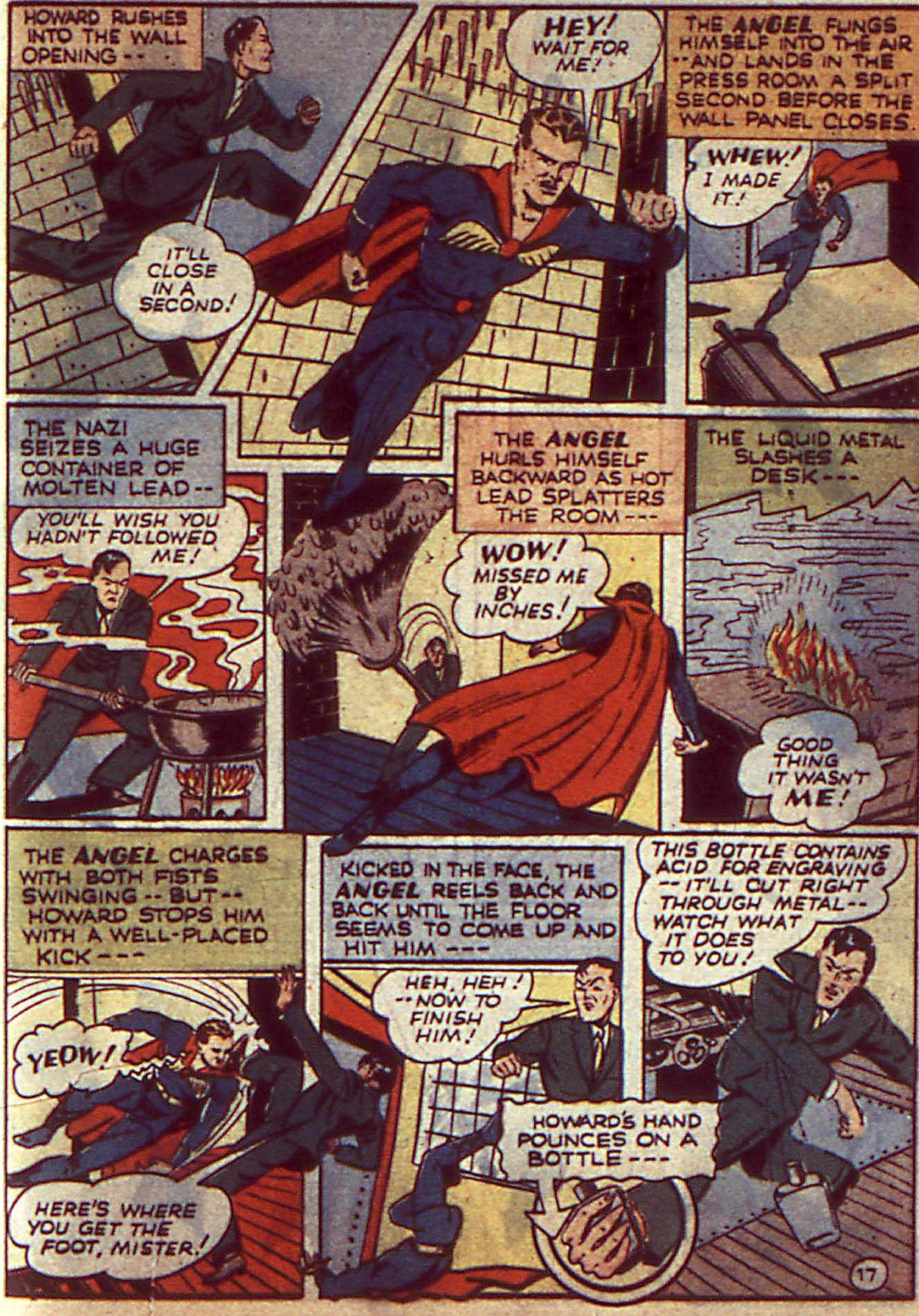

AS THE SCRIPT UNREELS FROM THE TYPEWRITER, PEDERSEN BEGINS TO DRAW ---
HERE'S PAGE THREE.
COME, COME, PEDERSEN -- WHY DO YOU HESITATE? -- YOU LOOK POSITIVELY SICK!
AND, TRULY, THE ARTIST IS WHITE AS A GHOST -- HE HAS REASON TO BE!
THIS SCRIPT -- IT SHOWS ME DYING!
WELL -- I LIKE IT! -- GRAB THAT PENCIL AND DRAW!
DON'T YOU LIKE THE IRONY OF DRAWING YOUR OWN DEATH SCENE?
WOW! ALL RIGHT -- ONLY DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
EXCEPT FOR THE CLICK OF THE TYPEWRITER AND THE SCRATCH OF THE PEN, THE ROOM IS IN DEADLY SILENCE AS THE TWO MEN TOIL IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.
I DON'T WANT A SINGLE ERROR IN PUNCTUATION, -- HEAR?
AND, AS FOR YOU, GUNTHER -- SINCE YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY PUBLISH THIS MAGAZINE, YOU CAN EDIT IT!
AREN'T I SWEET?
HEIL HITLER!
THE DEVIL, EH? TAKE THAT!
I FIGHT FOR HUMANITY!
I'LL SHOW THE DEVIL WHO THE ANGEL IS AROUND HERE!
HEIL HITLER!
AND SO HITLER WEARS A HALO AND THE ANGEL HORNS, AND VICE TRIUMPHS OVER VIRTUE AS THE WILDEST, MADDEST COMIC STRIP EVER CREATED FORMS!

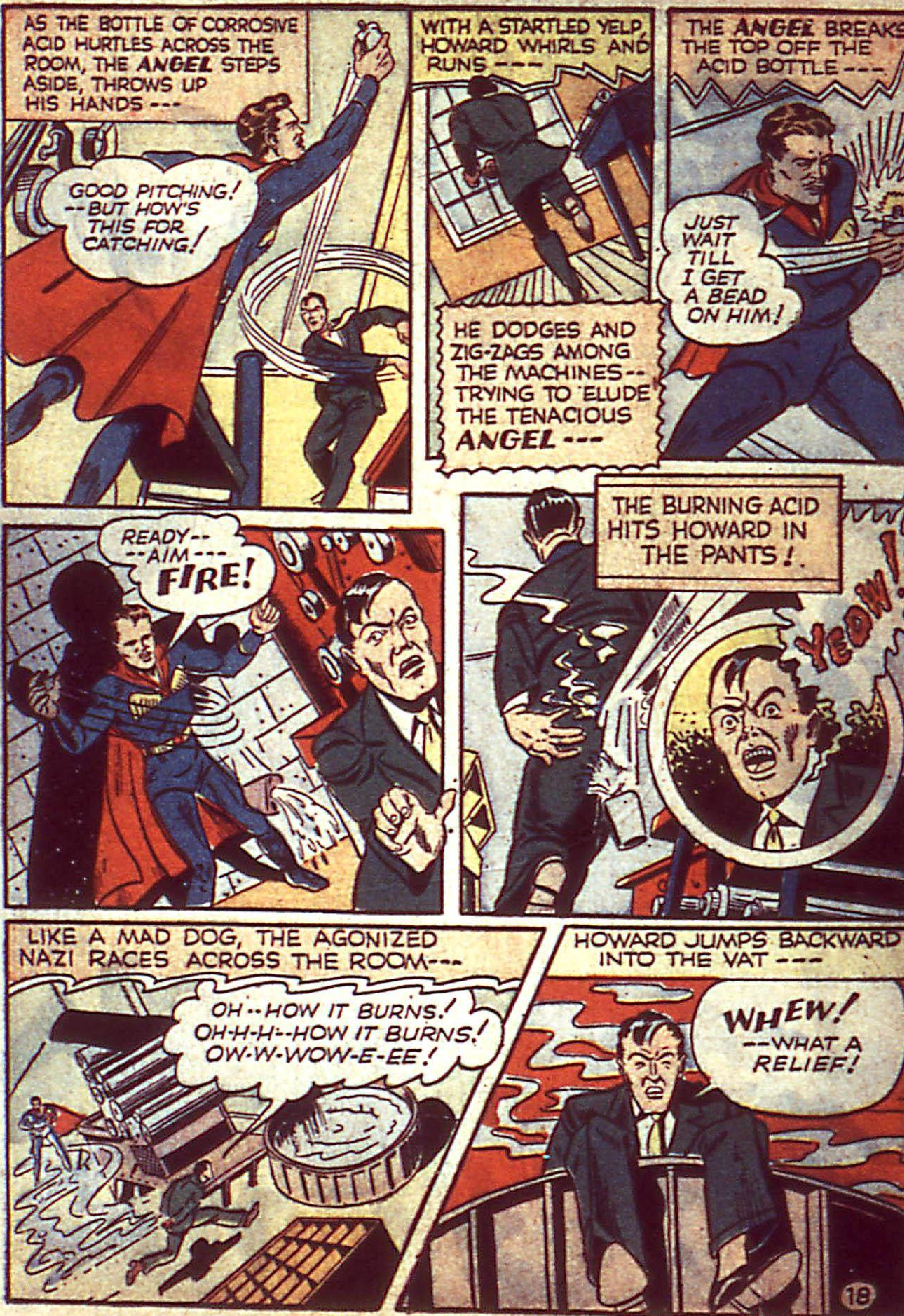

HOWARD READS THE FINISHED SCRIPT.
NOT BAD FOR AN AMATEUR BUT I DON'T LIKE THE ENDING!
IT ISN'T HORRIBLE ENOUGH -- I'LL WRITE THE LAST PAGE!
THE MAD NAZI REVISES THE STORY ---
MORE HORROR! THAT'S WHAT I WANT!
HERE, PEDERSEN, --BETTER, ISN'T IT?
IT'S FRIGHTFUL, FRIGHTFUL! NO! NO!
WITH SAVAGE FURY, HOWARD LASHES THE ARTIST ---
FRIGHTFUL, IS IT? HOW'S THIS? -- AND THIS?
YEOW!
AND THIS! --MAYBE THAT'LL TAKE SOME OF THE FEAR OUT OF YOU!
BRUTALLY, THE NAZI AGENT KICKS THE BLEEDING ARTIST INTO SUBMISSION.
NOW, DRAW, DRAW, DRAW!
REELING WITH PAIN, PEDERSEN SENDS THE PENCIL ACROSS THE BRISTOL BOARD --
AND SWIFTLY THE PAIN-DRIVEN PENCIL CREATES A SCENE SPAWNED OF HATE AND HORROR.
THE CEILING'S COMING DOWN! IT'LL SLICE US TO BITS!


WITH THE INFAMOUS SCRIPT CONVERTED INTO PICTURES, HOWARD TURNS TO GO.
AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL LIVE THAT LAST SCENE -- LIVE IT -- AND DIE! HA, HA!
WHAT A FIEND!
AS THE MOMENT FOR EXECUTION APPROACHES, PEDERSEN SAGS IN HIS CHAINS -- HIS PALE LIPS MOVING IN SILENT PRAYER
POOR FELLOW! --IF I COULD ONLY SAY-- --WHAT'S THAT?--
SOUNDS LIKE THE RUSH OF WATER BEHIND ME --
IT'S THE RIVER. THE BASEMENT MUST BE BELOW WATER-LEVEL --
DESPERATELY, THE ANGEL TWISTS IN HIS CHAINS UNTIL HE FACES THE WALL ---
IF I CAN FIND A WORN STONE -- AH, HERE'S ONE!
HE HACKS AT THE STONE WITH HIS HANDCUFFS...
TRYING TO TEAR IT LOOSE --
WHILE HIGH ABOVE HIM THE EYES OF THE FANATIC GLOW WITH A MAD LIGHT AS HE THROWS A SWITCH --
NOW TO GET INK FOR MY PRESSES -- RED INK!
THIS ROCK WON'T BUDGE--
HELP! MERCY! IT'S COMING DOWN. IT'S GOING TO SLASH US-- RIP US TO PIECES!
THERE IS AN OMINOUS RUMBLE AS THE BLADE-STUDDED CEILING, OPERATED BY A HYDRAULIC MACHINE, SLOWLY BUT SURELY DESCENDS ---

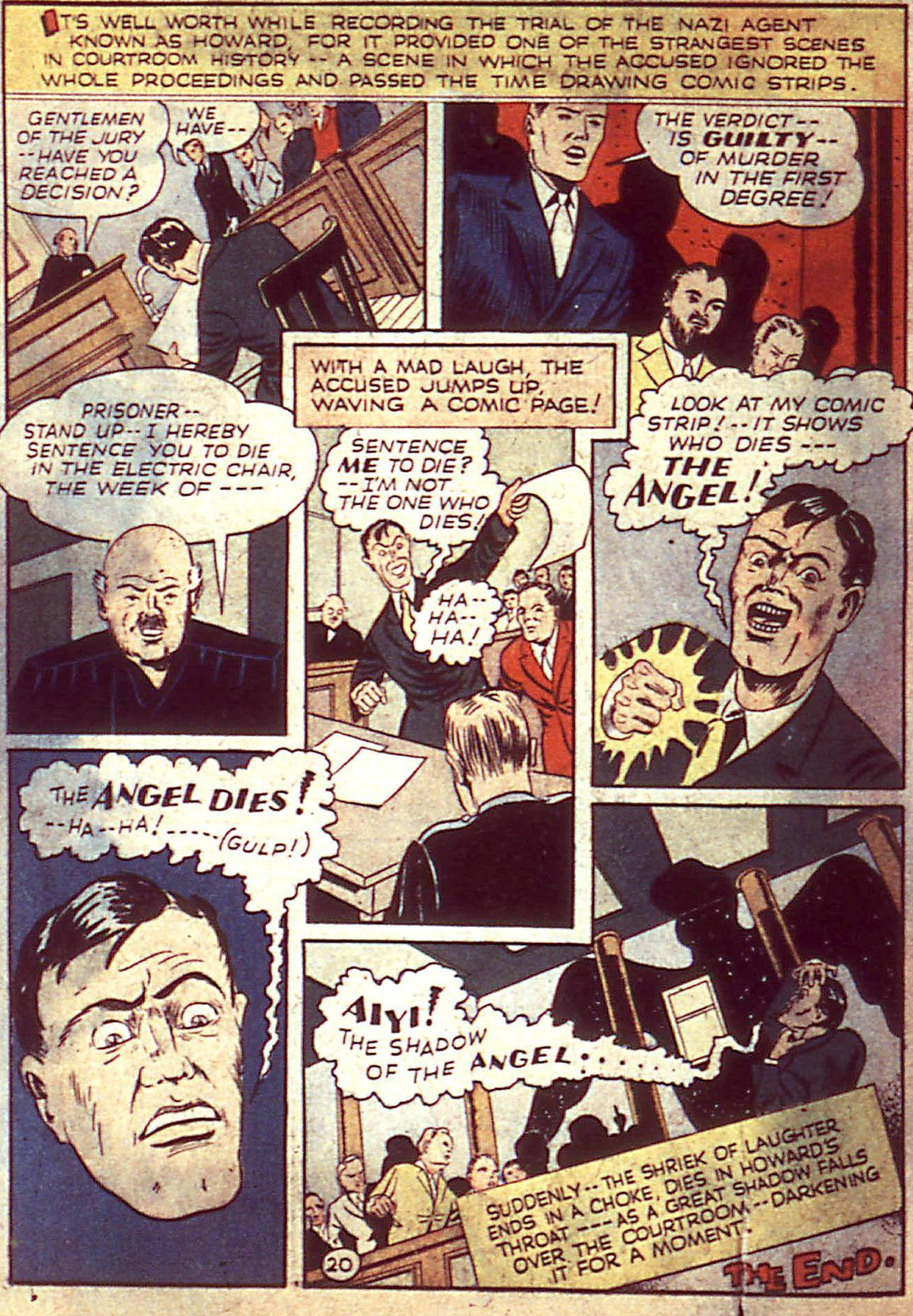
DOGGEDLY, THE **ANGEL** HACKS AT THE WALL UNTIL HIS FINGERS BLEED!
AT LAST --IT'S LOOSENING!
WATER RUSHES INTO THE CELLAR WITH A LOW ROAR!
BOY--THAT'S MUSIC TO MY EARS!
RAPIDLY THE WATER COVERS THE FLOOR --BEGINS TO RISE! AND THE CEILING STILL DESCENDS!
WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!
I'D RATHER DROWN THAN BE CUT TO RIBBONS!
DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS, BOYS!
HEY, HOWARD!-- YOU REALIZE, I HOPE, THAT IF YOU CHOP US UP NOW, OUR BLOOD WILL BE DILUTED BY WATER-- AND THEN YOU WON'T HAVE VERY GOOD INK FOR YOUR PRESSES!
WITH A FURIOUS OATH, HOWARD LEAPS TO THE SWITCH ---
HE'S RIGHT --BLAST HIM! I'VE GOT TO STOP THE CEILING-- THERE! THAT DOES IT!
A MOMENT LATER, THE NAZI APPEARS IN THE CELLAR WITH CEMENT AND TROWEL ---
YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING THE FUNERAL!
DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO PLUG THIS HOLE, DID IT? NOW TO RESUME WHERE WE LEFT OFF!
SUDDENLY, THE **ANGEL** EMITS A TAUNTING LAUGH--
HOPE THE WATER DIDN'T GET IN YOUR PRESSES-- THEY MIGHT GET RUSTY AND WORK AS POORLY AS YOU WRITE!
STUNG BY THE INSULT, THE NAZI WHIRLS ---
WHO SAYS I WRITE POORLY? --WHY, I'M A GENIUS, A GENIUS!
15

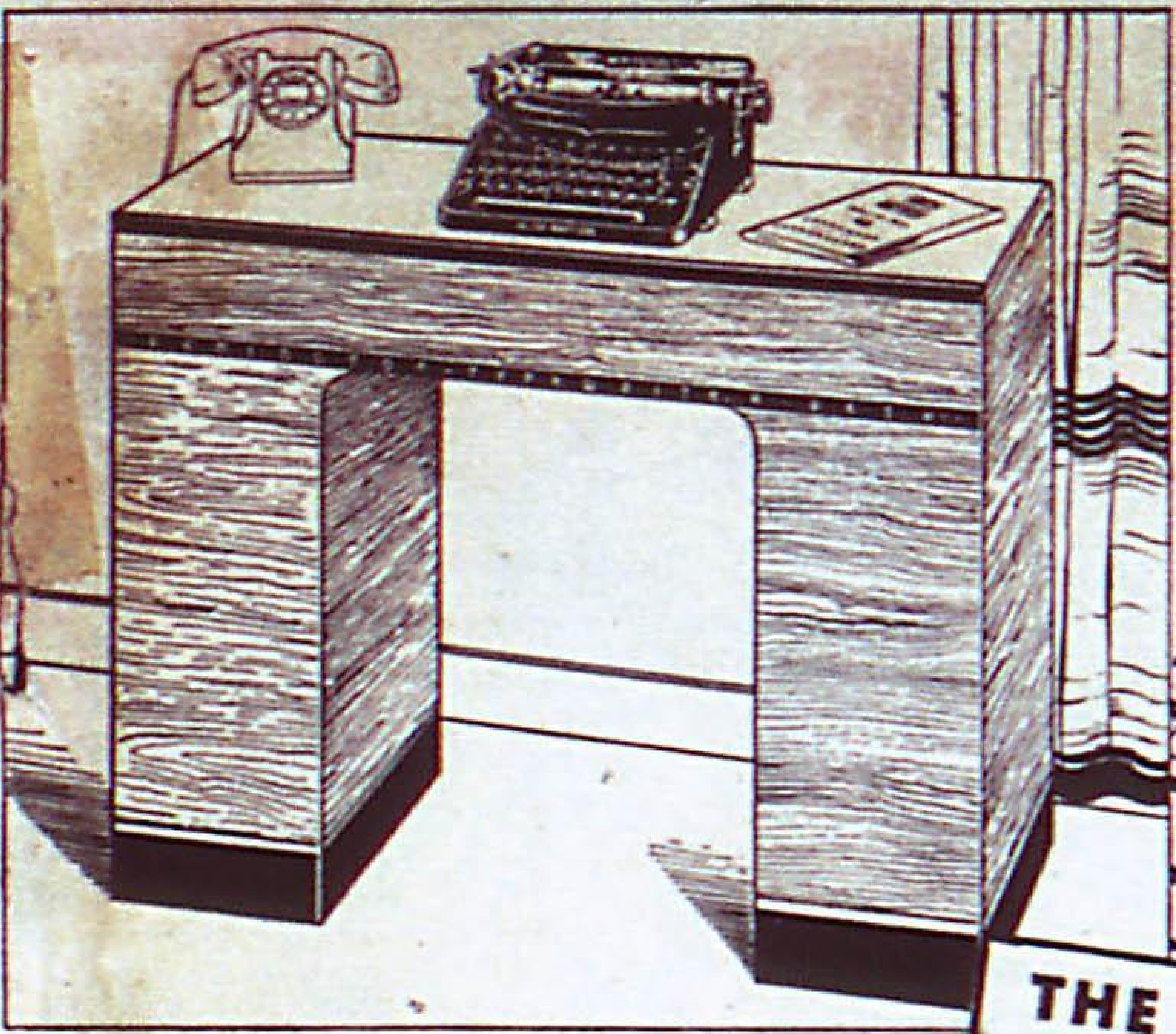
VICIOUSLY, HOWARD STABS AT THE ANGEL WITH THE TROWEL, BUT THE ANGEL DODGES AND THE TROWEL SMASHES INTO THE WALL.
I'LL TEACH YOU -- WOW!
THE ANGEL'S STEEL-MANACLED FISTS SWING UP AND CLIP HOWARD ON THE CHIN ---
YEOW!
SOCKO!
DON'T LIKE CRITICISM, EH? HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?
TWISTING, THE ANGEL WRENCHES THE TROWEL FROM THE WALL ---
THIS OUGHT TO BREAK MY BONDS!
IT WORKED -- NOW TO FREE GUNTHER AND PEDERSEN!
ONCE HE IS FREE, THE ANGEL CHANGES INTO HIS FAMILIAR COSTUME!
HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY!
A JIFFY'S TOO SLOW FOR ME!
AS THE ANGEL FREES THE ARTIST, HOWARD REGAINS HIS SENSES --
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
SUDDENLY HE LEAPS TO HIS FEET -- PRESSES A BUTTON --
HERE GOES!
-- AND A WALL PANEL SLIDES OPEN -- REVEALING THE MURDER PRESS ROOM --


HOWARD RUSHES INTO THE WALL OPENING --
IT'LL CLOSE IN A SECOND!
HEY! WAIT FOR ME!
THE ANGEL FLINGS HIMSELF INTO THE AIR --AND LANDS IN THE PRESS ROOM A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE WALL PANEL CLOSES.
WHEW! I MADE IT!
THE NAZI SEIZES A HUGE CONTAINER OF MOLTEN LEAD --
YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED ME!
THE ANGEL HURLS HIMSELF BACKWARD AS HOT LEAD SPLATTERS THE ROOM ---
WOW! MISSED ME BY INCHES!
THE LIQUID METAL SLASHES A DESK ---
GOOD THING IT WASN'T ME!
THE ANGEL CHARGES WITH BOTH FISTS SWINGING -- BUT -- HOWARD STOPS HIM WITH A WELL-PLACED KICK ---
YEOW!
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET THE FOOT, MISTER!
KICKED IN THE FACE, THE ANGEL REELS BACK AND BACK UNTIL THE FLOOR SEEMS TO COME UP AND HIT HIM ---
HEH, HEH! --NOW TO FINISH HIM!
HOWARD'S HAND POUNCES ON A BOTTLE ---
THIS BOTTLE CONTAINS ACID FOR ENGRAVING -- IT'LL CUT RIGHT THROUGH METAL -- WATCH WHAT IT DOES TO YOU!


AS THE BOTTLE OF CORROSIVE ACID HURTLES ACROSS THE ROOM, THE ANGEL STEPS ASIDE, THROWS UP HIS HANDS ---
GOOD PITCHING! --BUT HOW'S THIS FOR CATCHING!
WITH A STARTLED YELP, HOWARD WHIRLS AND RUNS ---
HE DODGES AND ZIG-ZAGS AMONG THE MACHINES-- TRYING TO ELUDE THE TENACIOUS ANGEL ---
THE ANGEL BREAKS THE TOP OFF THE ACID BOTTLE ---
JUST WAIT TILL I GET A BEAD ON HIM!
READY-- --AIM--- FIRE!
THE BURNING ACID HITS HOWARD IN THE PANTS!
YEOW!
LIKE A MAD DOG, THE AGONIZED NAZI RACES ACROSS THE ROOM---
OH--HOW IT BURNS! OH-H-H--HOW IT BURNS! OW-W-WOW-E-EE!
HOWARD JUMPS BACKWARD INTO THE VAT ---
WHEW! --WHAT A RELIEF!

THE ANGEL APPROACHES HOWARD---
FEELING BETTER?
YES-- MUCH BETTER---
THAT'S TOO BAD---
---BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO FEEL WORSE IN A FEW MINUTES!
WOW!
WITH HOWARD AT HIS MERCY, THE ANGEL HAULS OFF TO DELIVER THE COUP-DE-GRACE---
DON'T WORRY---
YOU CAN SLEEP IT OFF!
AH-H-H-H-H-H-----
HAVING DEPOSITED HOWARD IN DREAMLAND, THE ANGEL PRESSES A WALL BUTTON...
COME IN!
I WOULDN'T WANT YOU FELLOWS TO MISS THIS SPECTACLE FOR ANYTHING!
HOWARD!-- SLEEPING LIKE A BABY!


IT'S WELL WORTH WHILE RECORDING THE TRIAL OF THE NAZI AGENT KNOWN AS HOWARD, FOR IT PROVIDED ONE OF THE STRANGEST SCENES IN COURTROOM HISTORY -- A SCENE IN WHICH THE ACCUSED IGNORED THE WHOLE PROCEEDINGS AND PASSED THE TIME DRAWING COMIC STRIPS.
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY --HAVE YOU REACHED A DECISION?
WE HAVE--
THE VERDICT -- IS GUILTY -- OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!
WITH A MAD LAUGH, THE ACCUSED JUMPS UP, WAVING A COMIC PAGE!
PRISONER -- STAND UP -- I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, THE WEEK OF ---
SENTENCE ME TO DIE? -- I'M NOT THE ONE WHO DIES!
HA-- HA-- HA!
LOOK AT MY COMIC STRIP! -- IT SHOWS WHO DIES --- THE ANGEL!
THE ANGEL DIES! --HA--HA! -----(GULP!)
AIYI! THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL.....
SUDDENLY-- THE SHRIEK OF LAUGHTER ENDS IN A CHOKE, DIES IN HOWARD'S THROAT --- AS A GREAT SHADOW FALLS OVER THE COURTROOM -- DARKENING IT FOR A MOMENT.
20
THE END.



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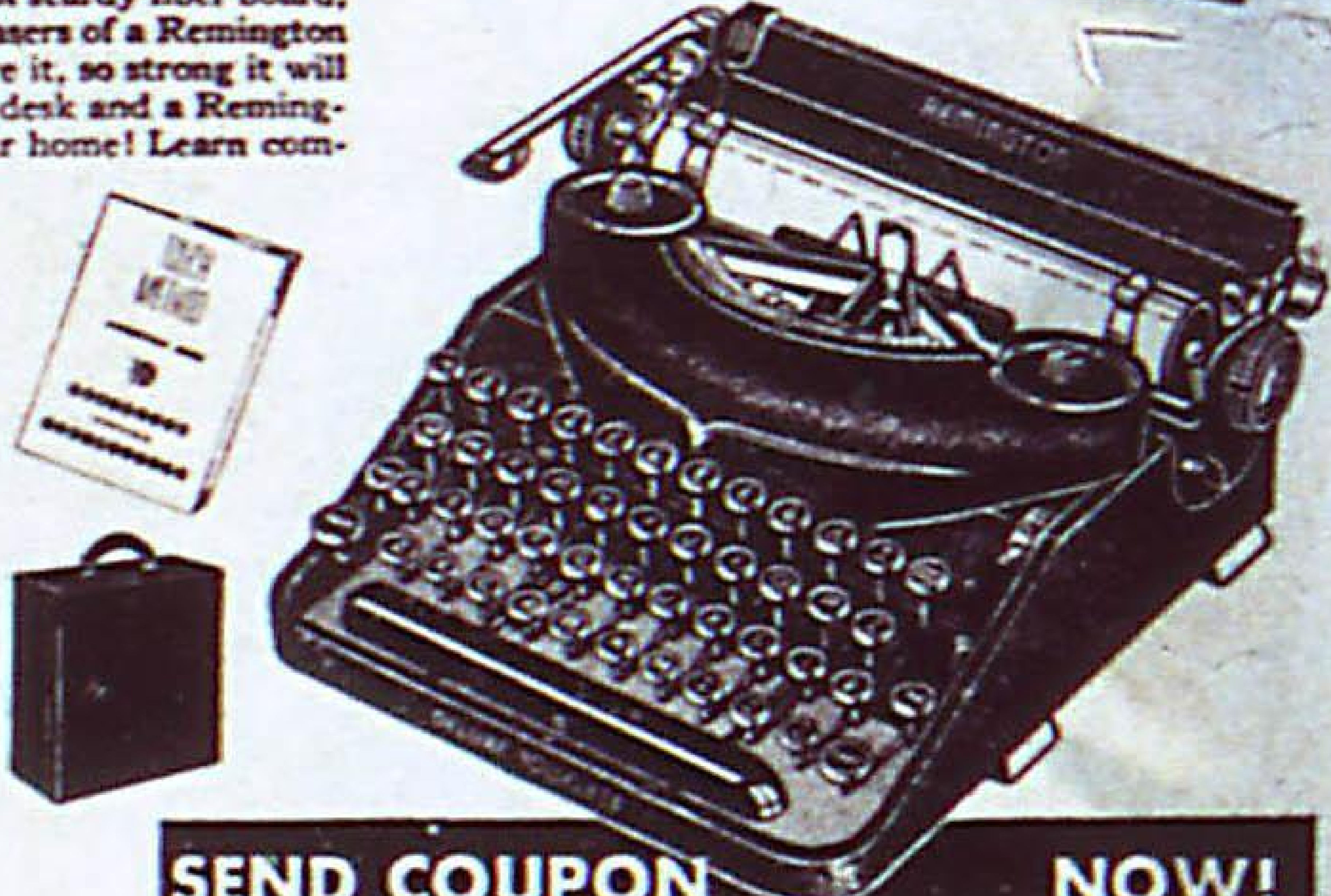

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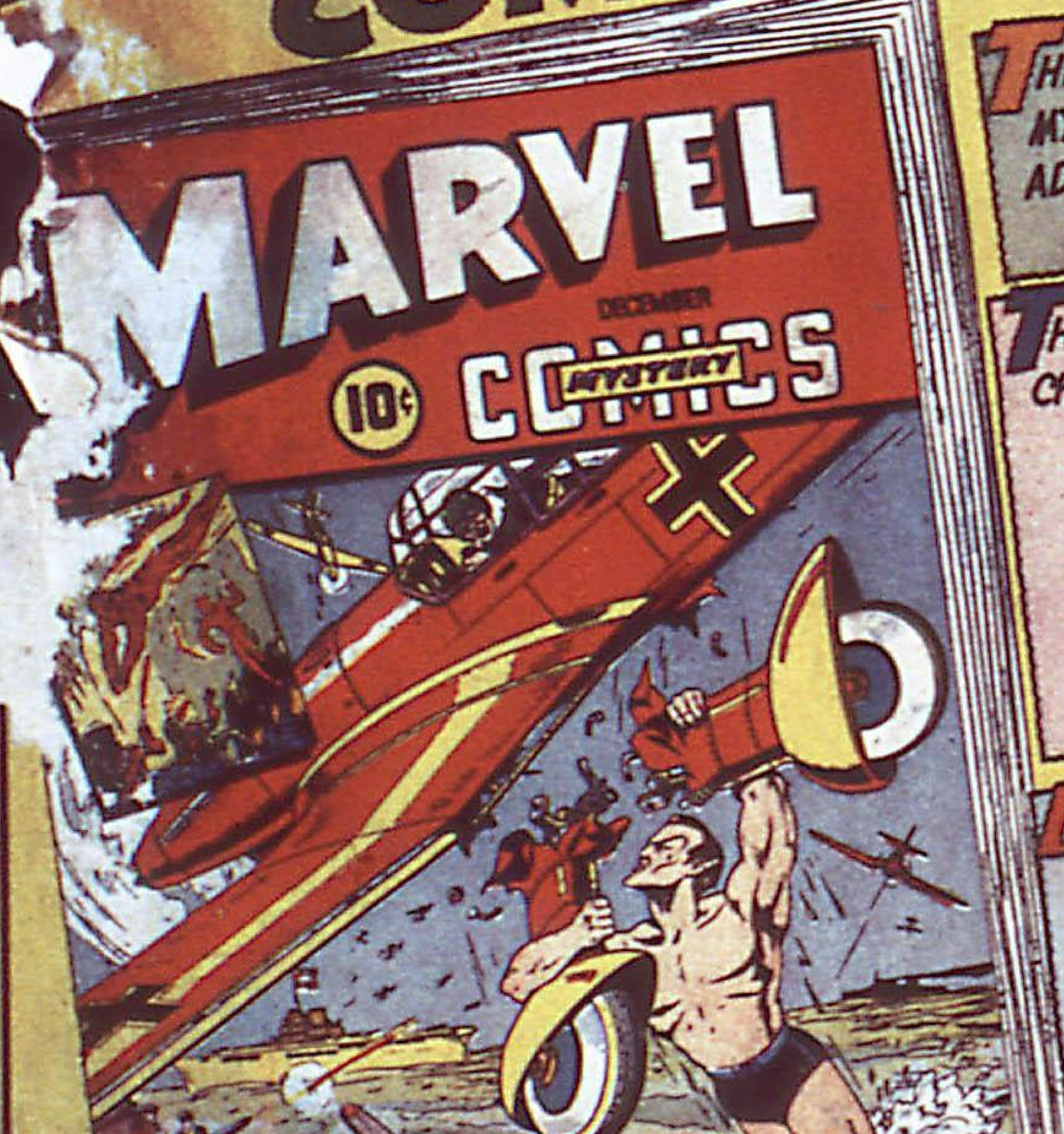
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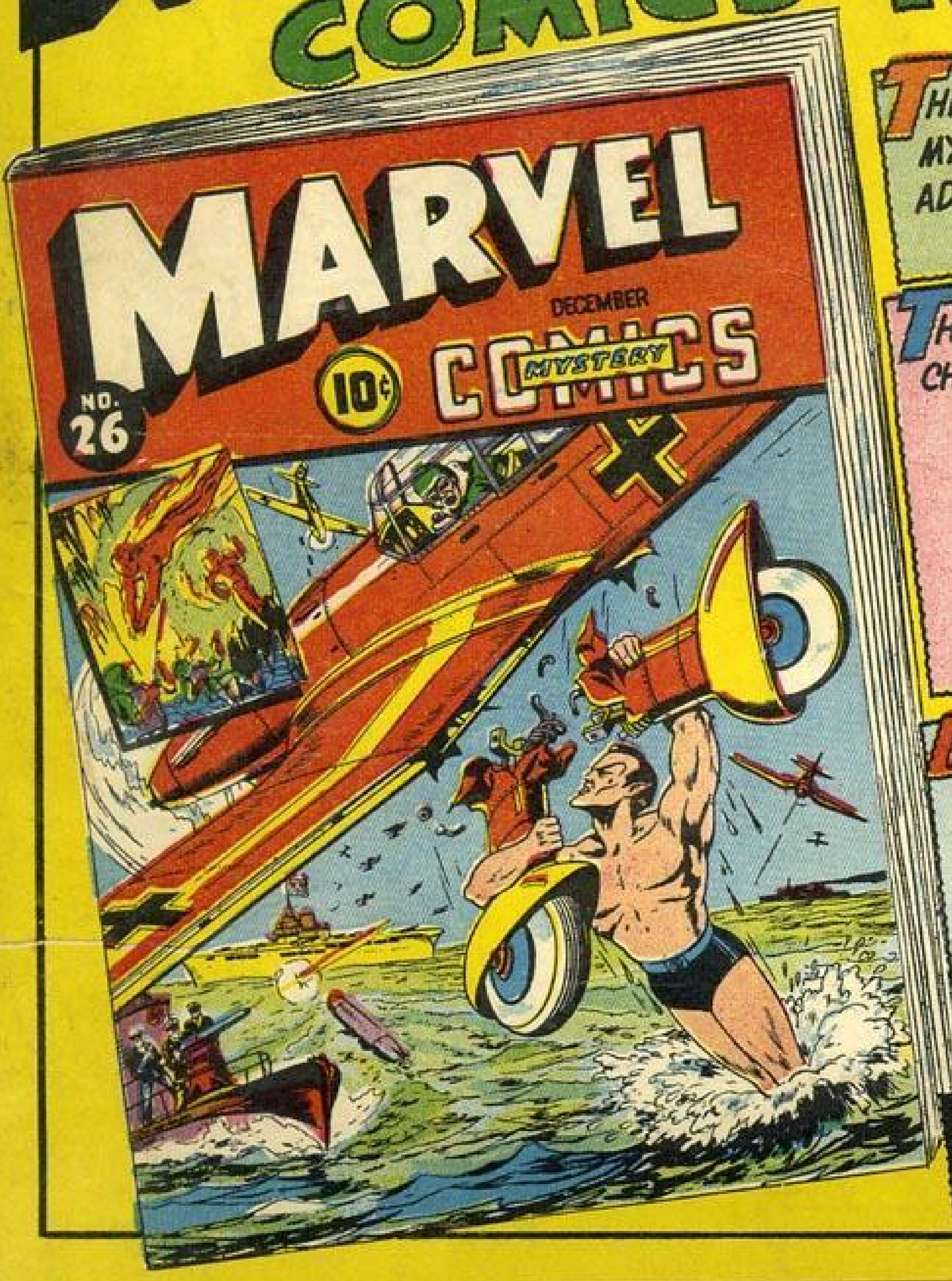

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